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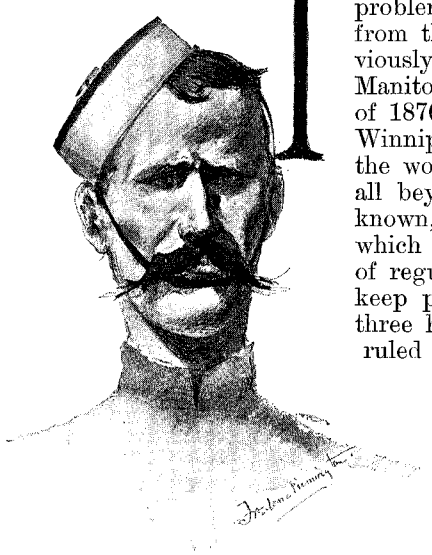
THE NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE OF CANADA.

By J. G. A. Creighton.



IN 1873 the Dominion of Canada had a serious problem to face. It had bought Rupert's Land from the Hudson Bay Company four years previously. The establishment of the Province of Manitoba had required the Wolseley expedition of 1870, and the maintenance of a garrison at Winnipeg, which was just springing up round the wooden palisades of old Fort Garry. But all beyond the Red River was practically unknown, and 30,000 Indians held the plains over which the buffalo herds then roamed. An army of regular troops seemed necessary to take and keep possession. This was done by a force of three hundred men, which for years practically ruled a region as large as France and Germany, dealt with unruly populations and most exacting conditions, and really brought about the civilizing of this vast district by personal bravery, judgment, and character. This paper proposes to tell something of the story epitomized in the badge and motto of the Northwest Mounted Police, whose scarlet tunic is the symbol of law and order from the Red River to the Rocky Mountains, and from the United States border to Peace River and the Saskatchewan.

Though organized when the late Hon. Alexander Mackenzie was Premier, the Mounted Police were one of Sir John Macdonald's inspirations, and after his return to power, in 1878, they always remained under his own eye. The red coat was no mere concession to historic sentiment, but his crafty appeal to Indian tradition of the good faith and fighting qualities of the "King George's Man," whose ally their brethren in the East had been, and to whom even the great Hudson Bay Company owned allegiance.

The nucleus of the force was got together in Manitoba, in the autumn of 1873, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel French, of the Royal Artillery, who had done Canada good service in organizing her artillery schools, and who, after winning fresh distinction in Australia, recently retired from the Imperial Army as a Major-General. The rest, making the strength only three hundred in all, went from Toronto to Fargo by rail, in June, 1874, and had a foretaste of their work in a march of 160 miles to Dufferin, on the southern

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frontier of Manitoba. Weeding out the weaklings, and leaving a few good men to form a depot and send a detachment to Fort Ellice, on the Assiniboine, the Mounted Police began their record and scored from the outset. With two field-guns and two mortars, and relying on

Badge of the Northwest Mounted Police.

their own transport train for supplies, they marched 800 miles westward through an unknown country inhabited by 30,000 Indians and a few score white desperadoes, till the Rocky Mountains were in sight. Leaving Colonel Macleod, the Assistant Commissioner, to build a fort in the very heart of the country of the terrible Blackfeet, where no white man's life was then safe, and sending another detachment north to Edmonton among the Assiniboines and Wood Crees, the main column turned back. They crossed the plains northward by way of Qu'Appelle to Fort Pelly, but finding their intended headquarters were not ready they returned to Dufferin. The thermometer, which had stood at 100° F. in the shade when they marched out, marked 30° F. below zero on their return. In four months, to a day, they travelled 1,959 miles, besides the distances covered by detachments on special service. Once beyond the rich prairies of Manitoba, hard work in the gravel drifts of the Missouri Coteau and among the broken gullies of Wood Mountain and the Cypress Hills told heavily on their animals. Many good horses lived through want of water and food in the arid plains where cactus and sage-brush are the only vegetation round the alkaline lakes, to die from the effects of unaccustomed forage, or from the bitter cold that came on early in the autumn, though officers and men gave up their blankets to shelter their chargers. But the three hundred police accomplished, without losing a life, what had seemed work for an army—the taking possession of the Great Lone Land.

One object of the expedition was to drive out the gangs of whiskey traders, outlaws of the worst kind from the Western States, who kept the Indians in a chronic state of deviltry, and only the year before had committed a number of murders and outrages on their own account. The forts in which they were reported to be entrenched, at the junction of the Bow and Belly Rivers, proved to be merely trading posts, built of logs, and the inmates had taken themselves off without giving the police a chance to fire a shot. Another object was to establish friendly relations with the Indians. This was soon accomplished, and their confidence in the police has lasted from that day to this. Their suspicions quickly wore away, and they became outspoken in their expressions of gratitude to the Government for sending them such protectors. As one chief told Colonel Macleod, "Before you came the Indian crept along, now he is not afraid to walk erect." They were given a general idea of the laws, told that these would be the same for white man and Indian alike, and that they need not fear punishment except for doing what they knew to be wrong. They were promised that their lands would not be taken from them, but that fair treaties would be made in solemn council—promises the faithful fulfilment of which has saved Canada from Indian wars. Before the end of 1874 Colonel Macleod was able to report that the whiskey trade was completely suppressed, that an unarmed man could ride safely over what had been the battle-ground of those hereditary enemies the Blackfeet and Crees, and that the only Indian difficulty to be apprehended was the meeting of war parties from different tribes. The best result of the expedition was the immediate establishment of a prestige which has served the

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DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON. ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

Officer of the Mounted Police in Full-dress.

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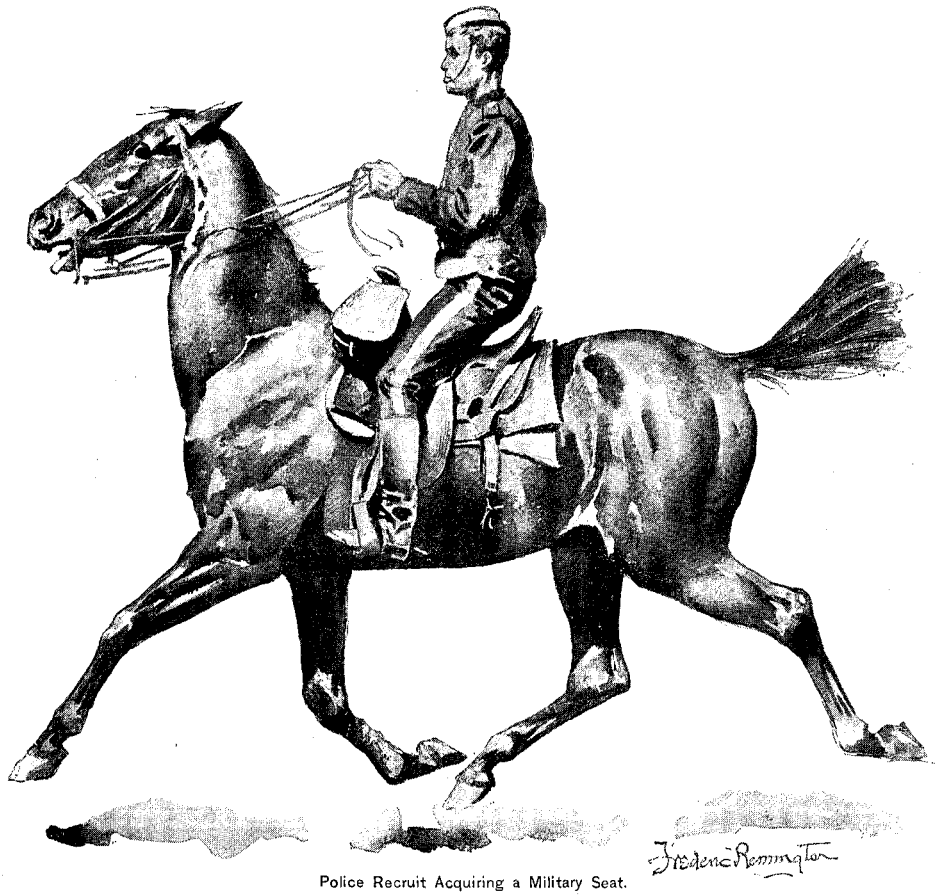

Police Recruit Acquiring a Military Seat.

Police in good stead in many a "tight place" since, and has enabled them to disregard immeasurable odds against them.

Colonel Macleod succeeded to the command upon Colonel French's resignation after completing the work of organization. During the next two years the Police were busy building themselves posts, establishing supply farms, and exploring the country. Those were the golden days of the force; the life was one of constant excitement and adventure, and the duties were almost purely military, for no settlers then went beyond Manitoba. The great herds of buffalo still ranged the prairies, and it is strange now to read in the old order-books prohibitions from shooting more animals than could be used as food. The grizzly bear had not beat his final retreat to the mountains, and there were antelope in abundance. The Indians often came into conflict over encroachments upon each other's hunting-grounds, and were quick to appeal to the red-coats as arbiters and protectors. At that time the Police had the whole management of the Indians on their shoulders. They had to reconcile them to the coming of the whites, and to protect the surveyors, who had already begun parcelling out the country and exploring the route of the railway. Their abilities as diplomats were evidenced by the readiness with which the Indians entered into the treaties concluded between 1875 and 1877, and their soldierly qualities by the bearing of the detachments that escorted the commissioners. Convoying the large sums of money and stores of supplies required for the annual payments to each head of a family was a

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perilous duty. The distribution of them required firmness, tact, and insight into the mysteries of Indian character. But these are qualities the Police have always shown in a marked degree.

In 1877 nearly the whole of the little force was concentrated on the south-western frontier to watch and check the 6,000 Sioux who sought refuge in Canada after their defeat of Custer on the Little Big Horn. Fort Walsh, in the Cypress Hills, was made headquarters instead of Fort Pelly; a post commanding the trails from the Upper Missouri was established at Wood Mountain to the eastward, and the garrison of Fort Macleod was increased. A time of great anxiety ensued. The Canadian Indians, especially the Blackfeet, were strongly opposed to the presence of the Sioux—the more so as it was already apparent that the buffalo would be extinct in a few years. The temptation was great to smoke the tobacco sent them by Sioux runners, and thus bind themselves to join in an effort to sweep out once and for all the white men, whose numbers seemed so scanty. But—chiefly under Crowfoot's influence—it was resisted, and they helped the Police by refraining from hostilities, and affording information as to the doings of the new-comers. Sitting Bull and his warriors were met with a quiet resolution that astonished them, and won their immediate respect. They were told that so long as they observed the law they would be protected, but could expect nothing more, and would not be allowed to settle permanently in Canada, and they were finally induced to surrender peacefully to the United States authorities in 1880–81.

The coolness and pluck of the Police during that critical period was amazing. Their confidence in themselves is curiously evidenced by a report from the officer in command at Wood Mountain, recommending that at least 50 men should be stationed there, as there were about 5,000 Sioux camped in the vicinity! On one occasion an attempt by the Sioux warriors to rescue by force one of their number who had been arrested, was faced and stopped by 28 troopers. Such exploits were frequent. In 1877 Inspector Walsh, with Doctor Kittson, a guide, and 15 constables, charged down at daybreak one morning on a war camp of 200 Assiniboines, who, after ill-using and firing at some Saulteaux camped near by, had threatened to serve the Police in the same way if they came. Surrounding the war lodge erected in the centre of the camp, he arrested and took away the head chief, Crow's Dance, and 19 of the principal warriors. Then assembling the remainder of the chiefs in council, he warned them of the results of setting the law at defiance and ordered them to let the Salteaux go in peace.

Street Dress of the Mounted Police.

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On one occasion a settler struck an Indian, whose comrades, some 500 in all, not understanding how such an insult could be atoned for by a fine, promptly proceeded to destroy the settler's property. Getting worked up into wild excitement they soon began firing indiscriminately, and threatening to take the lives of all white men. Colonel Irvine and his Adjutant, Captain Cotton, happened to be near by. Though unarmed they rode straight into the infuriated band. Rifles were levelled at them from all sides, but their coolness told, and the Indians sullenly obeyed the order to disperse. Incidents like this, however, could be told of every officer who has served in the Mounted Police, nor have the rank and file been behind their officers in daring and firmness. It was then, as it is now, an every-day matter of duty for a single constable to enter an Indian camp and make an arrest. Momentary indecision, or the display of temper would have often meant not only failure but certain death.

In 1880 Colonel Irvine, who had been Assistant Commissioner for some years, succeeded Colonel Macleod in the command, the latter becoming Stipendiary Magistrate, and eventually being appointed a judge when the Supreme Court of the Northwest Territories was organized in 1886. Their names will always be associated with the rapid and successful development of the country, and a record of the distinguished services which both began as Canadian officers in Lord Wolseley's Red River Expedition of 1870, would itself be the history of the Northwest.

The modern era of that history began with the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The rapid progress of this was largely due to the services of the Police in preventing annoyance and attacks on working parties by the Indians, maintaining law and order among the thousands of navvies employed, and preventing entirely the introduction of liquor. An army of camp-followers—gamblers, thieves, and the scum of the Western border States—flocked in for their expected harvest, but were kept in perfect order. The Police did good work, too, in quelling strikes, which at times threatened to become serious disturbances. Mr. Van Horne, the President of the Company, has borne the most telling testimony to their services in these words written to the Commissioner: "Without the assistance of the officers and men of the splendid force under your command it would have been impossible to accomplish as much work as we did. On no great work, within my knowledge, where so many men have been employed, has such perfect order prevailed."

Till then the Police had mainly their own safety to consider. With the rapid influx of settlers came responsibility for lives and property scattered over an area of 375,000 square miles. Trading-posts developed into towns, new centres of population sprang up like magic, the cattle-ranchers occupied the region at the base of the mountains, and the whole face of the country was changed. Simultaneously with this coming of the white men the buffalo became extinct, and the Indians, reduced at once to poverty, and no longer masters of the plains, felt their position bitterly. Among the thousands of immigrants there was naturally a large proportion of the roughest class, and the thought that a settler's taunt or hasty action might precipitate an Indian outbreak added largely to the cares of the Police. On the other hand, the Indians, accustomed all their lives to look upon other men's horses and cattle as lawful plunder, found in horse-stealing and cattle-killing substitutes for the excitement of the war-party and the chase, and serious encounters were frequent. Another instance out of many, which I wish there were space to give, will further show the coolness and determination with which the Police always act. It happened in 1882, but is typical of any time in their history. A sub-chief of the Blackfeet, named Bull Elk, stole some beef from a white man and fired at him. Inspector Dickens—a son of the novelist by the way—ordered his arrest. Sergeant Howe and two constables went with the Inspector to the reserve and took their prisoner through a mob. Though they were knocked down and the Indians began firing, they stuck to their man,

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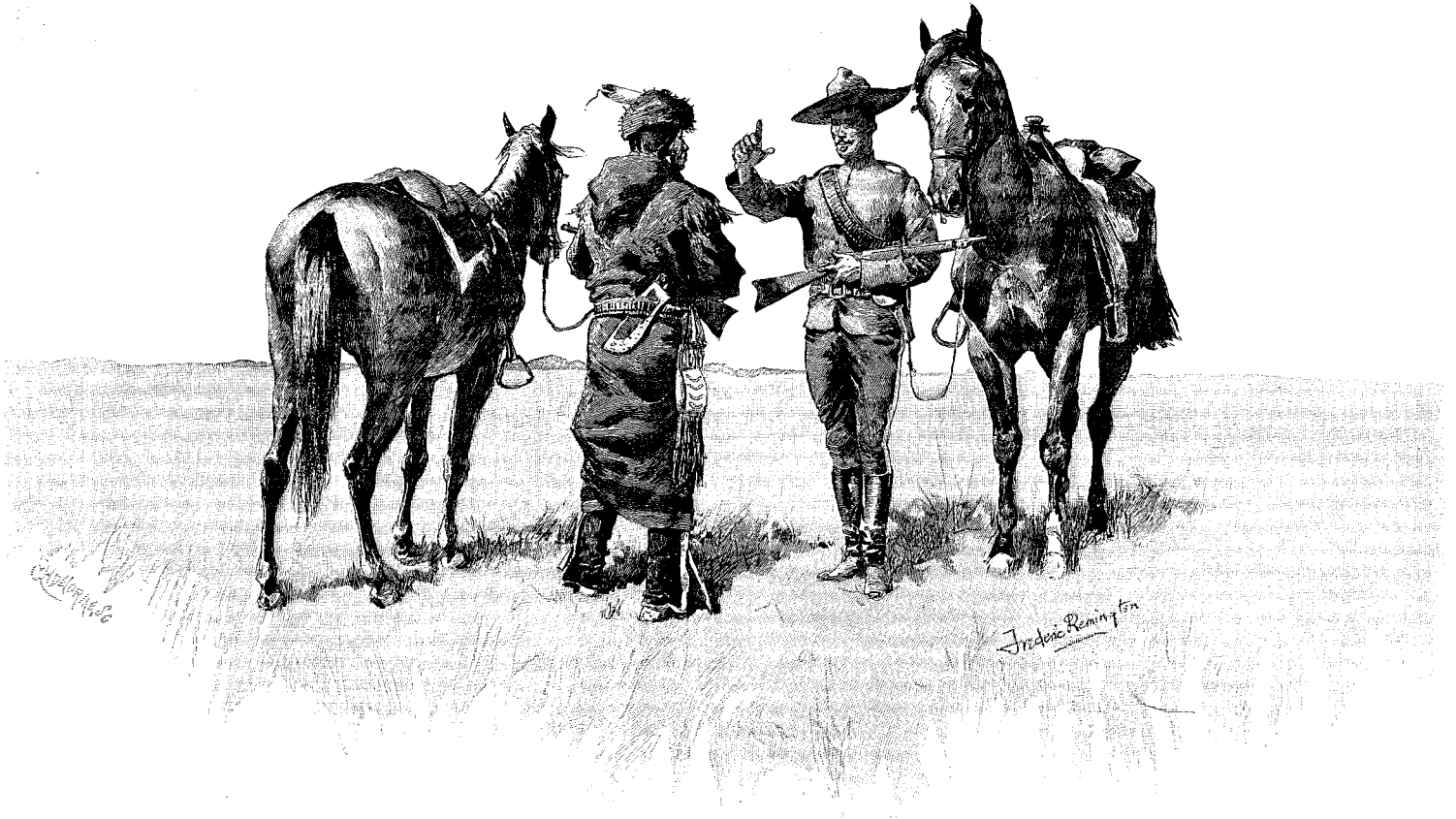

DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

A Serious Warning.

ENGRAVED BY G. DEL'ORME.

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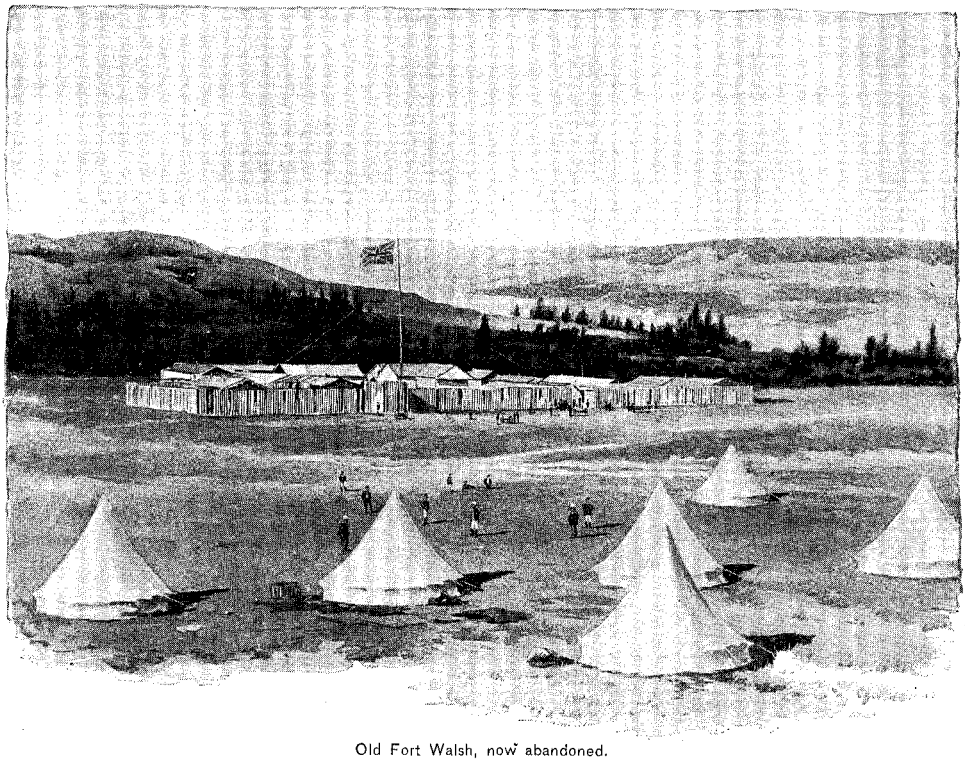

Old Fort Walsh, now abandoned.
(From a photograph by Notman, Montreal.)

while the Inspector kept the Indians back with his revolver, until the rest of the men quartered there—only ten of a reinforcement—came to their rescue. The prisoner was to be sent to Macleod for trial, but 700 Blackfeet warriors, armed with Winchesters, surrounded the post, taunted the sentries, and tried to excite the Police to fire on them, which, of course, would have ended everything with the little detachment. On Crowfoot's intercession and promise to go bail, the prisoner was allowed to go for a time. This happened on January 2d, it was reported at Macleod, 100 miles away, by Sergeant Howe, on the 4th, and by the evening of the 6th Major Crozier, with every available man, was at the Blackfeet Reserve, having ordered the field-guns to be ready if wanted. The post was hurriedly fortified by eleven the next morning, and the prisoner was sent for. Crowfoot asked if they meant to fight. The reply was, "Certainly not, unless you commence." Crowfoot was then in turn asked whether he meant to do his duty as a chief, assist the Police in their duty, and make a speech to his people, saying the Superintendent had done right. The Indians were evidently greatly impressed, and after a vigorous harangue from Crowfoot endorsing the action taken, Bull Elk was sentenced and marched off to prison. The policy of separating the tribes, settling them on reserves, and teaching them to farm, was distasteful in the extreme to these born rovers; but by great tact the Crees and Assiniboines were persuaded to move north from the Cypress Hills to the Qu'Appelle Valley and the Saskatchewan, guarded by the Police from the attacks of their old enemies the Bloods, whose war-parties were on the alert to seize such a chance. They did not all go quietly, however, for Big Bear, so notorious afterward in the rebellion of 1885, and another worthy named Pie-a-Pot, gave much trouble. The former led 150 braves to sack Fort Walsh, but the sight of 100 red-coats, and two mountain guns on its wooden bastions, changed his mind and kept

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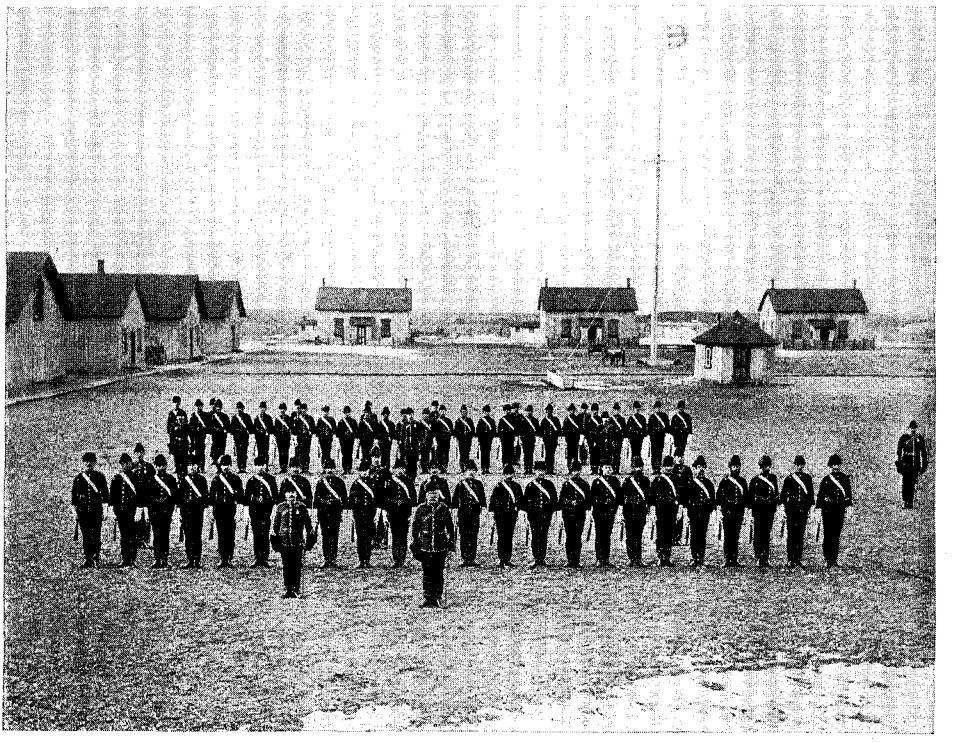

Foot Parade of D and H Divisions, Mounted Police.

(From a photograph taken by Steele & Co., of Winnipeg, at Macleod, Northwest Territory, December 18, 1890.)

him civil for a time, though soon afterward Colonel Irvine, with one officer and 22 men, had to take their lives in their hands by riding into his camp of 500 lodges to enforce the surrender of some horses stolen from Montana Territory.

The Canadian Pacific Railway made such unexpected progress that in 1882 definite plans could be made for the permanent stations of the force, which was then raised to a strength of 500. Regina, the capital of the Territories, was chosen as head-quarters, and Fort Walsh and Wood Mountain were abandoned, though the latter, from its commanding situation, has since been re-established as a permanent outpost. Substantial barracks began to replace the original quarters that the troopers had built for themselves of cotton-wood pickets, roofed with poles and thatched with grass and clay. Comforts were provided in the shape of libraries, recreation-rooms, and canteens for the supply of small luxuries and the beverage known from its authorized strength as "four per cent. beer," and the Police settled down to their new and ever-increasing duties as a permanent garrison. All seemed to be going well for three years, and then came "the psychological moment" in the history of the Northwest.

Had the warnings of the Police been heeded the rebellion of the half-breeds under Louis Riel would have been impossible. The actual outbreak found them ready, but though the strength at the northern posts had been increased to 200, all decisive action depended on orders from Ottawa, 2,000 miles away. At a day's notice Colonel Irvine, with 4 officers and 86 men, all the force available, left Regina, and marching 291 miles in seven days in the depth of a Northwest winter, passed right through the district held by the insurgents, outflanking them by his quickness and upsetting Riel's plans to seize Prince Albert, the key of the situation. Twenty-four

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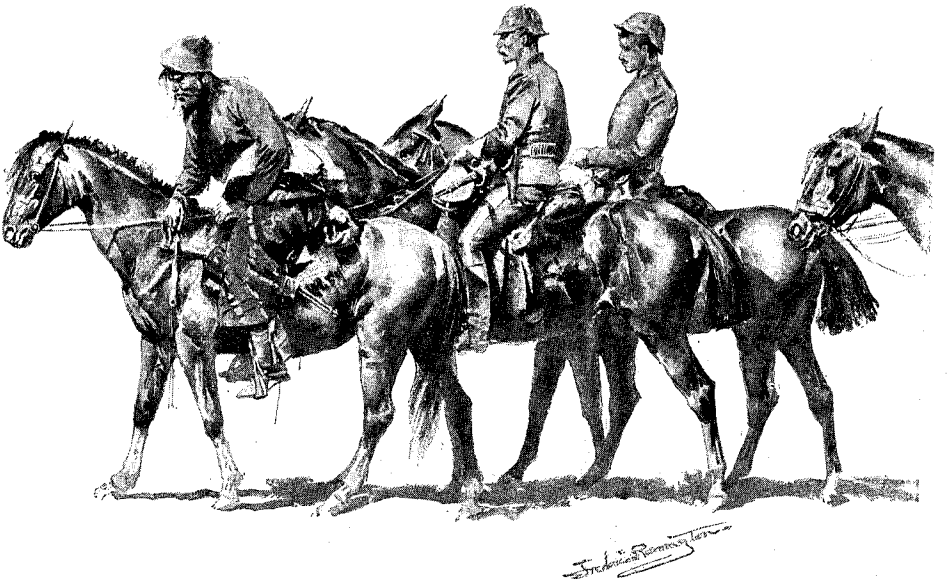

Police and Trailer Following a Criminal.

hours were occupied in organizing the defences of Prince Albert, and before daybreak Colonel Irvine, hoping to quash the rising by a prompt and decided movement, was on the way to reinforce Fort Carlton. Unfortunately, that very day Major Crozier had sent out a party to secure provisions and ammunition at Duck Lake from falling into the insurgents' hands. Resistance was made, and he went out himself, with, all told, 99 Police and Prince Albert volunteers, and fell into a trap skilfully planned by the rebels, whom he had no reason to think were in force. They were between 300 and 400 strong, however, and almost surrounded him. Crozier's men made a splendid stand, though fighting in deep snow which made their one field-gun almost useless, and with no better cover than their sleighs, while the enemy were concealed in thick bush. After losing 12 killed and 12 wounded they retired as steadily and coolly as they had fought, bringing off their wounded and the gun, and got back to Fort Carlton just as Colonel Irvine arrived there. It was the only check the Police have ever experienced.

That they would have retrieved the situation by themselves no one who knows them has ever doubted. But they never had a free hand. General Middleton, the Imperial officer in command of the Canadian militia, was on his way to Winnipeg to direct a campaign ; they were already placed under his orders and "the ceremonies of the wars must be kept."

"What are the Police doing?" was the question on every lip for anxious weeks. Their enforced inaction, and the consequent loss of prestige that had so often enabled a handful of troopers to disperse hundreds of armed warriors, emboldened whole bands of Indians to join the insurgents and heartened them to a determined resistance that cost many brave lives to overcome. All that was soon known ; but until the inner history of that sharp little campaign is written the injustice and misrepresentation will not be revealed which they were made to bear that others might make sure of reaping all the glory and reward. It is impossible even to outline here the events of 1885. The records and the graves on the prairie tell what the Police did whenever and wherever they got their chance. Their indispensable and invaluable aid has been frankly acknowledged by commanders in whom

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selfishness did not mar personal bravery, and their soldier-comrades were the first to testify that they did their full share, and more, of marching, hard work, and fighting. But no man in the force wears the medal that decorates many a volunteer who never was within 300 miles of the front, and saw all his active service at the base of supplies or in the Home Guard of his own settlement. And why? Let red-tapedom answer for itself: "The Mounted Police were doing their ordinary duty." A prouder distinction it would be hard to invent.

The duty done so well was not confined to those who were with the three columns in the field. Those left behind had heavy work and responsibility. The firm front shown and the preparations for defence at all the posts undoubtedly checked a general rising of the Indians. At Macleod in particular, the tact and personal influence of the officer in command, Major Cotton, aided by the same qualities in his former chief, Colonel Macleod, and backed up by the admirable conduct of the rank and file, kept the Blackfeet, Bloods, and Piegans from disregarding the loyal counsels of old Crowfoot and joining Riel. Had they done so, every Indian in the Territories would have risen, their friends from across the border would have joined them, and there would have been massacre and rapine throughout the whole Northwest.

Immediately after the outbreak the strength of the Police was increased to 1,000, their present number. In 1886 Colonel Irvine resigned, and was succeeded by the present commandant, Colonel Lawrence Herchmer. And now it is time to say something of the composition and routine work of the force.

The Northwest Mounted Police, like the Royal Irish Constabulary, on which it was modelled, is, in the eye of the law, a purely civil body; its officers are magistrates, the men are constables. But so far as circumstances will allow, its organization, internal economy, and drill are those of a cavalry regiment, and when on active service in a military capacity, the officers have army rank. The Queen's Regulations do not apply to it, however, and discipline, as strict as in the army, is enforced under a concise and comprehensive enactment which provides a maximum penalty of a year's imprisonment and a fine of one month's pay, leaving it to the discretion of the officers to make the punishment fit the crime. Even the same C. O.'s views naturally vary, and if this

Winter Costume of the Police.

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provision were made a little more definite so that the defaulter, whose military "crime" consists in buttons insufficiently burnished, or in miscalculation of the time available to see his sweetheart home before "last post" sounds, might meet a more uniform fate, a grievance would be removed.

The affairs of the force are managed by a distinct department of the Government at Ottawa, under the political supervision of one of the Cabinet Ministers, at present the President of the Privy Council. Mr. Frederick White, formerly Sir John Macdonald's Secretary, has for many years been the Controller of the Department, its permanent civil head. The executive command is held by an officer styled the Commissioner, and ranking as lieutenant-colonel. The Assistant-Commissioner ranks with a major, and after three years' service with a lieutenant-colonel. Ten Superintendents, with captain's rank, command the divisions, with about thirty-five Inspectors as subalterns who correspond to lieutenants. Paymaster's and quartermaster's duties are done by the officers of each division, and the Superintendent of the depot division acts as regimental adjutant, an inspector performing similar duty for each of the individual divisions. The medical staff consists of a Surgeon, five Assistant-Surgeons and two Veterinary Surgeons, the small number of the latter being supplemented by veterinary staff-sergeants. The non-commissioned officers are, as in the army, sergeant-majors, staff-sergeants of various sorts, sergeants, and corporals, while the troopers are called constables.

The officers' pay is not large. The Commissioner receives $2,400; the Assistant-Commissioner, $1,600; the Superintendents and Surgeon, $1,400; the Inspectors, $1,000 a year, with, of course, free quarters, rations, light, fuel, and forage. But promotion is very slow, and these are the rates of twenty years ago when the force was small, the duties far less numerous and exacting, and the life far more attractive. The men, however, are well paid, and without the vexatious deductions which in the army reduce Tommy Atkins's pocket-money to a mere pittance. The non-commissioned officers get from a dollar to a dollar and a half a day; the constables fifty cents, with an addition of five cents good-conduct pay for each year, and an allowance of twenty-five cents when employed as clerks or artificers. Both officers and men are provided with liberal pensions, graded according to length of service, and attainable after ten years. Rations are of excellent quality and large quantity, and can be supplemented very cheaply with little luxuries from the canteen, which is now a feature of every division post. At most places, especially in the north, there is a fair supply of small game in the season. The Macleod and Calgary districts abound with fine trout.

The rank and file are not surpassed by any picked corps in any service. A recruit must be between twenty-two and forty-five years old, of good character, able to read and write English or French, active, well-built, and of sound constitution. He is also supposed to be able to ride, and a man who knows something of horses is preferred, but these two requirements are broadly interpreted. The physique is very fine, the average of the whole thousand being five feet nine and a half inches in height and thirty-eight and a half inches round the chest. There has always been an unusual proportion of men of good family and education. Lots of the young Englishmen who come out to try their hand at farming in Manitoba or ranching in Alberta, eventually drift into the Police, as do also many well-connected young Canadians. Farmers' sons from Ontario, clerks tired of city life and poor prospecting grants who have not found the Klondike, waifs and strays from everywhere and of every calling, are to be found in the ranks. The roll-call would show many defaulters if no man answered to any name but his own. There was, and still may be, at least one Lord in the force; several of the men are entitled to more than the plain regimental number as a handle to their names, and many are university graduates. In these days of short service discharged soldiers are glad to take the Queen's shilling again, so that medals won in England's continual little wars

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One of the Riders.

at the other end of the world are not unusual, and not a few officers who have borne Her Majesty's commission now serve as simple troopers. In the adventurous infancy of the force these elements were even more numerous than nowadays, and many an odd *rencontre* has occurred between men who had last met at the mess-table of some crack regiment, in a swell London Club, or an English country-house. The term of enlistment is five years, but many of the men "take on" again, especially since the establishment of the pension system. Discharge may be obtained by purchase, but the small number allowed to avail themselves of this privilege, only three a month, and the long delay in getting a release—often useless unless available at once — constitute a serious grievance and an easily suppressible cause of desertion. Hardships and monotony, especially to those unused to work and discipline, proximity to the border, the inducements of high wages in civilian life, and dread of punishment for some offence—unpremeditated perhaps and trivial enough in anyone but a soldier—frequently make deserters. But they are usually a good riddance to their comrades, whose good record is not spoiled by the inevitable black sheep.

After passing the doctor and taking the oath of allegiance, the recruit goes to head-quarters for training. His life

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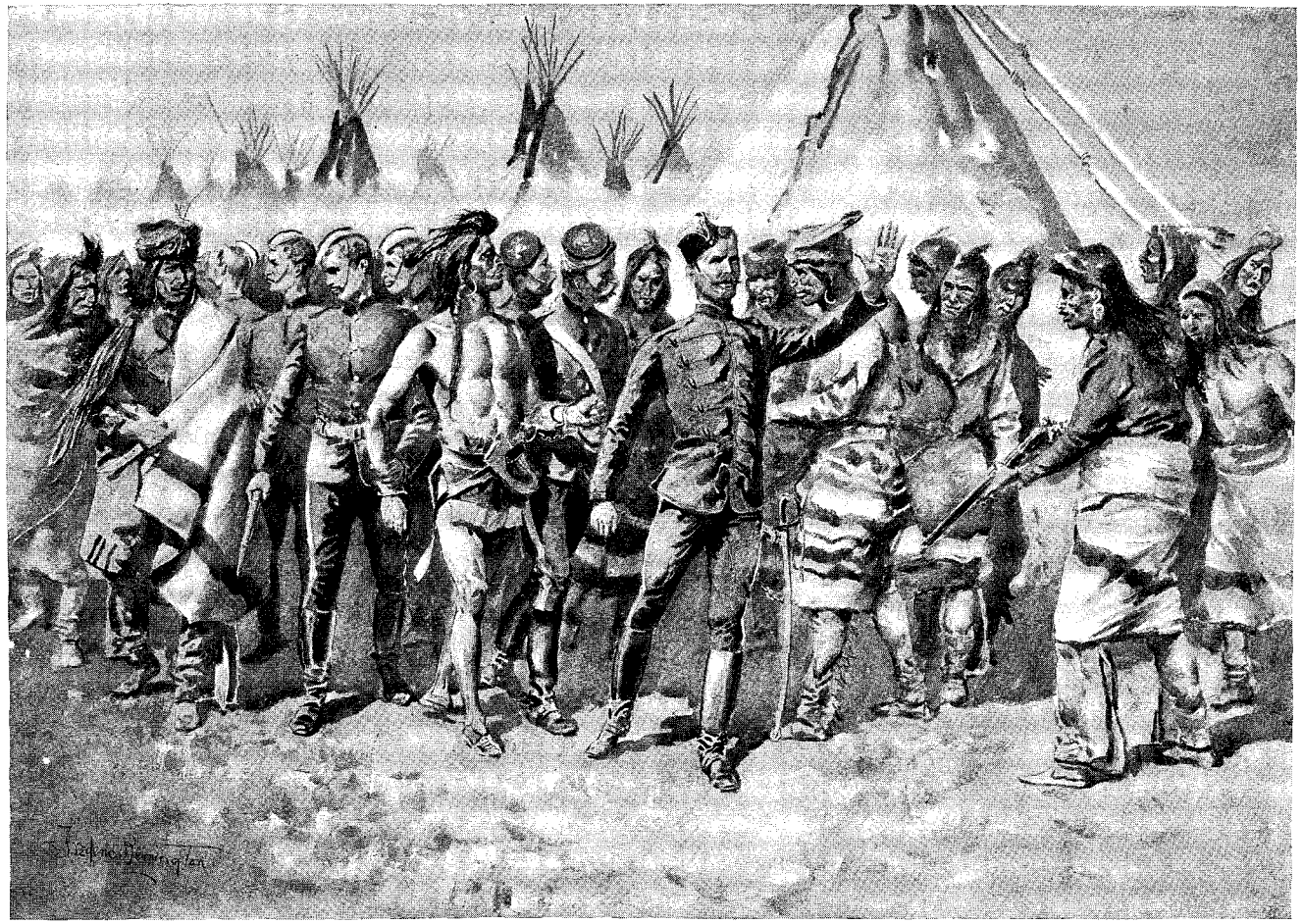

DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

Daring Arrest of Bull Elk—Attempted Rescue by a Mob of Blackfeet.—Page 404.

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there is that of a cavalry soldier all the world over. He undergoes in the riding-school that refined torture which results in a military seat, and incidentally learns much of the peculiarities of the Western broncho. After a trial of Mounted Infantry drill, the force has returned to the regular cavalry system, in the simpler movements of which it is thoroughly exercised, and field-artillery drill has also to be learned. Rifle and revolver practice, mounted and dismounted, and instruction in police duties complete the professional training. There is plenty to do in the way of parades, stables, guard mounting, orderly duty, escorts, and "fatigues." He also learns to drive a transport wagon and a buckboard—two vehicles constantly in use for prairie travel—so that merely as a soldier he has to master the work of all arms of the service, besides those of a police constable.

The uniform is very like that of an English dragoon, the full dress consisting of scarlet tunic braided with yellow, dark blue breeches with a broad yellow stripe down the side, riding-boots and spurs faultlessly polished, and white helmet with glittering brass spike. In undress, with his tight-fitting jacket, round forage-cap perched on three hairs, and silver-mounted whip, as he swaggers down the street of some little Northwest town, there is not a crack cavalry regiment in Her Majesty's service that can show a smarter trooper. Only the officers and sergeants wear swords; the rank and file are armed with Winchester carbines and Enfield revolvers, the cartridges for which are carried in brown leather bandoleers and waist-belts. The Policeman's kit is of excellent quality and unusually varied in description, to meet many varieties of climate and duty. Besides uniform, a liberal supply of warm underclothing, the usual toilet necessaries, brushes and cleaning apparatus for himself and his horse, blankets and bedding on a liberal scale, and table necessaries, there are such items as fur cap, buckskin mitts, moose-hide moccasins, and long woollen stockings to wear with them, a waterproof sheet, a rug, and a red worsted *tuque*, the picturesque and piratical-looking winter head-dress of the French Canadian *habitant*. A long blue cavalry cloak and cape serve well enough at ordinary times, but for out-door duty in the bitter frost of the Northwest a coat of black Russian lambskin is the best substitute that has yet been found for the old-time buffalo coat, which is now as scarce and valuable as one of its original wearers. Duck clothing is provided for the not less trying summer heat, and stout pea-jackets for spring and autumn. On patrol and at the outposts the cowboy's comfortable felt hat is a frequent substitute for the stiff helmet and shadeless forage cap. Experienced officers advocate a "prairie suit" of neutral color, keeping the present uniform for parade use; and now that the red-coat has served its purpose so effectually it might well make way for a more suitable working-dress.

The Depot Division and another of the ten into which the force is divided, about two hundred strong, are stationed at head-quarters, three miles from Regina, and form a little prairie town of themselves on the banks of the Wascana. The English of this euphonious name, which hardly compensates for absence of water in summer and intense muddiness at all seasons, is Pile-of-Bones Creek, so called from the stacks of buffalo bones once upon a time stored there to be carried away by rail and converted into fertilizers, so that Eastern cattle in their turn might benefit by the elements of the rich prairie grasses. The barracks, a number of wooden buildings — many of them merely portable houses—grouped round a parade-ground, do not make an imposing display of architecture. On one side the officers' quarters form a row of detached cottages; barrack-rooms, sergeants' quarters, orderly-room, guard-house, prison, canteen, recreation-rooms, stables, and store-houses complete the square, and the Union Jack flies from a flagstaff over all. Outside are the hospital, more storehouses, a fine riding-school, and a small cluster of married men's quarters, but wedlock is an institution not favored by the authorities. All round is the open prairie, reaching to the horizon in long undulations unbroken except by Government House near by,

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the distant roofs of Regina, and the straight line of the Canadian Pacific Railway to the north. The aspect is peculiarly bare, even in summer when the tough clay soil, in which trees will not grow, yields its abundant harvest of wheat.

The other Divisional Posts, scattered as they are through such an extent of country, vary much in situation and local color, but all have the same family likeness. Times have changed much since the Police first came into the Great Lone Land. Towns and villages and farm-houses stand where only the tepees of passing Indians broke the horizon line. Wagon trails sear the plains with broad brown bands, but the creaking "bull train," drawn by long teams of oxen, wincing under the resounding crack of long whips plied by wild-looking drivers volleying strange oaths from under the canvas-tops of the "prairie schooners" that slowly dragged out mile after mile, is almost extinct. Only blanched skulls and the deep furrows worn by countless thousands following each other in single file, remain to tell of the buffalo; and the great "fall hunt," in which the half-breeds laid up store of robes for "the Company," is now a legend. The "Sun Dance" is no longer a mystic rite to test the would-be warrior's fortitude, but a means of extracting a little money from tourists, and the youthful Indian slaves at pothooks and hangers in the school at the Reserve. The glamour of the early days is gone. Yet the endless prairie is never far from the barrack-gate, and whether it be bright and sweet with its summer carpet of flowers, brown and bleak in spring and autumn, or blinding in brilliance of winter whiteness, its deep silence, broken neither by the cool breeze, sweet to man and horse after the scorching heat of a summer-day, nor by the deadly rush of the icy blizzard, strikes deep into the soul.

Fort Macleod, the oldest post of all, in the heart of the rich ranching country of southern Alberta, commanding the southern passes through the Rockies, and separating the Blackfeet from the Bloods and Piegans, as well as keeping watch over the Montana border, has always been an important place, and two divisions are stationed there. A typical Western frontier town has grown up round it, and the southern extension of the Calgary and Edmonton Railway, by bridging the hundred miles that separated it from the Canadian Pacific line, has added still more to its popularity as a station. Lethbridge, 50 miles to the eastward, which replaces old Fort Walsh, now quite deserted and in ruins, is a flourishing mining town, and the present terminus of the Alberta Railway and Coal Company's line, which, under lease to the Canadian Pacific Railway, is now being extended through Macleod and the Crow's Nest Pass. It is the headquarters of an important district just to the northward of the Indian tribes across the border. Maple Creek and Calgary form, with Regina, a line on the Canadian Pacific Railway, intermediate between the frontier and the northern posts. Maple Creek, but for the railway passing through it, is still an isolated prairie post, while Calgary, at the gate of the Bow River Pass, has in a decade developed into an enterprising little city of brick and stone, with churches, banks, theatres, electric lighting and electric street railway. Its Gaelic name, "the river of clear water," was Colonel Macleod's apt christening of its beautiful site at the junction of two mountain streams. Calgary and Macleod have always been coveted stations; the beautiful region in the foothills of the Rockies and the mildness of the short winter, which is tempered by the warm Chinook winds from the Pacific, causing them to be known as "God's country" to the men stationed in the eastern portion of the Territories. Prince Albert, Battleford, and Fort Saskatchewan, the remaining three divisional head-quarters, are far to the northward on the banks of the North Saskatchewan, in a region where broad stretches of rich, long grass are broken by copses of poplar and birch, with numerous lakes and "sloughs." Beyond the great river is the southern border of the forest which separates the wheat-growing plains of the south from the rocky, moss-covered, "barren lands" within the Arctic Circle. Prince

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Albert, the easternmost of the three, originally a half-breed settlement, is now a thriving town and the centre of a flourishing district. Within the last two years the railway has stretched out a long arm to it, and cut off the tedious journey across the Salt Plains and the long round by river steamer from Lake Winnipeg. Battleford, midway between the other two, is now the only post still dependent on the buckboard, the Red River cart, and the prairie schooner for its means of communication with civilization when the water is too low for the semi-occasional steamer to pass the shallow bars. Fort Saskatchewan is only twenty miles from Edmonton, which is connected with Calgary by rail, and in that country it is an every-day affair to ride that far to make an afternoon call.

Each divisional post is the focus of a system of outposts, some of which are maintained in summer only, or as occasion requires. These vary from an inspector's command to a solitary constable, but most of them consist of a few men under a non-commissioned officer. These isolated detachments are housed very variously; some are stationed in the small towns along the C. P. R.; others, on duty on the southern border of Manitoba, find quarters in snug farm-houses; but most of them have to put up with rough "shacks," otherwise log-huts, and many, even in winter, are under canvas. By degrees, however, comfortable quarters are being built at the principal points commanding the main trails. A continuous chain of patrols is kept up all summer, those of one division connecting with the next, so that the whole country is thoroughly examined. On the United States boundary alone the line of patrols extends seven hundred miles from west to east, and the map showing the routes travelled looks like a spider's web. A sharp lookout is kept for smugglers, horse-thieves, criminals, wandering Indians, and other "vagrom men." Strangers are asked their business; note is taken of settlers' complaints, the state of the crops, and the movements of cattle; strayed horses are looked up and restored to their owners, with every now and then a sharp ride for perhaps a hundred miles or more in pursuit of horse-thieves; prairie fires are watched for and put out if possible; the Indian Reserves are visited, and note taken of the doings there. Each patrol makes a written report, which, with the diary kept at the outpost, is sent in weekly to the Divisional Head-quarters. In this way a general supervision is maintained; the Police know all the ins and outs of the district, and are in constant touch with the people. It is trying work though; hard rides in all weathers, from daylight to dark; fording dangerous rivers, for ferries and bridges are luxuries yet to come in most parts of the Northwest; a scorching sun and the incessant plague of mosquitoes in the summer months; and often enough a night's lodging on the open prairie, with a tiny fire of twigs to cook the supper, and a turn at guarding the horses.

The statutory duty of the Mounted Police is to carry out in the Northwest Territories, and, if required so to do, in every province of Canada, the criminal and other laws of the Dominion. Something of what this phrase means may have been gathered from what has already been said. There is hardly anything they have not to turn their hands to in the varied circumstances of the vast country through which they are scattered. It has been truly said that their life is one continual campaign. Offenders are arrested and tried before the officers, who sit in conjunction with local magistrates if possible. Prisoners for short terms are guarded in the cells of the post, those sentenced to over two years have to be escorted to the Manitoba Penitentiary, a duty which, before the railway was built, involved rides of many hundreds of miles. The enforcement of the prohibitory liquor law, under which nobody could have intoxicants in his possession without a special "permit," gave a great deal of work. Every vehicle was examined, and many a traveller on the Canadian Pacific has waked in wonder at the red-coated apparition clanking through the sleeping-car. Bibles and prayer-books contrived for spirituous refreshment; eggs filled with whiskey; coal-oil barrels built round kegs of fire-water; canned to-

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matoes with one tin in a dozen of very potent quality; and clump-soled boots that must have been water-proof—they held so much pure alcohol—are only a few specimens of the ruses resorted to. The Police had a perfect genius for detecting them, and with the imperturbability bred of discipline, spilled ruthlessly a fluid so precious that thirsty souls have been known to scrape up the mud thus compounded. It says much for the *morale* of the men that this unpopular and uncongenial duty was so faithfully carried out. A constable has been known to refuse $1,000, offered him merely to be conveniently absent on leave. The duties of inspection under the license system adopted in 1892, when the Territorial Legislature was given a free hand to deal with the liquor question, are hardly less arduous, and make the Police unpopular with certain classes in towns and villages, though unpopularity is the very last attribute of the force generally. Their influence and assistance is still indispensable for the agents and instructors who now watch over the red man, teach him to farm, and educate his children. Horses are always getting astray in the Northwest, and the settler has a firm conviction that the Police are bound to find them for him, though he is not always as grateful as he might be when their voluntary efforts to help him are unsuccessful. Horse-stealing gives the Police plenty of work, many an exciting chase, and not seldom an interchange of shots before a capture is effected. White men from across the border are the principal marauders in this line, but their short-lived satisfaction at finding Judge Lynch and the nearest cottonwood bough replaced by a formal trial with the chance of escape on a technical flaw in the evidence, was soon exchanged for consternation at the efficiency of Police methods and the rigors of a long term in penitentiary on the British system.

It took some time to convince the Indians that cattle are not, like the buffalo, the property of the slayer, and even now a vigilant eye has to be kept on the ranches. Prairie fires are a constant source of anxiety and hard work, and keeping order along the lines of railway occupies a number of men. Some of the miscellaneous tasks the Police have to look after in unorganized districts are the collection of Customs and Inland Revenue duties, escorting the mail, acting as postmasters, and taking the place of every branch of the administrative service. Besides all this they do most of the work of building barracks and outposts, herd their horses, manage the farms which are established at most posts, repair their own wagons, saddlery, and harness, and make many of the articles they use. Nor are their abilities shown on land only. For some years past a sail-boat has patrolled Lake Winnipeg to look after the fisheries. Long journeys by canoe in summer, and dog-train in winter, are necessary to visit the Indians in the North, the Police supervision reaching as far as York Factory on Hudson's Bay, while all the northern posts make much use of boats on the Saskatchewan. In 1887 the Kootenay Indians at the head of the Columbia River having given a good deal of trouble, "D" Division, under Superintendent Steele, after marching from Macleod to Swift Current, were taken to Golden City by rail, and thence made their way by trail along the Columbia to the Kootenay country, where they built themselves a post and established outposts. They soon put down the disorders, and in the following summer marched through the Crow's Nest Pass, over the mountains, 200 miles back to Macleod, repairing the rough pack trail and making bridges by the way. In fact, as was said of the Police in 1880, when they first furnished an escort for a Governor-General, "with the discipline of regular soldiers they are as handy as sailors."

Horses, as well as men, to stand such work must be of the best. It was soon found that Eastern horses took too long to acclimatize and did not equal the native bronchos in endurance and hardiness. All those used now are bought in the country, except a few for driving-teams. The best come from the Alberta ranches, where the original broncho stock has been greatly improved by thorough-bred blood. They are tough, wiry animals, standing about

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fifteen hands, with good heads, sound feet, and short backs, and well up to the weight they carry. They frequently have to travel 50 miles a day for a week at a time, and in the South want of water often compels this rate to be exceeded. Lord Lorne's escort travelled 2,072 miles, at an average of 35 miles a day. An officer on his staff said that a month of such work would break up his regiment, a crack English cavalry corps. In 1879 one troop marched 2,100 miles within four months, but many of the men had done much more individually, and one of them had 7,000 miles to his credit during the year. On downright duty in 1889, not including exercise or drills, 376 horses of four divisions travelled the amazing distance of 646,805 miles, an average for each horse of 1,720 miles during the year. In 1886 "F" Division had to go from Battleford to Regina, marching at night on account of the heat, and spending thirteen hours out of each twenty-four in the saddle, and they covered the 240 miles in five days and a half. A patrol of 80 mounted men without any spare horses, and with 12 heavily loaded teams travelled 650 miles in 22 days, on two of which they marched 40 and 42 miles without water. As may be supposed, great care and judgment is shown in the treatment of the horses; all that can be spared are turned out to shift for themselves in winter after native fashion, and profit greatly by the long rest. The saddle used is of the California pattern, and sore backs are of rare occurrence.

It may be said that such instances represent work done under special conditions and in the most favorable circumstances. On the contrary, they are taken at random from official reports of ordinary duty. In the Rebellion of 1885 a detachment under Major Perry marched 928 miles in 38 days, an average of 24 miles a day, hauling a gun weighing 38 hundred-weight over prairie trails nearly impassable from the mud, fording rapid rivers swollen by the spring freshets, and crossing lakes and deep morasses, without losing a horse. The divisional orders of Major-General Strange attest that that gun was mainly instrumental in demoralizing Big Bear's band in the engagement at Frenchman's Butte. The same detachment scouting between Battleford and Fort Pitt covered 130 miles in 36 hours without a horse giving out.

My testimony may savor of gratitude for kindness and hospitality received from commandant down to the solitary trooper who has shared his supper with me and given up his bed. The Mounted Police have come under the notice and invariably won the admiration of many much more qualified judges. They have escorted princes of the blood, general officers, and Governors-General, and this is what Lord Lorne told them when bidding them good-by at Fort Shaw, Montana. The first words allude to the compliment paid him and them by the parade of the United States troops in their honor.

. . . . . .

"That good fellowship which exists between soldiers is always to the fullest extent shown between you and our kind friends. This perfect understanding is to be expected, for both our empires —unlike some others, send out to their distant frontier posts not their worst, but some of their very best men. I have asked for this parade this morning to take leave of you, and to express my entire satisfaction at the manner in which your duties have been performed. You have been subjected to some searching criticism, for on my staff are officers who have served in the cavalry, artillery, and infantry. Their unanimous verdict is to the effect that they have never seen work better, more willingly, or more smartly done while under circumstances of some difficulty caused by bad weather or otherwise. Your appearance on parade was always as clean and bright and soldier-like as possible. Your force is often spoken of in Canada as one of which Canada is justly proud. It is well that this pride is so fully justified, for your duties are most important and varied. The perfect confidence in the maintenance of the authority of the law prevailing over these vast Territories, a confidence most necessary with the settlement now proceeding, shows how thoroughly you have done your work. . . ."

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MORITURA.

By Margaret Gilman George.

I am the mown grass, dying at your feet;
The pale grass, gasping faintly in the sun.
I shall be dead, long, long ere day is done,
That you may say: "The air, to-day, was sweet."
I am the mown grass, dying at your feet.

I am the white syringa, falling now,
When some one shakes the bough.
What matter if I lose my life's brief noon?
You laugh; "A snow in June!"
I am the white syringa, falling now.

I am the waning lamp, that flickers on:
Trying to give my old, unclouded light
Among the rest that make your garden bright.
Let me burn, still, till all my oil is gone.
I am the waning lamp that flickers on.

I am your singer, singing my last note.
Death's fingers clutch my throat.
New grass will grow, new flowers bloom and fall;
New lamps blaze out, against your garden wall;
I am your singer, singing my last note.

THE MYSTERY OF THE RED FOX.

By Joel Chandler Harris.

I.

IT grieves me sorely to read in the newspapers the accounts of the young gentlemen of Newport and the region round about riding across the country in hot pursuit of an anise-bag. It grieves me to know that a noble instinct is frittered away in so futile a fashion—that youth, talent, and native enthusiasm are doomed by their environment never to glow with the unspeakable, the indescribable ardor that takes possession of those who are engaged in the business of following a red fox. I long to invite these young gentlemen into the ample woodlands and far-stretching Bermuda fields of middle Georgia, where the old-time sport of fox-hunting is still pursued by the chosen few. I long to get them here and turn them over to the genial souls who steal away from the petty cares of life to greet the rosy dawn with thrilling horn and baying hound. I long to see the young men drifting across these hills, where musical echoes swarm, following an old Red that has been seasoned and trained to the work. The gloss would disappear from their top boots and the nap would be shorn from their velveteens; but what matter? A month of pleasure would be compressed into the space of three hours, and ever after life would hold a different meaning.

Not that I would decry or belittle the

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drag-hunts that the anise-bag is the basis of. No! Better a sassafras root, hauled through the wind—better an anise-bag no bigger than your thumb—than no drag at all. By exercising the imagination the young men who follow the hunt can get, perhaps, a faint whiff of the real thing—a touch, though never so light—of the genuine enthusiasm that possesses those who are worthy to share in this sport.

But them that are wise in this matter must needs have a tenderness for their dogs. Think of insulting the delicate nostrils of the great Virginia Captain, or his greater grandson, Hodo, or Rowan, or Whalebone, or Music, or Rapidan, or the wonderful July, or even old Jonah, of Putnam, with the anise-bag! The sensitive mind revolts at the very idea. Therefore, I beg the young men who are mimicking the noble sport of fox-hunting to give their dogs at least the flavor of the genuine thing. Are fox-pelts so scarce or so costly that they cannot be used instead of anise-seed? The experiment would be worth trying. I should imagine that a well-bred dog, trained to anise and that sort of thing, would follow a fox-skin with bristles up, and with mellower cries.

I confess the anise irks me. It fills me with gloomy suspicions. If nothing better could be had, gladly would I applaud the spirit of self-sacrifice impelling the young men to use it. But there is no scarcity of fox-skins, and if there were the skin of the prowling Thomas-cat would make an admirable substitute. But anise! I would swap not the fillip of a finger for the dog that would give tongue to it. When some one remarked to Jamie Hogg on the barbarous character of fox-hunting, his reply was: "Think of the dogs!" So, when I see in the newspapers accounts of the cross-country riding after an anise-bag, I want to cry out in protest, "Think of the dogs!" The chosen few think not only of their dogs, but of their neighbors' dogs.

II.

It is a far cry from the anise-bag and the unfortunate dogs that pursue it, to the red fox; but I hesitate about dealing with the mystery that envelops the latter. I approach it doubtfully, not with the intention of solving it, but with the hope that some of our amateur or professional scientists, who are so ready with their theories, may give it a moment's attention and, belike, explain it away. The mystery I speak of has its centre in middle Georgia, and it involves two interesting problems: Where did the red fox come from, and where is he going? What instinct has led this rough-and-tumble emigrant into Georgia and is now beckoning him out? This movement was noted by the fox-hunters of middle Georgia more than a quarter of a century ago. During that time there have been movements and counter-movements, disappearances and reappearances—all the signs of unrest and bewilderment—but the general movement has been toward the southwest. What irresistible impulse leads or pushes him in that direction? Water has more terrors for the red fox than for the house cat. It is only in the last extremity he will take to it, but in coming hitherward, as in going away, he has forded streams and swum rivers. He has crossed the Savannah, the Oconee, the Ocmulgee, the Altamaha; he has crossed and is still crossing the Chattahochee. This much I know by observation, by correspondence and through oral information imparted by hunters who would themselves be glad to have some explanation of the mystery.

From 1843 to 1863—probably a year or two later, the red fox swarmed in middle Georgia, and for ten years of that time he was invincible, outfooting all the dogs that could be brought against him. "Old Spot," to characterize the long-eared, "blobber-mouthed" hound, was nowhere. Old Spot and his breed could run down a gray fox in five or six hours, but the red ran right away from them, leaving a cold trail behind him. But let us not do injustice to the dogs of the "Old Spot" variety. They furnished plenty of comfortable sport, and they were patient and indefatigable. They were admirably adapted to hunting the gray fox. They lumbered around after him in his doublings and turnings, and gave even the amateurs an

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opportunity to enjoy the sport. But when the red fox took up his abode in the neighborhood, he put an end to the enjoyment. When this interloper rose from his warm bed and swept the dew from the broom-sedge with his brush, he made a straight shoot for the next county, and on some occasions Old Spot and his brethren, stiff and sore, would be several days making the return trip. Sometimes they failed to return.

Moreover, in some mysterious way—it is part of the mystery that attaches to him—the red fox served a writ of ejection on the gray— a writ that was satisfied instanter. Wherever the red fox put in an appearance, the gray made way for him, deserting his home and his feeding grounds, and fleeing in abject terror before the stranger. What is the secret of this terror? A gray captured alive is as savage as a bull-dog, snarling and biting at everything that comes in his way. But introduce to his attention even a red fox cub and he will make the most desperate efforts to escape. The cub, on the other hand, will fly at the gray with all vengeance, showing that the enmity between them is inherent and instinctive.

Thus it was that the red, which has been so prolific of sport, seemed born to destroy the pleasures of the hunters of middle Georgia. He ran out of hearing of their dogs, and drove the gray to other fields. When the interloper made his first appearance he was given a most cordial welcome. The hunters of middle Georgia had often heard of him, and they longed to match their dogs against his speed and endurance. They had the conceit of their guild. No fox-hunter of spirit will admit that his dogs are inferior to any other dogs.

Among those who were anxious for an opportunity to add the brush of a red fox to their collection was Mr. John Respess, of Putnam County, who still lives to enjoy a green old age. He was a most ardent and successful fox-hunter. He had given up "Old Spot" and his kind, and was cultivating the Redbone dog. The Redbones had speed and bottom, but they lacked body and bone. They were too light. But Mr. Respess and his neighbors were not aware of this. It was a fact that still needed demonstration.

One frosty morning in 1843, Mr. Respess heard his dogs giving tongue merrily not far from the house. The music made his heart glow. "It is a rascally fox," he thought, "that has ventured too near the hen-roost, but he'll never venture again." He hurried out to join the hunt that seemed to be getting nearer. By the time he could have his horse saddled, the dogs in full cry went sweeping through his orchard. He rode after them as fast as circumstances would allow, but it was not long before they were out of hearing. After waiting awhile for the fox to double and fetch his pack back to breakfast, Mr. Respess rode back home. The idea occurred to him that his dogs had run the fox down and caught it without giving it time to double and return, and the thought was a consoling one. After breakfast Mr. Respess went about his business, and, for a time forgot all about the episode of the early morning. Later in the day he found that his dogs had not returned, and he summoned them home with the horn, but at night they had not returned, and it was not until the middle of the next day that they came straggling in, stiff and lame.

Mr. Respess rubbed his chin and thought the matter over. If he was puzzled it was only for a moment. There was but one explanation, and the very thought of it thrilled him with enthusiasm. He went into his orchard to set at rest whatever small doubts he may have had. There in the soft loamy soil, in the trail that his dogs had followed the day before, he found a fox's pad. It was larger and not so compact as the pad of a gray. Thereupon Mr. Respess, being a young man and full of the enthusiasm of a genuine sportsman, flung his hat in the air and gave a yell of delight that aroused his kennel. It was the pad of the long-wished-for red fox. Mr. Respess made no more fuss over the matter. Enthusiastic as he was, he took pains not to blab his discovery. He told his secret to a few choice spirits and then endeavored to make the most of it. In a fortnight he found that a red fox and a vixen had taken up their abode in his gin-house

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DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

His Pack Divided.—Page 423.

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He found a fox's pad.—Page 420.

field a half mile from his house, and, in order to get their bearings—to find where they fed—he took one of his superannuated dogs and trailed them through the plantation. Then he took his gun and shot birds for them, keeping them well supplied with those feathered tidbits. They responded cleverly to this treatment, and raised what Mr. Respess regarded as a very interesting family.

This was the introduction of the red fox into middle Georgia. He quickly made himself at home, taking possession of the feeding-grounds of his frightened cousin, and destroying for the time-being the sport of those who had aforetime found enjoyment in following and in sometimes catching the gray. The red soon achieved a reputation. He was a tantalizing element. He asked nothing better, when he was out for a frolic, than to get in front of their lumbering, blundering dogs, and lose them in the wild woods. Yet the advent of the red fox was a fortunate

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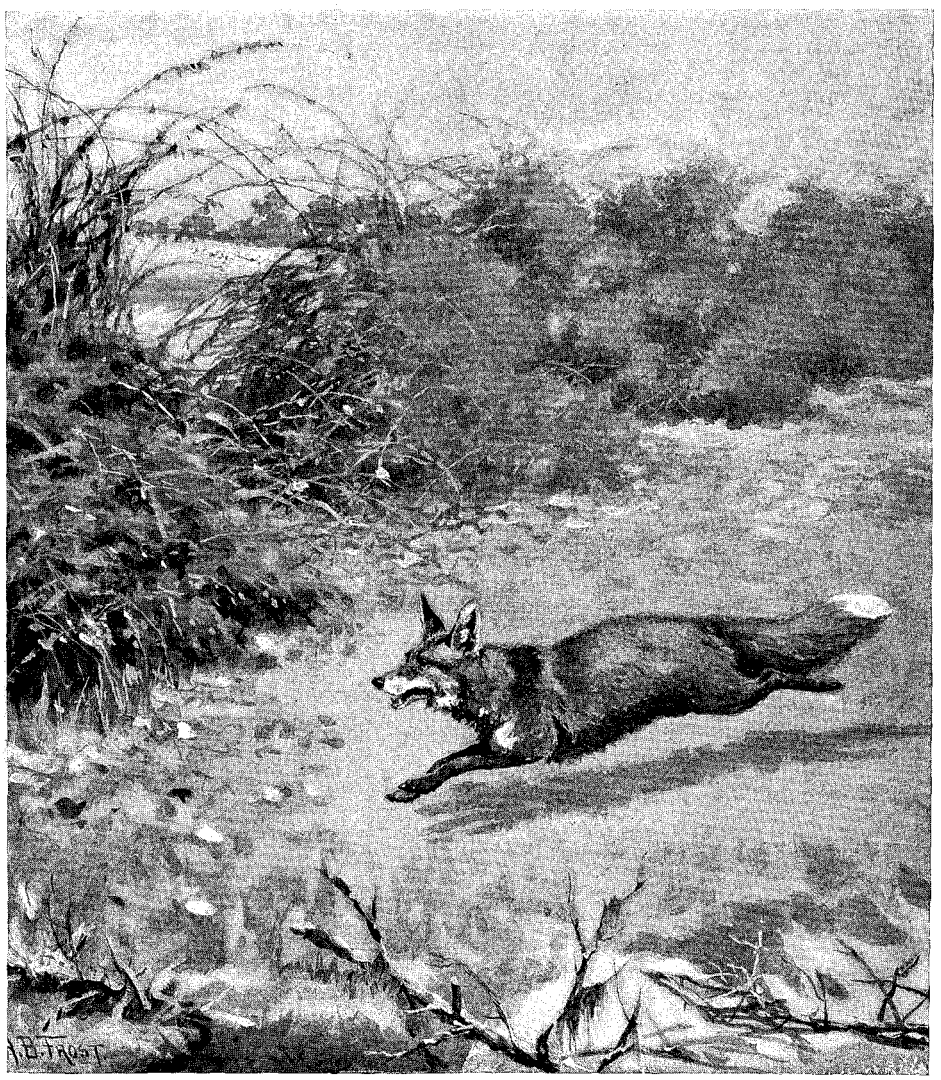
thing for the hunters in one respect. He compelled them to look to their kennels. He reminded them in the liveliest fashion of the old maxim that blood and breeding will tell.

Among those who became speedily interested in the problem of the red fox was Mr. L. F. W. Birdsong, of Upson County, who shared the belief, common to all fox-hunters, that his dogs were invincible. One fine day, he got together a camping outfit, and carried his kennel to the old sedge-fields of Putnam. It was his purpose and desire to steal a march on his brethren. So he said nothing of his intentions, but went down into the "Turner old fields" and camped out. He purposed to spend a week there, but his first day's experience satisfied him. He was fortunate (or unfortunate) enough to scare up two reds at the same moment, and his pack divided. They quickly ran away from him, and he heard no more of his dogs until they returned home fagged out and dispirited.

Nevertheless, the visit of Mr. Birdsong to Putnam and his inglorious de-



A "Double."

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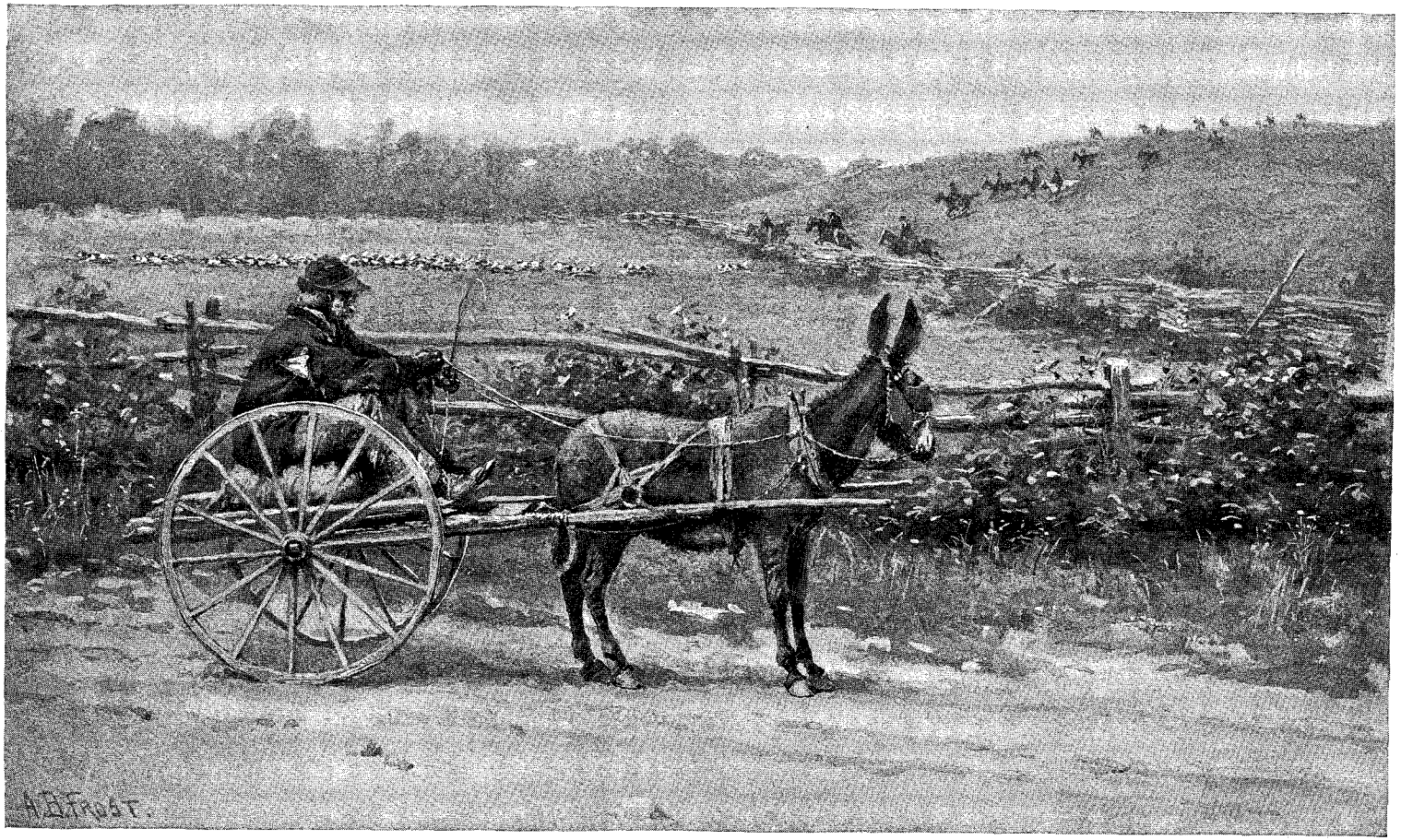

DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

The "Old Napper" Run.—Page 427.

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feat in a field of his own seeking were very fortunate events for the fox-hunters of Georgia. For he was a man of resources. He had been in correspondence with Dr. Thomas Y. Henry, of Virginia (a grandson of Patrick Henry), who was himself a noted fox-hunter, and who was the owner of a strain of fox-hounds that had attracted attention in all parts of the country. At once Mr. Birdsong set about getting some of these dogs. He wrote to Dr. Henry, but received no answer. After a time he wrote again, but still there was no answer. There was a very good reason for Dr. Henry's silence. He had contracted a pulmonary complaint, and his family physician ordered him to the piney-woods region of southern Georgia. Instead of travelling by the ordinary methods of conveyance, Dr. Henry organized a little caravan of his own, and went south in a buggy accompanied by wagons containing tents and other equipments. He carried his kennel with him and hunted on the way. He made the trip leisurely, stopping a week at a time at any point that suited his fancy. Thus it happened that letters addressed to Dr. Henry in Virginia remained unanswered.

But one day Mr. Birdsong received a most welcome letter from Dr. Henry. It was dated at a little country-town in southern Georgia, and contained glorious news for the Georgia hunter. Dr. Henry begged him to come and take the survivors of his once famous kennel in order to preserve them from the alligators. It was a feeble remnant that Mr. Birdsong found when, in response to the summons, he went after the dogs, but he carried it home with him, nursed it back into health and strength, and soon had the pleasure of counting as his own four descendants of the famous Virginian "Captain," a dog whose performances are noted in the annals of fox-hunters. This was the nucleus in Georgia of the strain that has been christened with the name of "Birdsong." Mr. Birdsong has protested against this in print, asserting that the "Henry Hound" would be a more appropriate name and assist in preserving the history of the breed, but all to no purpose. Birdsong it was, and Birdsong it has remained.

In the course of a very few years, the fox-hunters of Georgia strengthened their kennels with this strain. To Putnam went Hodo, the most magnificent specimen of a fox-hound that has ever been seen in this country. The youngsters of to-day will sit sidewise on their horses, waiting for a start, and tell you that old July is at the head of his kind. July was a happy cross of the Birdsong (or Henry) hound on the Maryland dog, and he had an opportunity of making a record. Hodo had no such opportunity. He made a record, it is true. He began his career by running down and killing a red fox unaided and alone, on the Pine Mountains of Upson County. But his temper was against him. When he went to his final destination in Putnam, he had to be tied up to prevent him from biting negroes and strangers. He submitted to this indignity for twelve hours. Then he gnawed the rope, and in crossing a plantation fence, he hanged himself. Thus perished, ignominiously and in his prime, the grandest of all fox-hounds. He had a phenomenal nose, and he scorned to put it to the ground when in motion. He had the courage and something of the temper of the bull-dog. His back was long and supple, with a slight upward bend beyond the withers; his chest was deep and powerful; his flank lean and lithe. His ears fell not much below the eye-line; his muzzle was broad and muscular; his nose square and prominent. Behind each foreshoulder was a beautiful "feather-mark"—the escutcheon of the Birdsong dog. With his speed he had judgment. The red fox that got up before him never lived to go through the ordinary manœuvres. Among a hundred dogs, even the untrained eye would have picked him out at once as displaying most clearly the marks that are recognized as the evidences of blood and breeding. Who shall say that the death of this matchless dog was accidental? On a strange plantation, among those who barely appreciated his phenomenal qualities, who shall say that he did not commit suicide?

I was a mere lad when Hodo went to Putnam, too young to go fox-hunting, yet I was fortunate enough to witness what was perhaps his most remarkable

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performance. He was kept for awhile by Mr. Harvey Dennis, of Eatonton, and I had been in the habit of taking Mr. Dennis's dogs out to hunt rabbits—not without threats and vain protestations on the part of that gentleman. It was wrong, but I couldn't resist it. The rabbits were nothing to me, but I had a passion for seeing the hounds run together and hearing them give tongue. At that time I should have been delighted even had I known that they were in pursuit of no higher game than an anise-bag. One day I carried them to the Bledsoe fields, about two miles from town, where the worn and discarded lands, as if to show what they could do, had given to birds, to beggars and to the hungry and thirsty wayfarer, acres of blackberry bushes, where they might regale themselves in season. In the late fall these bushes were bare, but, with the undergrowth of sedge and bermuda, they afforded a famous hiding-place for rabbits. With the dogs on this occasion was Hodo, who seemed to take little interest in the proceedings. Neither persuasion nor encouragement could make him hunt with the other dogs. He was on his dignity. He went around in a leisurely way, sniffing contemptously at the bushes and watching disdainfully the movements of the other dogs.

While going about over the field. which consisted of about five hundred acres, with a fence on two sides, I was almost paralyzed with excitement to see a red fox steal from a covert of sedge and dewberry bushes and make off with amazing celerity. What noise I made, Heaven only knows, for I was trembling all over, but Hodo, who was facing in the opposite direction, whirled with a sharp challenge, flung himself into the covert and issued forth as if he had been driven out of a catapult. His challenge, fierce and eager, attracted the instant attention of the other dogs—there were seven of them—and they swarmed to him as he made off on the blazing drag. It was a mile to the cross fence toward which they were going obliquely, and everything was in sight. I ran forward, a little way, but my excitement was so extreme that I was compelled to stop, and it was fortunate I did so, for now I was on the apex of the hill and not twenty yards of the field were hid from view.

To that hour I had believed that Mr. Dennis's dog Rowan was the fleetest hound in existence, but I observed with regret that although he had put into the chase immediately behind Hodo, he quickly fell, and continued to fall, behind. He was falling behind notwithstanding the fact that he was running with head up and tail down, while Hodo was going easily, taking the bushes like a bird when they grew across his way. A red cow at the farther end of the field—she seemed to be no bigger than a calf—hearing the riot of the dogs, tossed her head in the air and stampeded along the line of the fence. It was now that I caught a fleeting glimpse of the fox. He was about fifty yards ahead of the dogs, and the noise made by the cow caused him to change his course. He turned sharply to the left in a panic and disappeared like a shadow. Here Hodo overran the drag by several hundred feet, but swerved at the fence, doubled back obliquely, and picked it up. The other dogs now had an opportunity to recover a part of the ground they had lost, but although Rowan was running furiously, I could not see that they gained a yard. Hodo was going faster than ever. One reason for this was that the panic the fox had been thrown into by the cow had improved the scent.

A quarter of a mile from the point where the cow had cut up her capers a blind ditch began to embrace the hill with its shaggy arm, stretching around until it came within a few yards of where I stood, an almost breathless spectator of this stirring contest. It had been filled long ago, but on either edge the briers grew and flourished, leaving a smooth and narrow pathway on the site of the ditch. Reaching the ditch, Hodo flung to the right as far as the fence, then to the left. As he turned to the left, I heard him lift up his melodious voice in a prolonged note of triumph, and then I saw the most tremendous burst of speed on the part of the dog that it has ever been my good fortune to witness. And yet there was no evidence of exertion, no uncertainty.

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Every movement was rhythmical, the result of the rapid but steady play of the powerful machinery the dog had at his command. The open field and the bright sunshine were too much for the fox, and he sought the friendly cover of the grass and briers that grew along the ditch.

They came nearer and nearer, the voice of Hodo ringing surer and more confident as he sent musical messages to the dogs tumbling along two hundred yards behind him. Running in the ditch, the fox was not going at full speed, but at last the situation grew so uncomfortable that he concluded to trust himself to the open, and he broke cover not very far from where I stood, not twenty-five yards ahead of Hodo. I tried to shout, but could only utter a sound something between a shriek and a squeal. The dog must have heard it, for he hurled himself over the barrier of the ditch and there caught sight of the flying fox. The ecstacy of that hour will never be repeated. What wild and furious antics I cut up in that old Bermuda field will never be known. The fox slipped away like a shadow while Hodo seemed to stretch out at full length above the warm and fragrant grass. Within three hundred yards the fox swerved suddenly to the right and ran for a scrub apple-tree, the remnant of an old orchard, and endeavored to fling himself among the lower branches. He missed his footing and fell—into the red and foaming jaws of Hodo.

At that time it seemed to me that an hour must have elapsed between the starting of the fox and his death, but the time could not have been above ten minutes—fifteen at the utmost. It was perhaps as fair a test of the speed of the red fox as compared with that of the thoroughbred hound as will ever be witnessed.

III.

A YEAR or two before the event which I have been describing—but not before the hunters of Putnam had materially strengthened their kennels—there occurred a chase that is perhaps the most famous in the hunting annals of middle Georgia. In Putnam County, not far from the junction of the Oconee with Little River, there dwelt an old red fox that had achieved a great reputation among the hunters of that section. He made his home not far from the Edmondson Place, and he was known as "Old Napper." His name was probably due to the fact that he was usually to be found on the Napper plantation. Certainly it was not because he could be caught napping, for, according to all accounts, he was the most wide-awake fox that had ever been found in those parts. He had tantalized the hunters and outfooted their dogs until at last it was decided to make an overwhelming effort to capture him. Twenty or thirty hunters assembled one fine morning, having with them about fifty hounds. They had no difficulty in finding traces of "Old Napper." The conditions were exceptional. There had been a warm rain the night before and the ground was ripe for holding the scent. Tom Collingsworth's Music had the honor of picking up "Old Napper's" drag, and as it was comfortably warm, the dogs had no trouble in footing it along at a cheerful gait. The drag led straight toward Eatonton. A little beyond the Edmondson Place it freshened up, Music leading and setting the pace. In a little while Matt Kilpatrick's Whalebone went rattling to the front and divided honors with Music, while behind them came a stream of screaming dogs, half a mile in length.

Straight on the drag led, past Gorley's, through the Rose Place, and then across the suburban lots of Eatonton. This was a ten-mile run, and at a pace that began to tell on the horses, for, sad to say, there were some amateurs among the hunters who knew not how to spare their mounts, and many horses that thought they were out for a frolic. Matt Kilpatrick rode his famous "bald-faced" pacer, Harvey Dennis was on his seasoned bay, and Tom Collingsworth was mounted on his long gray. These and other practised hunters, who knew what kind of work "Old Napper" was likely to cut out for them, rode easily if not leisurely. Beyond Eatonton the hunt led through the Marshall Place, across "Baptizing" Creek, across

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Crooked Creek, through the Turner old fields, through the Spivey Plantation, and then to the Oconee. This was another ten-mile run. At the Oconee "Old Napper" turned and retraced his steps. Harvey Dennis, who caught a glimpse of the fox, gave the view-halloo. The dogs that responded—the leaders of the chase—were put in right behind "Old Napper," and it was thought that they were near enough to give him a warming. The Birdsong strain was beginning to show its virtues. Back to Eatonton went the chase—another ten miles. Then to Baldwin County, eighteen miles away, where "Old Napper" was run into and killed at three o'clock in the afternoon—an event that brought to an end a hunt that is still talked of in middle Georgia by those who grow reminiscent before a hickory fire glowing on the hearth and the ingredients of an apple toddy glistening on the sideboard. It was the toughest chase middle Georgia has ever known. Three horses were killed and four winded, and the hunter who was in at the death considers himself a sort of hero to this day.

Shortly after this, the Birdsong cross was discarded for the thoroughbred, and when this strain was established it was an easy matter for the hunters to catch two and even three red foxes any fine morning. With these later dogs behind him "Old Napper" would never have got beyond his feeding-grounds. In front of Hodo, his ten-hours run would have been cut down to forty-five minutes at the outside.

IV.

But what—the reader will ask—about the mystery of the red fox? That surely is the question, and (as such matters go) an interesting one. What about it? I shall not attempt to solve it. My purpose is merely to bring it to the attention of those who are qualified to study it. There is a theory among some fox-hunters that the movement of the red fox toward the southwest is merely the result of restlessness—the instinct that makes the pioneer. A gentleman of my acquaintance says he saw a red fox in eastern Alabama twenty-six years ago, and he seems to doubt the emigrant theory. Nevertheless, the red fox had fifteen years to reach eastern Alabama from the time he was first seen in middle Georgia. Moreover, it is a fact that a great many reds were caught and shipped to Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas before and during the war by the hunters of Putnam and adjoining counties. We must not confuse special instances with the general drift and tendency. When the red fox is found in sections which he is supposed to have evacuated, it must not be taken for granted that he has returned to settle and grow up with the country. It may be a new-comer that is following his brethren to the southwest; it may be a wanderer that has lost his way and has returned to get his bearings. But there can be no doubt that the red fox is moving toward the southwest. The movement was noted by Mr. Birdsong, who was not only a famous fox-hunter and breeder of dogs, but a gentleman of high intellectual attainments, and a close observer. It may be that the red fox will return after finding nothing in the southwest to suit his fancy, but it is certain that he is moving in that direction, and that this movement has been going on in Georgia for a half a century. What is the meaning, and what is to be the upshot of it?

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THE MAN OF LETTERS AS A MAN OF BUSINESS.

By W. D. Howells.

I.

I THINK that every man ought to work for his living, without exception, and that when he has once avouched his willingness to work, society should provide him with work and warrant him a living. I do not think any man ought to live by an art. A man's art should be his privilege, when he has proven his fitness to exercise it, and has otherwise earned his daily bread; and its results should be free to all. There is an instinctive sense of this, even in the midst of the grotesque confusion of our economic being; people feel that there is something profane, something impious, in taking money for a picture, or a poem, or a statue. Most of all, the artist himself feels this. He puts on a bold front with the world, to be sure, and brazens it out as Business; but he knows very well that there is something false and vulgar in it; and that the work which cannot be truly priced in money cannot be truly paid in money. He can, of course, say that the priest takes money for reading the marriage service, for christening the new-born babe, and for saying the last office for the dead; that the physician sells healing; that justice itself is paid for; and that he is merely a party to the thing that is and must be. He can say that, as the thing is, unless he sells his art he cannot live, that society will leave him to starve if he does not hit its fancy in a picture, or a poem, or a statue; and all this is bitterly true. He is, and he must be, only too glad if there is a market for his wares. Without a market for his wares he must perish, or turn to making something that will sell better than pictures, or poems, or statues. All the same, the sin and the shame remain, and the averted eye sees them still, with its inward vision. Many will make believe otherwise, but I would rather not make believe otherwise; and in trying to write of Literature as Business I am tempted to begin by saying that Business is the opprobrium of Literature.

II.

LITERATURE is at once the most intimate and the most articulate of the arts. It cannot impart its effect through the senses or the nerves as the other arts can; it is beautiful only through the intelligence; it is the mind speaking to the mind; until it has been put into absolute terms, of an invariable significance, it does not exist at all. It cannot awaken this emotion in one, and that in another; if it fails to express precisely the meaning of the author, if it does not say *him*, it says nothing, and is nothing. So that when a poet has put his heart, much or little, into a poem, and sold it to a magazine, the scandal is greater than when a painter has sold a picture to a patron, or a sculptor has modelled a statue to order. These are artists less articulate and less intimate than the poet; they are more exterior to their work; they are less personally in it; they part with less of themselves in the dicker. It does not change the nature of the case to say that Tennyson and Longfellow and Emerson sold the poems in which they couched the most mystical messages their genius was charged to bear mankind. They submitted to the conditions which none can escape; but that does not justify the conditions, which are none the less the conditions of hucksters because they are imposed upon poets. If it will serve to make my meaning a little clearer we will suppose that a poet has been crossed in love, or has suffered some real sorrow, like the loss of a wife or child. He pours out his broken heart in verse that shall bring tears of sa-

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cred sympathy from his readers, and an editor pays him a hundred dollars for the right of bringing his verse to their notice. It is perfectly true that the poem was not written for these dollars, but it is perfectly true that it was sold for them. The poet must use his emotions to pay his provision bills; he has no other means; society does not propose to pay his bills for him. Yet, and at the end of the ends, the unsophisticated witness finds the transaction ridiculous, finds it repulsive, finds it shabby. Somehow he knows that if our huckstering civilization did not at every moment violate the eternal fitness of things, the poet's song would have been given to the world, and the poet would have been cared for by the whole human brotherhood, as any man should be who does the duty that every man owes it.

The instinctive sense of the dishonor which money-purchase does to art is so strong that sometimes a man of letters who can pay his way otherwise refuses pay for his work, as Lord Byron did, for a while, from a noble pride, and as Count Tolstoy has tried to do, from a noble conscience. But Byron's publisher profited by a generosity which did not reach his readers; and the Countess Tolstoy collects the copyright which her husband foregoes; so that these two eminent instances of protest against business in literature may be said not to have shaken its money basis. I know of no others; but there may be many that I am culpably ignorant of. Still, I doubt if there are enough to affect the fact that Literature is Business as well as Art, and almost as soon. At present business is the only human solidarity; we are all bound together with that chain, whatever interests and tastes and principles separate us, and I feel quite sure that in writing of the Man of Letters as a Man of Business, I shall attract far more readers than I should in writing of him as an Artist. Besides, as an artist he has been done a great deal already; and a commercial state like ours has really more concern in him as a business man. Perhaps it may sometimes be different; I do not believe it will till the conditions are different, and that is a long way off.

III.

In the meantime I confidently appeal to the reader's imagination with the fact that there are several men of letters among us who are such good men of business that they can command a hundred dollars a thousand words for all they write; and at least one woman of letters who gets a hundred and fifty dollars a thousand words. It is easy to write a thousand words a day, and supposing one of these authors to work steadily, it can be seen that his net earnings during the year would come to some such sum as the President of the United States gets for doing far less work of a much more perishable sort. If the man of letters were wholly a business man this is what would happen; he would make his forty or fifty thousand dollars a year, and be able to consort with bank presidents, and railroad officials, and rich tradesmen, and other flowers of our plutocracy on equal terms. But, unfortunately, from a business point of view, he is also an artist, and the very qualities that enable him to delight the public disable him from delighting it uninterruptedly. "No rose blooms right along," as the English boys at Oxford made an American collegian say in a theme which they imagined for him in his national parlance; and the man of letters, as an artist, is apt to have times and seasons when he cannot blossom. Very often it shall happen that his mind will lie fallow between novels or stories for weeks and months at a stretch; when the suggestions of the friendly editor shall fail to fruit in the essays or articles desired; when the muse shall altogether withhold herself, or shall respond only in a feeble dribble of verse which he might sell indeed, but which it would not be good business for him to put on the market. But supposing him to be a very diligent and continuous worker, and so happy as to have fallen on a theme that delights him and bears him along, he may please himself so ill with the result of his labors that he can do nothing less in artistic conscience than destroy a day's work, a week's work, a month's work. I know one man of letters who wrote to-day, and tore up to-

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morrow for nearly a whole summer. But even if part of the mistaken work may be saved, because it is good work out of place, and not intrinsically bad, the task of reconstruction wants almost as much time as the production; and then, when all seems done, comes the anxious and endless process of revision. These drawbacks reduce the earning capacity of what I may call the high-cost man of letters in such measure that an author whose name is known everywhere, and whose reputation is commensurate with the boundaries of his country, if it does not transcend them, shall have the income, say, of a rising young physician, known to a few people in a subordinate city.

In view of this fact, so humiliating to an author in the presence of a nation of business men like ours, I do not know that I can establish the man of letters in the popular esteem as very much of a business man after all. He must still have a low rank among practical people; and he will be regarded by the great mass of Americans as perhaps a little off, a little funny, a little soft! Perhaps not; and yet I would rather not have a consensus of public opinion on the question; I think I am more comfortable without it.

IV.

There is this to be said in defence of men of letters on the business side, that literature is still an infant industry with us, and so far from having been protected by our laws it was exposed for ninety years after the foundation of the republic to the vicious competition of stolen goods. It is true that we now have the international copyright law at last, and we can at least begin to forget our shame; but literary property has only forty-two years of life under our unjust statutes, and if it is attacked by robbers the law does not seek out the aggressors and punish them, as it would seek out and punish the trespassers upon any other kind of property; but it leaves the aggrieved owner to bring suit against them, and recover damages, if he can. This may be right enough in itself; but I think, then, that all property should be defended by civil suit, and should become public after forty-two years of private tenure. The Constitution guarantees us all equality before the law, but the law-makers seem to have forgotten this in the case of our infant literary industry. So long as this remains the case, we cannot expect the best business talent to go into literature, and the man of letters must keep his present low grade among business men.

As I have hinted, it is but a little while that he has had any standing at all. I may say that it is only since the war that literature has become a business with us. Before that time we had authors, and very good ones; it is astonishing how good they were; but I do not remember any of them who lived by literature except Edgar A. Poe, perhaps; and we all know how he lived; it was largely upon loans. They were either men of fortune, or they were editors, or professors, with salaries or incomes apart from the small gains of their pens; or they were helped out with public offices; one need not go over their names, or classify them. Some of them must have made money by their books, but I question whether any one could have lived, even very simply, upon the money his books brought him. No one could do that now, unless he wrote a book that we could not recognize as a work of literature. But many authors live now, and live prettily enough, by the sale of the serial publication of their writings to the magazines. They do not live so nicely as successful tradespeople, of course, or as men in the other professions when they begin to make themselves names; the high state of brokers, bankers, railroad operators, and the like is, in the nature of the case, beyond their fondest dreams of pecuniary affluence and social splendor. Perhaps they do not want the chief seats in the synagogue; it is certain they do not get them. Still, they do very fairly well, as things go; and several have incomes that would seem riches to the great mass of worthy Americans who work with their hands for a living—when they can get the work. Their

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incomes are mainly from serial publication in the different magazines; and the prosperity of the magazines has given a whole class existence which, as a class, was wholly unknown among us before the war. It is not only the famous or fully recognized authors who live in this way, but the much larger number of clever people who are as yet known chiefly to the editors, and who may never make themselves a public, but who do well a kind of acceptable work. These are the sort who do not get reprinted from the periodicals; but the better recognized authors do get reprinted, and then their serial work in its completed form appeals to the readers who say they do not read serials. The multitude of these is not great, and if an author rested his hopes upon their favor he would be a much more embittered man than he now generally is. But he understands perfectly well that his reward is in the serial and not in the book; the return from that he may count as so much money found in the road—a few hundreds, a very few thousands, at the most.

V.

I DOUBT, indeed, whether the earnings of literary men are absolutely as great as they were earlier in the century, in any of the English-speaking countries; relatively they are nothing like as great. Scott had forty thousand dollars for "Woodstock," which was not a very large novel, and was by no means one of his best; and forty thousand dollars had at least the purchasing powers of sixty thousand then. Moore had three thousand guineas for "Lalla Rookh," but what publisher would be rash enough to pay twenty-five thousand dollars for the masterpiece of a minor poet now? The book, except in very rare instances, makes nothing like the return to the author that the magazine makes, and there are but two or three authors who find their account in that form of publication. Those who do, those who sell the most widely in book form, are often not at all desired by editors; with difficulty they get a serial accepted by any principal magazine. On the other hand, there are authors whose books, compared with those of the popular favorites, do not sell, and yet they are eagerly sought for by editors; they are paid the highest prices, and nothing that they offer is refused. These are literary artists; and it ought to be plain from what I am saying that in belles-lettres, at least, most of the best literature now first sees the light in the magazines, and most of the second best appears first in book form. The old-fashioned people who flatter themselves upon their distinction in not reading magazine fiction, or magazine poetry, make a great mistake, and simply class themselves with the public whose taste is so crude that they cannot enjoy the best. Of course this is true mainly, if not merely, of belles-lettres; history, science, politics, metaphysics, in spite of the many excellent articles and papers in these sorts upon what used to be called various emergent occasions, are still to be found at their best in books. The most monumental example of literature, at once light and good, which has first reached the public in book form is in the different publications of Mark Twain; but Mr. Clemens has of late turned to the magazines too, and now takes their mint mark before he passes into general circulation. All this may change again, but at present the magazines—we have no longer any reviews—form the most direct approach to that part of our reading public which likes the highest things in literary art. Their readers, if we may judge from the quality of the literature they get, are more refined than the book readers in our community; and their taste has no doubt been cultivated by that of the disciplined and experienced editors. So far as I have known these they are men of æsthetic conscience, and of generous sympathy. They have their preferences in the different kinds, and they have their theory of what kind will be most acceptable to their readers; but they exercise their selective function with the wish to give them the best things they can. I do not know one of them—and it has been my good fortune to know them nearly all—who would print a wholly inferior thing for the sake of an inferior class of readers, though they may sometimes decline a good thing

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because for one reason or another they believe it would not be liked. Still, even this does not often happen; they would rather chance the good thing they doubted of than underrate their readers' judgment.

New writers often suppose themselves rejected because they are unknown; but the unknown man of force and quality is of all others the man whom the editor welcomes to his page. He knows that there is always a danger that the reigning favorite may fail to please; that at any rate, in the order of things, he is passing away, and that if the magazine is not to pass away with the men who have made it, there must be a constant infusion of fresh life. Few editors are such fools and knaves as to let their personal feeling disable their judgment; and the young writer who gets his manuscript back may be sure that it is not because the editor dislikes him, for some reason or no reason. Above all, he can trust me that his contribution has not been passed unread, or has failed of the examination it merits. Editors are not men of infallible judgment, but they do use their judgment, and it is usually good.

The young author who wins recognition in a first-class magazine has achieved a double success, first, with the editor, and then with the best reading public. Many factitious and fallacious literary reputations have been made through books, but very few have been made through the magazines, which are not only the best means of living, but of outliving, with the author; they are both bread and fame to him. If I insist a little upon the high office which this modern form of publication fulfils in the literary world, it is because I am impatient of the antiquated and ignorant prejudice which classes the magazines as ephemeral. They are ephemeral in form, but in substance they are not ephemeral, and what is best in them awaits its resurrection in the book, which, as the first form, is so often a lasting death. An interesting proof of the value of the magazine to literature is the fact that a good novel will have wider acceptance as a book from having been a magazine serial.

I am not sure that the decay of the book is not owing somewhat to the decay of reviewing. This does not now seem to me so thorough, or even so general as it was some years ago, and I think the book oftener comes to the buyer without the warrant of a critical estimate than it once did. That is never the case with material printed in a magazine of high class. A well-trained critic, who is bound by the strongest ties of honor and interest not to betray either his employer or his public, has judged it, and his practical approval is a warrant of quality.

VI.

Under the *régime* of the great literary periodicals the prosperity of literary men would be much greater than it actually is, if the magazines were altogether literary. But they are not, and this is one reason why literature is still the hungriest of the professions. Two-thirds of the magazines are made up of material which, however excellent, is without literary quality. Very probably this is because even the highest class of readers, who are the magazine readers, have small love of pure literature, which seems to have been growing less and less in all classes. I say seems, because there are really no means of ascertaining the fact, and it may be that the editors are mistaken in making their periodicals two-thirds popular science, politics, economics, and the timely topics which I will call contemporanics; I have sometimes thought they were. But however that may be, their efforts in this direction have narrowed the field of literary industry, and darkened the hope of literary prosperity kindled by the unexampled prosperity of their periodicals. They pay very well indeed for literature; they pay from five or six dollars a thousand words for the work of the unknown writer, to a hundred and fifty dollars a thousand words for that of the most famous, or the most popular, if there is a difference between fame and popularity; but they do not, altogether, want enough literature to justify the best business talent in devoting itself to belles-lettres, to fiction, or poetry, or humorous sketches of travel, or light

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essays; business talent can do far better in drygoods, groceries, drugs, stocks, real estate, railroads, and the like. I do not think there is any danger of a ruinous competition from it in the field which, though narrow, seems so rich to us poor fellows, whose business talent is small, at the best.

The most of the material contributed to the magazines is the subject of agreement between the editor and the author; it is either suggested by the author, or is the fruit of some suggestion from the editor; in any case the price is stipulated beforehand, and it is no longer the custom for a well-known contributor to leave the payment to the justice or the generosity of the publisher; that was never a fair thing to either, nor ever a wise thing. Usually, the price is so much a thousand words, a truly odious method of computing literary value, and one well calculated to make the author feel keenly the hatefulness of selling his art at all. It is as if a painter sold his picture at so much a square inch, or a sculptor bargained away a group of statuary by the pound. But it is a custom that you cannot always successfully quarrel with, and most writers gladly consent to it, if only the price a thousand words is large enough. The sale to the editor means the sale of the serial rights only, but if the publisher of the magazine is also a publisher of books, the republication of the material is supposed to be his right, unless there is an understanding to the contrary; the terms for this are another affair. Formerly something more could be got for the author by the simultaneous appearance of his work in an English magazine, but now the great American magazines, which pay far higher prices than any others in the world, have a circulation in England so much exceeding that of any English periodical, that the simultaneous publication can no longer be arranged for from this side, though I believe it is still done here from the other side.

VII.

I THINK this is the case of authorship as it now stands with regard to the magazines. I am not sure that the case is in every way improved for young authors. The magazines all maintain a staff for the careful examination of manuscripts, but as most of the material they print has been engaged, the number of volunteer contributions that they can use is very small; one of the greatest of them, I know, does not use fifty in the course of a year. The new writer, then, must be very good to be accepted, and when accepted he may wait long before he is printed. The pressure is so great in these avenues to the public favor that one, two, three years, are no uncommon periods of delay. If the young writer has not the patience for this, or has a soul above cooling his heels in the courts of fame, or must do his best to earn something at once, the book is his immediate hope. How slight a hope the book is I have tried to hint already, but if a book is vulgar enough in sentiment, and crude enough in taste, and flashy enough in incident, or, better or worse still, if it is a bit hot in the mouth, and promises impropriety if not indecency, there is a very fair chance of its success; I do not mean success with a self-respecting publisher, but with the public, which does not personally put its name to it, and is not openly smirched by it. I will not talk of that kind of book, however, but of the book which the young author has written out of an unspoiled heart and an untainted mind, such as most young men and women write; and I will suppose that it has found a publisher. It is human nature, as competition has deformed human nature, for the publisher to wish the author to take all the risks, and he possibly proposes that the author shall publish it at his own expense, and let him have a percentage of the retail price for managing it. If not that, he proposes that the author shall pay for the stereotype plates, and take fifteen per cent. of the price of the book; or if this will not go, if the author cannot, rather than will not do it (he is commonly only too glad to do anything he can), then the publisher offers him ten per cent. of the retail price after the first thousand copies have been sold. But if he fully believes in the book, he will give ten per

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cent. from the first copy sold, and pay all the costs of publication himself. The book is to be retailed for a dollar and a half, and the publisher is very well pleased with a new book that sells fifteen hundred copies. Whether the author has as much reason to be so is a question, but if the book does not sell more he has only himself to blame, and had better pocket in silence the two hundred and twenty-five dollars he gets for it, and bless his publisher, and try to find work somewhere at five dollars a week. The publisher has not made any more, if quite as much as the author, and until a book has sold two thousand copies the division is fair enough. After that, the heavier expenses of manufacturing have been defrayed, and the book goes on advertising itself; there is merely the cost of paper, printing, binding, and marketing to be met, and the arrangement becomes fairer and fairer for the publisher. The author has no right to complain of this, in the case of his first book, which he is only too grateful to get accepted at all. If it succeeds, he has himself to blame for making the same arrangement for his second or third; it is his fault, or else it is his necessity, which is practically the same thing. It will be business for the publisher to take advantage of his necessity quite the same as if it were his fault; but I do not say that he will always do so; I believe he will very often not do so.

At one time there seemed a probability of the enlargement of the author's gains by subscription publication, and one very well-known American author prospered fabulously in that way. The percentage offered by the subscription houses was only about half as much as that paid by the trade, but the sales were so much greater that the author could very well afford to take it. Where the book-dealer sold ten, the book-agent sold a hundred; or at least he did so in the case of Mark Twain's books; and we all thought it reasonable he could do so with ours. Such of us as made experiment of him, however, found the facts illogical. No book of literary quality was made to go by subscription except Mr. Clemens's books, and I think these went because the subscription public never knew what good literature they were. This sort of readers, or buyers, were so used to getting something worthless for their money, that they would not spend it for artistic fiction, or indeed for any fiction all, except Mr. Clemens's, which they probably supposed bad. Some good books of travel had a measurable success through the book agents, but not at all the success that had been hoped for; and I believe now the subscription trade again publishes only compilations, or such works as owe more to the skill of the editor than the art of the writer. Mr. Clemens himself no longer offers his books to the public in that way.

It is not common, I think, in this country, to publish on the half-profits system, but it is very common in England, where, owing probably to the moisture in the air, which lends a fairy outline to every prospect, it seems to be peculiarly alluring. One of my own early books was published there on these terms, which I accepted with the insensate joy of the young author in getting any terms from a publisher. The book sold, sold every copy of the small first edition, and in due time the publisher's statement came. I did not think my half of the profits was very great, but it seemed a fair division after every imaginable cost had been charged up against my poor book, and that frail venture had been made to pay the expenses of composition, corrections, paper, printing, binding, advertising, and editorial copies. The wonder ought to have been that there was anything at all coming to me, but I was young and greedy then, and I really thought there ought to have been more. I was disappointed, but I made the best of it, of course, and took the account to the junior partner of the house which employed me, and said that I should like to draw on him for the sum due me from the London publishers. He said, Certainly; but after a glance at the account he smiled and said he supposed I knew how much the sum was? I answered, Yes; it was eleven pounds nine shillings, was not it? But I owned at the

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same time that I never was good at figures, and that I found English money peculiarly baffling. He laughed now, and said, It was eleven shillings and nine pence. In fact, after all those charges for composition, corrections, paper, printing, binding, advertising, and editorial copies, there was a most ingenious and wholly surprising charge of ten per cent. commission on sales, which reduced my half from pounds to shillings, and handsomely increased the publisher's half in proportion. I do not now dispute the justice of the charge. It was not the fault of the half-profits system, it was the fault of the glad young author who did not distinctly inform himself of its mysterious nature in agreeing to it, and had only to reproach himself if he was finally disappointed.

But there is always something disappointing in the accounts of publishers, which I fancy is because authors are strangely constituted, rather than because publishers are so. I will confess that I have such inordinate expectations of the sale of my books which I hope I think modestly of, that the sales reported to me never seem great enough. The copyright due me, no matter how handsome it is, appears deplorably mean, and I feel impoverished for several days after I get it. But then, I ought to add that my balance in the bank is always much less than I have supposed it to be, and my own checks, when they come back to me, have the air of having been in a conspiracy to betray me.

No, we literary men must learn, no matter how we boast ourselves in business, that the distress we feel from our publisher's accounts is simply idiopathic; and I for one wish to bear my witness to the constant good faith and uprightness of publishers. It is supposed that because they have the affair altogether in their hands they are apt to take advantage in it; but this does not follow, and as a matter of fact they have the affair no more in their own hands than any other business man you have an open account with. There is nothing to prevent you from looking at their books, except your own innermost belief and fear that their books are correct, and that your literature has brought you so little because it has sold so little.

The author is not to blame for his superficial delusion to the contrary, especially if he has written a book that has set everyone talking, because it is of a vital interest. It may be of a vital interest, without being at all the kind of book people want to buy; it may be the kind of book that they are content to know at second hand; there are such fatal books; but hearing so much, and reading so much about it, the author cannot help hoping that it has sold much more than the publisher says. The publisher is undoubtedly honest, however, and the author had better put away the comforting question of his integrity.

The English writers seem largely to suspect their publishers (I cannot say with how much reason, for my English publisher is Scotch, and I should be glad to be so true a man as I think him); but I believe that American authors, when not flown with flattering reviews, as largely trust theirs. Of course there are rogues in every walk of life. I will not say that I ever personally met them in the flowery paths of literature, but I have heard of other people meeting them there, just as I have heard of people seeing ghosts, and I have to believe in both the rogues and the ghosts, without the witness of my own senses. I suppose, upon such grounds mainly, that there are wicked publishers, but in the case of our books that do not sell, I am afraid that it is the graceless and inappreciative public which is far more to blame than the wickedest of the publishers. It is true that publishers will drive a hard bargain when they can, or when they must; but there is nothing to hinder an author from driving a hard bargain, too, when he can, or when he must; and it is to be said of the publisher that he is always more willing to abide by the bargain when it is made than the author is; perhaps because he has the best of it. But he has not always the best of it; I have known publishers too generous to take advantage of the innocence of authors; and I fancy that if publishers had to do with any race less diffident than authors, they would

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have won a repute for unselfishness that they do not now enjoy. It is certain that in the long period when we flew the black flag of piracy there were many among our corsairs on the high seas of literature who paid a fair price for the stranger craft they seized; still oftener they removed the cargo, and released their capture with several weeks' provision; and although there was undoubtedly a good deal of actual throat-cutting and scuttling, still I feel sure that there was less of it than there would have been in any other line of business released to the unrestricted plunder of the neighbor. There was for a long time even a comity among these amiable buccaneers, who agreed not to interfere with each other, and so were enabled to pay over to their victims some portion of the profit from their stolen goods. Of all business men publishers are probably the most faithful and honorable, and are only surpassed in virtue when men of letters turn business men.

Publishers have their little theories, their little superstitions, and their blind faith in the great god Chance, which we all worship. These things lead them into temptation and adversity, but they seem to do fairly well as business men, even in their own behalf. They do not make above the usual ninety-five per cent. of failures, and more publishers than authors get rich. I have known several publishers who kept their carriages, but I have never known even one author to keep his carriage on the profits of his literature, unless it was in some modest country place where one could take care of one's own horse. But this is simply because the authors are so many, and the publishers are so few. If we wish to reverse their positions, we must study how to reduce the number of authors and increase the number of publishers; then prosperity will smile our way.

VIII.

Some theories or superstitions publishers and authors share together. One of these is that it is best to keep your books all in the hands of one publisher if you can, because then he can give them more attention and sell more of them. But my own experience is that when my books were in the hands of three publishers they sold quite as well as when one had them; and a fellow author whom I approached in question of this venerable belief, laughed at it. This bold heretic held that it was best to give each new book to a new publisher, for then the fresh man put all his energies into pushing it; but if you had them all together, the publisher rested in a vain security that one book would sell another, and that the fresh venture would revive the public interest in the stale ones. I never knew this to happen, and I must class it with the superstitions of the trade. It may be so in other and more constant countries, but in our fickle republic, each last book has to fight its own way to public favor, much as if it had no sort of literary lineage. Of course this is stating it rather largely, and the truth will be found inside rather than outside of my statement; but there is at least truth enough in it to give the young author pause. While one is preparing to sell his basket of glass, he may as well ask himself whether it is better to part with all to one dealer or not; and if he kicks it over, in spurning the imaginary customer who asks the favor of taking entire stock, that will be his fault, and not the fault of the question.

However, the most important question of all with the man of letters as a man of business, is what kind of book will sell the best of itself, because, at the end of the ends, a book sells itself or does not sell at all; kissing, after long ages of reasoning and a great deal of culture, still goes by favor, and though innumerable generations of horses have been led to water, not one horse has yet been made to drink. With the best, or the worst, will in the world, no publisher can force a book into acceptance. Advertising will not avail, and reviewing is notoriously futile. If the book does not strike the popular fancy, or deal with some universal interest, which need by no means be a profound or important one, the drums and the cymbals shall be beaten in vain.

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The book may be one of the best and wisest books in the world, but if it has not this sort of appeal in it, the readers of it, and worse yet, the purchasers, will remain few, though fit. The secret of this, like most other secrets of a rather ridiculous world, is in the awful keeping of fate, and we can only hope to surprise it by some lucky chance. To plan a surprise of it, to aim a book at the public favor, is the most hopeless of all endeavors, as it is one of the unworthiest; and I can, neither as a man of letters nor as a man of business, counsel the young author to do it. The best that you can do is to write the book that it gives you the most pleasure to write, to put as much heart and soul as you have about you into it, and then hope as hard as you can to reach the heart and soul of the great multitude of your fellow-men. That, and that alone, is good business for a man of letters.

The failures in literature are no less mystifying than the successes, though they are upon the whole not so mortifying. I have seen a good many of these failures, and I know of one case so signal that I must speak of it, even to the discredit of the public. It is the case of a novelist whose work seems to me of the best that we have done in that sort, whose books represent our life with singular force and singular insight, and whose equipment for his art, through study, travel, and the world, is of the rarest. He has a strong, robust, manly style; his stories are well knit, and his characters are of the flesh and blood complexion which we know in our daily experience; and yet he has failed to achieve one of the first places in our literature; if I named his name here, I am afraid that it would be quite unknown to the greatest part of my readers. I have never been able to account for his want of success, except through the fact that his stories did not please women, though why they did not, I cannot guess. They did not like them for the same reason that they did not like Dr. Fell; and that reason was quite enough for them. It must be enough for him, I am afraid; but I believe that if this author had been writing in a country where men decided the fate of books, the fate of his books would have been different.

The man of letters must make up his mind that in the United States the fate of a book is in the hands of the women. It is the women with us who have the most leisure, and they read the most books. They are far better educated, for the most part, than our men, and their tastes, if not their minds, are more cultivated. Our men read the newspapers, but our women read the books: the more refined among them read the magazines. If they do not always know what is good, they do know what pleases them, and it is useless to quarrel with their decisions, for there is no appeal from them. To go from them to the men would be going from a higher to a lower court, which would be honestly surprised and bewildered, if the thing were possible. As I say, the author of light literature, and often the author of solid literature, must resign himself to obscurity unless the ladies choose to recognize him. Yet it would be impossible to forecast their favor for this kind or that. Who could prophesy it for another, who guess it for himself? We must strive blindly for it, and hope somehow that our best will also be our prettiest; but we must remember at the same time that it is not the ladies' man who is the favorite of the ladies.

There are of course a few, a very few, of our greatest authors, who have striven forward to the first place in our Valhalla without the help of the largest reading-class among us; but I should say that these were chiefly the humorists, for whom women are said nowhere to have any warm liking, and who have generally with us come up through the newspapers, and have never lost the favor of the newspaper readers. They have become literary men, as it were, without the newspapers' readers knowing it; but those who have approached literature from another direction, have won fame in it chiefly by grace of the women, who first read them, and then made their husbands and fathers read them. Perhaps, then, and as a matter of business, it would be well for a serious author, when he finds that he is not pleasing the women, and probably never will please them, to turn humor-

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ous author, and aim at the countenance of the men. Except as a humorist he certainly never will get it, for your American, when he is not making money, or trying to do it, is making a joke, or trying to do it.

IX.

I HOPE that I have not been hinting that the author who approaches literature through journalism is not as fine and high a literary man as the author who comes directly to it, or through some other avenue; I have not the least notion of condemning myself by any such judgment. But I think it is pretty certain that fewer and fewer authors are turning from journalism to literature, though the *entente cordiale* between the two professions seems as great as ever. I fancy, though I may be as mistaken in this as I am in a good many other things, that most journalists would have been literary men if they could, at the beginning, and that the kindness they almost always show to young authors is an effect of the self-pity they feel for their own thwarted wish to be authors. When an author is once warm in the saddle, and is riding his winged horse to glory, the case is different: they have then often no sentiment about him; he is no longer the image of their own young aspiration, and they would willingly see Pegasus buck under him, or have him otherwise brought to grief and shame. They are apt to gird at him for his unhallowed gains, and they would be quite right in this if they proposed any way for him to live without them; as I have allowed at the outset, the gains *are* unhallowed. Apparently it is unseemly for an author or two to be making half as much by their pens as popular ministers often receive in salary; the public is used to the pecuniary prosperity of some of the clergy, and at least sees nothing droll in it; but the paragrapher can always get a smile out of his readers at the gross disparity between the ten thousand dollars Jones gets for his novel, and the five pounds Milton got for his epic. I have always thought Milton was paid too little, but I will own that he ought not to have been paid at all, if it comes to that. Again, I say that no man ought to live by any art; it is a shame to the art if not to the artist; but as yet there is no means of the artist's living otherwise, and continuing an artist.

The literary man has certainly no complaint to make of the newspaper man, generally speaking. I have often thought with amazement of the kindness shown by the press to our whole unworthy craft, and of the help so lavishly and freely given to rising and even risen authors. To put it coarsely, brutally, I do not suppose that any other business receives so much gratuitous advertising, except the theatre. It is enormous, the space given in the newspapers to literary notes, literary announcements, reviews, interviews, personal paragraphs, biographies, and all the rest, not to mention the vigorous and incisive attacks made from time to time upon different authors for their opinions of romanticism, realism, capitalism, socialism, Catholicism, and Sandemanianism. I have sometimes doubted whether the public cared for so much of it all as the editors gave them, but I have always said this under my breath, and I have thankfully taken my share of the common bounty. A curious fact, however, is that this vast newspaper publicity seems to have very little to do with an author's popularity, though ever so much with his notoriety. Those strange subterranean fellows who never come to the surface in the newspapers, except for a contemptuous paragraph at long intervals, outsell the famousest of the celebrities, and secretly have their horses and yachts and country seats, while immodest merit is left to get about on foot and look up summer board at the cheaper hotels. That is probably right, or it would not happen; it seems to be in the general scheme, like millionairism and pauperism; but it becomes a question, then, whether the newspapers, with all their friendship for literature, and their actual generosity to literary men, can really help one much to fortune, however much they help one to fame. Such a question is almost too dreadful, and though I have asked it, I

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will not attempt to answer it. I would much rather consider the question whether if the newspapers can make an author they can also unmake him, and I feel pretty safe in saying that I do not think they can. The Afreet once out of the bottle can never be coaxed back or cudgelled back; and the author whom the newspapers have made cannot be unmade by the newspapers. Perhaps he could if they would let him alone; but the art of letting alone the creature of your favor, when he has forfeited your favor, is yet in its infancy with the newspapers. They consign him to oblivion with a rumor that fills the land, and they keep visiting him there with an uproar which attracts more and more notice to him. An author who has long enjoyed their favor, suddenly and rather mysteriously loses it, through his opinions on certain matters of literary taste, say. For the space of five or six years he is denounced with a unanimity and an incisive vigor that ought to convince him there is something wrong. If he thinks it is his censors, he clings to his opinions with an abiding constancy, while ridicule, obloquy, caricature, burlesque, critical refutation and personal detraction follow unsparingly upon every expression, for instance, of his belief that romantic fiction is the highest form of fiction, and that the base, sordid, photographic, commonplace school of Tolstoy, Tourguénief, Zola, Hardy, and James, are unworthy a moment's comparison with the school of Rider Haggard. All this ought certainly to unmake the author in question, and strew his *disjecta membra* wide over the realm of oblivion. But this is not really the effect. Slowly but surely the clamor dies away, and the author, without relinquishing one of his wicked opinions, or in anywise showing himself repentant, remains apparently whole; and he even returns in a measure to the old kindness: not indeed to the earlier day of perfectly smooth things, but certainly to as much of it as he merits.

I would not have the young author, from this imaginary case, believe that it is well either to court or to defy the good opinion of the press. In fact, it will not only be better taste, but it will be better business for him to keep it altogether out of his mind. There is only one whom he can safely try to please, and that is himself. If he does this he will very probably please other people; but if he does not please himself he may be sure that he will not please them; the book which he has not enjoyed writing, no one will enjoy reading. Still, I would not have him attach too little consequence to the influence of the press. I should say, let him take the celebrity it gives him gratefully but not too seriously; let him reflect that he is often the necessity rather than the ideal of the paragrapher, and that the notoriety the journalists bestow upon him is not the measure of their acquaintance with his work, far less his meaning. They are good fellows, those poor, hard-pushed fellows of the press, but the very conditions of their censure, friendly or unfriendly, forbid it thoroughness, and it must often have more zeal than knowledge in it.

X.

WHETHER the newspapers will become the rivals of the magazines as the vehicle of literature is a matter that still remains in doubt with the careful observer, after a decade of the newspaper syndicate. Our daily papers never had the habit of the *feuilleton* as those of the European continent have it; they followed the English tradition in this, though they departed from it in so many other things; and it was not till the Sunday editions of the great dailies arose that there was any real hope for the serial in the papers. I suspect that it was the vast demand for material in their pages—twelve, eighteen, twenty-four, thirty-six — that created the syndicate, for it was the necessity of the Sunday edition not only to have material in abundance, but, with all possible regard for quality, to have it cheap; and the syndicate, when it came into being, imagined a means of meeting this want. It sold the same material to as many newspapers as it could for simultaneous publication in their Sunday editions,

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which had each its special field, and did not compete with another.

I do not think the syndicate began with serials, and I do not think it is likely to end with them. It has rather worked the vein of interviews, personal adventure, popular science, useful information, travel, sketches, and short stories. Still it has placed a good many serial stories, and at pretty good prices, but not generally so good as those the magazines pay the better sort of writers; for the worse sort it has offered perhaps the best market they have had out of book form. By the newspapers, the syndicate conceives, and perhaps justly, that something sensational is desired; yet all the serial stories it has placed cannot be called sensational. It has enlarged the field of belles-lettres, certainly, but not permanently, I think, in the case of the artistic novel. As yet the women, who form the largest, if not the only cultivated class among us, have not taken very cordially to the Sunday edition, except for its social gossip; they certainly do not go to it for their fiction, and its fiction is mainly of the inferior sort with which boys and men beguile their leisure.

In fact the newspapers prefer to remain newspapers, at least in quality if not in form; and I heard a story the other day from a charming young writer of his experience with them, which may have some instruction for the magazines that less wisely aim to become newspapers. He said that when he carried his work to the editors they struck out what he thought the best of it, because it was what they called magaziny; not contemptuously, but with an instinctive sense of what their readers wanted of them, and did not want. It was apparent that they did not want literary art, or even the appearance of it; they wanted their effects primary; they wanted their emotions raw, or at least *saignantes* from the joint of fact, and not prepared by the fancy or the taste.

The syndicate has no doubt advanced the prosperity of the short story by increasing the demand for it. We Americans had already done pretty well in that kind, for there was already a great demand for the short story in the magazines; but the syndicate of Sunday editions particularly cultivated it, and made it very paying. I have heard that some short-story writers made the syndicate pay more for their wares than they got from the magazines for them, considering that the magazine publication could enhance their reputation, but the Sunday edition could do nothing for it. They may have been right or not in this; I will not undertake to say, but that was the business view of the case with them.

In spite of the fact that short stories when gathered into a volume and republished would not sell so well as a novel, the short story flourished, and its success in the periodicals began to be felt in the book trade: volumes of short stories suddenly began to sell. But now again, it is said the bottom has dropped out, and they do not sell, and their adversity in book form threatens to affect them in the magazines; an editor told me the other day that he had more short stories than he knew what to do with; and I was not offering him a short story of my own, either. A permanent decline in the market for a kind of literary art which we have excelled in, or if we have not excelled, have done some of our most exquisite work, would be a pity.

There are other sorts of light literature once greatly in demand, but now apparently no longer desired by editors, who ought to know what their readers desire. Among these is the travel sketch, to me a very agreeable kind, and really to be regretted in its decline. There are some reasons for its decline besides a change of taste in readers, and a possible surfeit. Travel itself has become so universal that everybody, in a manner, has been everywhere, and the foreign scene has no longer the charm of strangeness. We do not think the Old World either so romantic or so ridiculous as we used; and perhaps from an instinctive perception of this altered mood writers no longer appeal to our sentiment or our humor with sketches of outlandish people and places. Of course this can hold true only in a general way; the thing is still done, but not nearly so much done as formerly. When one

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thinks of the long line of American writers who have greatly pleased in this sort, and who even got their first fame in it, one must grieve to see it obsolescent. Irving, Curtis, Bayard Taylor, Herman Melville, Ross Browne, Ik Marvell, Longfellow, Lowell, Story, Mr. James, Mr. Aldrich, Colonel Hay, Mr. Warner, Mrs. Hunt, Mr. C. W. Stoddard, Mark Twain, and many others whose names will not come to me at the moment, have in their several ways richly contributed to our pleasure in it; but I cannot now fancy a young author finding favor with an editor in a sketch of travel, or a study of foreign manners and customs; his work would have to be of the most signal importance and brilliancy to overcome the editor's feeling that the thing had been done already; and I believe that a publisher if offered a book of such things, would look at it askance, and plead the well-known quiet of the trade. Still, I may be mistaken.

I am rather more confident about the decline of another literary species, namely, the light essay. We have essays enough and to spare, of certain soberer and severer sorts, such as grapple with problems and deal with conditions; but the kind that I mean, the slightly humorous, gentle, refined, and humane kind, seems no longer to abound as it once did. I do not know whether the editor discourages them, knowing his readers' frame, or whether they do not offer themselves, but I seldom find them in the magazines. I certainly do not believe that if anyone were now to write essays such as Mr. Warner's "Backlog Studies," an editor would refuse them; and perhaps nobody really writes them. Nobody seems to write the sort that Colonel Higginson formerly contributed to the periodicals, or such as Emerson wrote. Without a great name behind it, I am afraid that a volume of essays would find few buyers, even after the essays had made a public in the magazines. There are, of course, instances to the contrary, but they are not so many or so striking as to make me think that the essay could not be offered as a good opening for business talent.

I suspect that good poetry by well-known hands was never better paid in the magazines than it is now. I must say, too, that I think the quality of the minor poetry of our day is better than that of twenty-five or thirty years ago. I could name half a score of young poets whose work from time to time gives me great pleasure, by the reality of its feeling, and the delicate perfection of its art, but I will not name them, for fear of passing over half a score of others equally meritorious. We have certainly no reason to be discouraged, whatever reason the poets themselves have to be so, and I do not think that even in the short story our younger writers are doing better work than they are doing in the slighter forms of verse. Yet the notion of inviting business talent into this field would be as preposterous as that of asking it to devote itself to the essay. What book of verse by a recent poet, if we except some such peculiarly gifted poet as Mr. Whitcomb Riley, has paid its expenses, not to speak of any profit to the author? Of course, it would be rather more offensive and ridiculous that it should do so than that any other form of literary art should do so; and yet there is no more provision in our economic system for the support of the poet apart from his poems, than there is for the support of the novelist apart from his novel. One could not make any more money by writing poetry than by writing history, but it is a curious fact that while the historians have usually been rich men, and able to afford the luxury of writing history, the poets have usually been poor men, with no pecuniary justification in their devotion to a calling which is so seldom an election.

To be sure, it can be said for them that it costs far less to set up poet than to set up historian. There is no outlay for copying documents, or visiting libraries, or buying books. In fact, except as historian, the man of letters, in whatever walk, has not only none of the expenses of other men of business, but none of the expenses of other artists. He has no such outlay to make for materials, or models, or studio rent as the painter or the sculptor has, and his income, such as it is, is immediate. If he strikes the fancy of the editor

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with the first thing he offers, as he very well may, it is as well with him as with other men after long years of apprenticeship. Although he will always be the better for an apprenticeship, and the longer apprenticeship the better, he may practically need none at all. Such are the strange conditions of his acceptance with the public, that he may please better without it than with it. An author's first book is too often not only his luckiest, but really his best; it has a brightness that dies out under the school he puts himself to, but a painter or a sculptor is only the gainer by all the school he can give himself.

XI.

In view of this fact it becomes again very hard to establish the author's status in the business world, and at moments I have grave question whether he belongs there at all, except as a novelist. There is, of course, no outlay for him in this sort, any more than in any other sort of literature, but it at least supposes and exacts some measure of preparation. A young writer may produce a brilliant and very perfect romance, just as he may produce a brilliant and very perfect poem, but in the field of realistic fiction, or in what we used to call the novel of manners, a writer can only produce an inferior book at the outset. For this work he needs experience and observation, not so much of others as of himself, for ultimately his characters will all come out of himself, and he will need to know motive and character with such thoroughness and accuracy as he can acquire only through his own heart. A man remains in a measure strange to himself as long as he lives, and the very sources of novelty in his work will be within himself; he can continue to give it freshness in no other way than by knowing himself better and better. But a young writer and an untrained writer has not yet begun to be acquainted even with the lives of other men. The world around him remains a secret as well as the world within him, and both unfold themselves simultaneously to that experience of joy and sorrow that can come only with the lapse of time. Until he is well on toward forty, he will hardly have assimilated the materials of a great novel, although he may have accumulated them. The novelist, then, is a man of letters who is like a man of business in the necessity of preparation for his calling, though he does not pay store-rent, and may carry all his affairs under his hat, as the phrase is. He alone among men of letters may look forward to that sort of continuous prosperity which follows from capacity and diligence in other vocations; for story-telling is now a fairly recognized trade, and the story-teller has a money-standing in the economic world. It is not a very high standing, I think, and I have expressed the belief that it does not bring him the respect felt for men in other lines of business. Still our people cannot deny some consideration to a man who gets a hundred dollars a thousand words. That is a fact appreciable to business, and the man of letters in the line of fiction may reasonably feel that his place in our civilization, though he may owe it to the women who form the great mass of his readers, has something of the character of a vested interest in the eyes of men. There is, indeed, as yet no conspiracy law which will avenge the attempt to injure him in his business. A critic, or a dark conjuration of critics, may damage him at will and to the extent of their power, and he has no recourse but to write better books, or worse. The law will do nothing for him, and a boycott of his books might be preached with immunity by any class of men not liking his opinions on the question of industrial slavery or antipædobaptism. Still the market for his wares is steadier than the market for any other kind of literary wares, and the prices are better. The historian, who is a kind of inferior realist, has something like the same steadiness in the market, but the prices he can command are much lower, and the two branches of the novelist's trade are not to be compared in a business way. As for the essayist, the poet, the traveller, the popular scientist, they are nowhere in the competition for the favor of readers. The reviewer,

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indeed, has a pretty steady call for his work, but I fancy the reviewers who get a hundred dollars a thousand words could all stand upon the point of a needle without crowding one another; I should rather like to see them doing it. Another gratifying fact of the situation is that the best writers of fiction who are most in demand with the magazines, probably get nearly as much money for their work as the inferior novelists who outsell them by tens of thousands, and who make their appeal to the innumerable multitude of the less educated and less cultivated buyers of fiction in book-form. I think they earn their money, but if I did not think all of the higher class of novelists earned so much money as they get, I should not be so invidious as to single out for reproach those who did not.

The difficulty about payment, as I have hinted, is that literature has no objective value really, but only a subjective value, if I may so express it. A poem, an essay, a novel, even a paper on political economy, may be worth gold untold to one reader, and worth nothing whatever to another. It may be precious to one mood of the reader, and worthless to another mood of the same reader. How, then, is it to be priced, and how is it to be fairly marketed? All people must be fed, and all people must be clothed, and all people must be housed; and so meat, raiment, and shelter are things of positive and obvious necessity, which may fitly have a market price put upon them. But there is no such positive and obvious necessity, I am sorry to say, for fiction, or not for the higher sort of fiction. The sort of fiction which corresponds to the circus and the variety theatre in the show-business seems essential to the spiritual health of the masses, but the most cultivated of the classes can get on, from time to time, without an artistic novel. This is a great pity, and I should be very willing that readers might feel something like the pangs of hunger and cold, when deprived of their finer fiction; but apparently they never do. Their dumb and passive need is apt only to manifest itself negatively, or in the form of weariness of this author or that. The publisher of books can ascertain the fact through the declining sales of a writer; but the editor of a magazine, who is the best customer of the best writers, must feel the market with a much more delicate touch. Sometimes it may be years before he can satisfy himself that his readers are sick of Smith, and are pining for Jones; even then he cannot know how long their mood will last, and he is by no means safe in cutting down Smith's price and putting up Jones's. With the best will in the world to pay justly, he cannot. Smith, who has been boring his readers to death for a year, may write to-morrow a thing that will please them so much that he will at once be a prime favorite again; and Jones, whom they have been asking for, may do something so uncharacteristic and alien that it will be a flat failure in the magazine. The only thing that gives either writer positive value is his acceptance with the reader; but the acceptance is from month to month wholly uncertain. Authors are largely matters of fashion, like this style of bonnet, or that shape of gown. Last spring the dresses were all made with lace berthas, and Smith was read; this year the butterfly capes are worn, and Jones is the favorite author. Who shall forecast the fall and winter modes?

XII.

In this inquiry it is always the author rather than the publisher, always the contributor rather than the editor, whom I am concerned for. I study the difficulties of the publisher and editor only because they involve the author and the contributor; if they did not, I will not say with how hard a heart I should turn from them; my only pang now in scrutinizing the business conditions of literature is for the makers of literature, not the purveyors of it.

After all, and in spite of my vaunting title, is the man of letters ever a business man? I suppose that, strictly speaking, he never is, except in those rare instances where, through need or choice, he is the publisher as well as

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the author of his books. Then he puts something on the market and tries to sell it there, and is a man of business. But otherwise he is an artist merely, and is allied to the great mass of wage-workers who are paid for the labor they have put into the thing done or the thing made; who live by doing or making a thing, and not by marketing a thing after some other man has done it or made it. The quality of the thing has nothing to do with the economic nature of the case; the author is, in the last analysis, merely a workingman, and is under the rule that governs the workingman's life. If he is sick or sad, and cannot work, if he is lazy or tipsy and will not, then he earns nothing. He cannot delegate his business to a clerk or a manager; it will not go on while he is sleeping. The wage he can command depends strictly upon his skill and diligence.

I myself am neither sorry nor ashamed for this; I am glad and proud to be of those who eat their bread in the sweat of their own brows, and not the sweat of other men's brows; I think my bread is the sweeter for it. In the meantime I have no blame for business men; they are no more of the condition of things than we workingmen are; they did no more to cause it or create it; but I would rather be in my place than in theirs, and I wish that I could make all my fellow-artists realize that economically they are the same as mechanics, farmers, day-laborers. It ought to be our glory that we produce something, that we bring into the world something that was not choately there before; that at least we fashion or shape something anew; and we ought to feel the tie that binds us to all the toilers of the shop and field, not as a galling chain, but as a mystic bond also uniting us to Him who works hitherto and evermore.

I know very well that to the vast multitude of our fellow-workingmen we artists are the shadows of names, or not even the shadows. I like to look the facts in the face, for though their lineaments are often terrible, yet there is light nowhere else; and I will not pretend, in this light, that the masses care any more for us than we care for the masses, or so much. Nevertheless, and most distinctly, we are not of the classes. Except in our work, they have no use for us; if now and then they fancy qualifying their material splendor or their spiritual dulness with some artistic presence, the attempt is always a failure that bruises and abashes. In so far as the artist is a man of the world, he is the less an artist, and if he fashions himself upon fashion, he deforms his art. We all know that ghastly type; it is more absurd even than the figure which is really of the world, which was born and bred in it, and conceives of nothing outside of it, or above it. In the social world, as well as in the business world, the artist is anomalous, in the actual conditions, and he is perhaps a little ridiculous.

Yet he has to be somewhere, poor fellow, and I think that he will do well to regard himself as in a transition state. He is really of the masses, but they do not know it, and what is worse, they do not know him; as yet the common people do not hear him gladly or hear him at all. He is apparently of the classes; they know him, and they listen to him; he often amuses them very much; but he is not quite at ease among them; whether they know it or not, he knows that he is not of their kind. Perhaps he will never be at home anywhere in the world as long as there are masses whom he ought to consort with, and classes whom he cannot consort with. The prospect is not brilliant for any artist now living, but perhaps the artist of the future will see in the flesh the accomplishment of that human equality of which the instinct has been divinely planted in the human soul.

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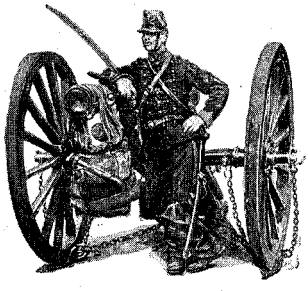
(From a drawing by Boutet de Monvel.)

GLIMPSES OF THE FRENCH ILLUSTRATORS.

By F. N. Doubleday.



(Sketch by Detaille.)

I.

Just when it is proper to speak of an artist as an illustrator is likely always to be a delicate question; and the distinction between one who draws or paints avowedly to illustrate the text, and one whose pictures, painted independently, are reproduced and published in connection with text, is a difficult one to make.

The proportion of artists in France of wide fame whose work is frequently seen in print is undoubtedly greater than in any other country; and one of many good reasons for this is certainly the exceptional skill and experience of the French in their use of reproductive processes, and especially those which not only translate the form of the original, but the color as well. These color reproductions, printed from metal relief-plates, and not from lithographic stones —the method usually resorted to by the rest of the world—are unique. The secret of securing with but few impressions the marvellous combinations of color, the effects of washes, tones, and lines, combined with a *verve* and character quite indescribable, is one of which only the French printer-artist is complete master. Just across the border the German printer has developed lithography with something of the same enthusiasm which the Frenchman has devoted to the relief-plate; each practically making few excursions into the other's methods of accomplishing the same thing.

A still further reason for this great superiority is the innate artistic sense of the French printer, or, more properly, the pressman. In other countries, where engraver and printer are looked upon by the illustrator as his natural enemies, into whose hands a drawing is given grudgingly, the statement, which is not infrequently made by the French artist, that the reproduction or translation of the original into printed form is as effective in its way as the drawing itself, is calculated to excite derision.

A radical difference in the way of looking at the means of reproduction is perhaps accountable for this. The printer in France seems to recognize the almost impossibility of giving an actual fac-simile of an original water-

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color or oil-painting within the limited number of printings and the cost usually at his disposal. He sets out, then, to translate the picture into such an effective combination of colors as he can. To try to adhere to the original absolutely may mean to fall between the good and the bad: the printed picture must be effective, first of all, and then as near the original as may be. To reproduce a water-color, let us say, for example, thirty inches long, in fac-simile one-third its size, is a manifest impossibility. To reduce a surface full of delicate tones and colors one-third means that each tone and color must lose some of its true values; for by concentrating the original, the delicate shades come in strong colors, and the freedom of wash and line is contracted and altered, though the proportions may remain unchanged.

(From a water-color drawing by Delort.)

So frequently are the pictures of leading painters in France used as illustrations that the difficulty is increased to know whether to speak of an artist as a painter or an illustrator, when he is truly both. Detaille, for example, could hardly be called an illustrator, and he objects vigorously to being so classed; yet he spent five years of hard work upon the superb series of four hundred and sixty drawings and water-colors illustrating his famous book, "L'Armée française;" and it was this series also which brought him the Legion of Honor.

A still better example of how an artist may be equally known in both fields is Charles Delort, whose name is associated with both painting and illustration. In the same category come such painters as Flameng, Kaemmerer, Maurice Leloir, Madelaine Lemaire, Jean Béraud, Besnard, Rossi, Clairin, and a host of others. But as the decision when an artist should be called an illustrator and when not must always be an arbitrary one at best, one can feel the more at liberty to speak of some of the leading figures whose work is printed in Paris to-day, without either attempting to be complete (a well-nigh impossible task, since nearly a hundred names may be counted readily), or thinking it necessary to be held to a too narrow definition of the word "illustrator."

If you are an American, and visiting Charles Delort in his charming studio, he will probably tell you that he is akin to an American himself, as some of the blood of the Knickerbockers runs in his veins. His studio reveals in its furnishings—the tools of his profession—his tendencies in the selection of subjects. There are riding-boots, bridles, spurs, and horse-trappings enough to supply a small regiment; but the horse, though a favorite subject, is by no means an ever-present one.

A better example of the painter-illustrator than Delort can scarcely be mentioned, as he has been a constant contributor to the French illustrated journals for years, and, at least in one instance, has contributed to an American magazine; but all this does not interfere with his painting, for he sends regularly to the Salon and the principal exhibitions both oil and water color paintings. Of late years his drawings have been chiefly for *Figaro illustré* and the ever-to-be-praised *Les lettres et les arts*, the most luxurious and interesting of all the art periodicals ever published in France, not only by reason of the men who were selected to draw and paint the pictures, but also because of the well-nigh perfect reproduction made possible by adapting to each subject the method most suited to preserve the

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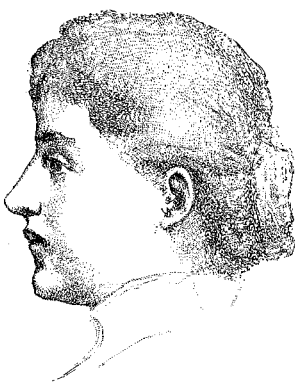
(From drawings by Albert Lynch.)

subtle values of the original. Thus photogravure was used not only for the plates, but for text illustrations; and in the same way etching, photo-engraving, chromotypogravure (so called), wood-engraving, etc., were employed with admirable judgment. *Les lettres et les arts* accomplished much during its life of four years: it became a storehouse of the best illustrations ever made by the best artists in this field. In common with the other chief illustrators of to-day, Delort contributed perhaps his most effective pictures to its pages. In many ways the most charming of these drawings were in the series, reproduced in photogravure, which accompanied the story of "The Red Gendarme," by Théophile Gautier, Fils. The subject shows the artist at his best as an illustrator: the horses, the soldiers, the fresh young girls set off by the old guardian of the story offered in many pictures an admirable field for the artist's studies of characteristic provincial French life. And even though Delort may be first of all a painter, his technique and his clear-cut and brilliant drawing equip him perfectly for the task of the artist whose work is to be translated into actual print. He is one of the men whose pictures lose little in character or value by moderate reduction in engraving.

It is to be regretted that many of the illustrated books in which Delort has done such splendid work are not better known in America; but the text in many cases has not been of special interest to readers here. Certainly no charge of indifference to good illustration or to French illustration can ever be brought against Americans, as is shown by the fact that the support of *Les lettres et les arts* in this country alone enabled its publishers to continue it, about half the whole edition being sold to the United States.

The same qualities of technique which are found in Delort, but to even a more marked extent, so far as the drawing is concerned, are shown by Boutet de Monvel. One thinks of him first and foremost as an illustrator, just as the names of our own Frost, Pyle, or Reinhart suggest the illustrator among our own artists. It is not a common thing, unfortunately, to see critics, artists, amateurs, and picture lovers generally agree at once upon a man's position and standing as an artist; but the illustrations of Boutet de Monvel have found equally enthusiastic admirers among the people who form all these usually antagonistic classes. If you ask an artist or an expert who is the leading illustrator in Paris to-day, he will probably tell you, Boutet de Monvel.



You will find him in a quiet street beyond the Luxembourg. Here he works in a splendid studio, contrasting oddly with the provincial air of the street itself—the scene of unnumbered struggles with flocks of children whom he most loves to draw. He said once, in telling of some of these: "You have no idea what trouble I have to make these little drops of quicksilver keep quiet for a minute. There is no other way than to tell them stories; but stories cannot be told before pos-

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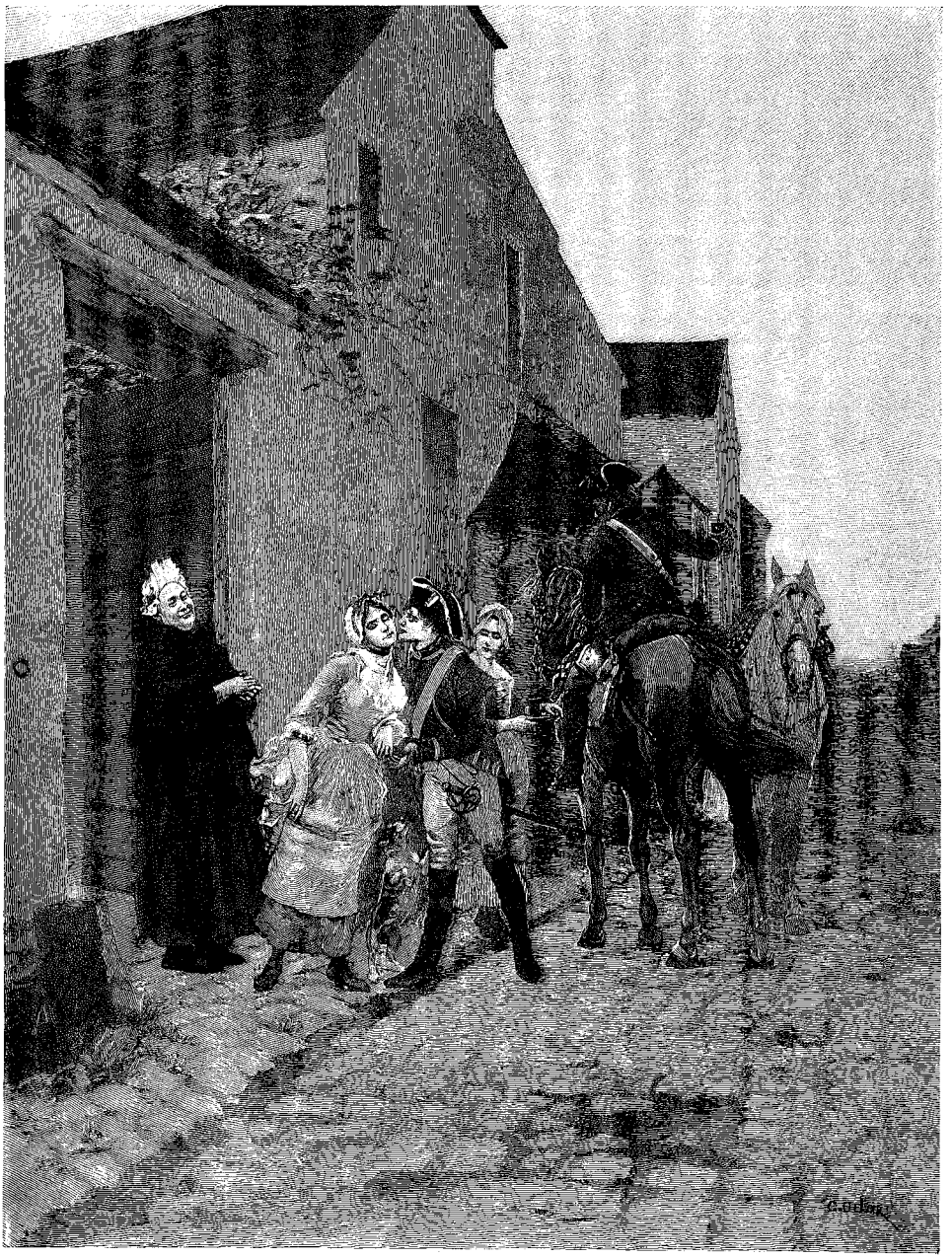

"The Red Gendarme."

(From a water-color drawing by Charles Delort. By permission of Boussod, Valadon et Cie.)

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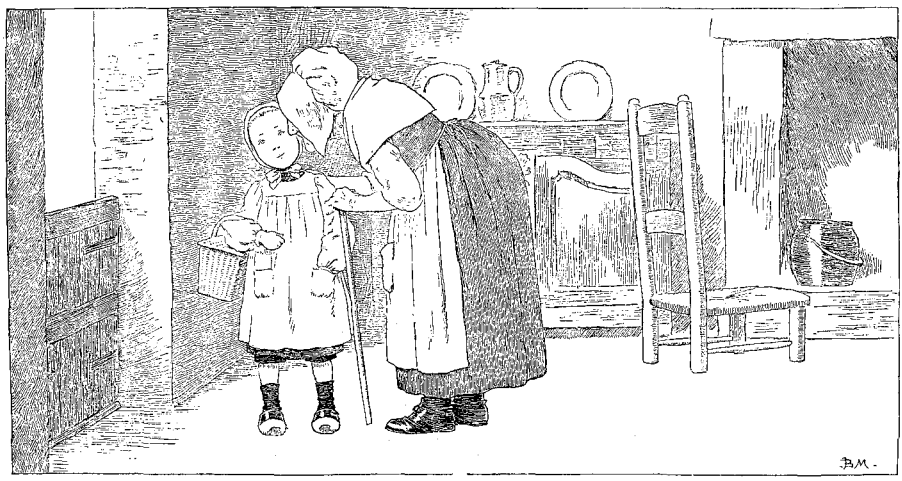

(From a pen-and-ink drawing by Boutet de Monvel.)

ing them, for that would be only a waste of powder and shot."

He is a tremendous worker, and there is no limit to the time and study he will give to gain the result he is striving for —drawing which must be free, correct, and up to his own standard. Indeed, these drawings show a most unusual technical result produced by pencil, pen and ink, and a delicate brush work of almost inconceivable complexity and labor. He has only within the last few years become a water-colorist; and in truth his coloring, being almost invariably in flat, cool tones, might still be regarded as an attribute to his drawing, a heightening of the effects produced by his pen and pencil. "I do not know," he once said, "whether my work is good or bad; I only know that it has been a good thing for me."

Like the artist of tradition, Boutet de Monvel was restless at school, and devoted all spare moments to drawing. I once asked him to set down for me his own account of these early days.

"The hours spent in the class-room bored me so profoundly," he wrote, "that I had to find some distraction or die of *ennui;* so I began to illustrate the margins of my books, and it is an indubitable fact that the disgust with which Latin and Greek inspired me led me to consecrate myself to art for several years. Many of these books, so illustrated, the solace of otherwise wretched hours, are still in my possession. At about fourteen years of age I was rather tempted by a cousin to enter upon a military career; but the necessity of studying mathematics at the school of St. Cyr effectually deterred me. I was contented to take my Bachelor of Letters degree instead; and in 1870 I entered the École des Beaux Arts in the studio of Cabanel. In the month of July the war broke out. We all suddenly left; I enlisted in the Eighth Regulars, and took part in the campaign of the Loire. The Commune came after the war, however, and so I stayed with my regiment until the month of July. At that time I rejoined my family, and took up my studies again, entering the Academy Julian. Henceforth I tried to fly higher and higher with my little wings. I took a studio, if you please; I married, and made my first trip to Algeria. In leisure moments I illustrated a little history of France. For a long time I had tried to do illustrating; but all the publishers' doors seemed closed to me. This first illustrative work was done for Delagrave; but the same year he founded *St. Nicholas Français.* I made drawings for the first number, then more and more, until very soon the very publishers who formerly would give me nothing to do, took up so much of my time with their orders that I had no leisure for other work. In 1882 I conceived the idea of collecting children's songs into a book and illustrating them. This book was printed in colors, and became

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Xavière and Prudence.

(From a drawing by Boutet de Monvel made to illustrate Ferdinand Fabre's "Xavière.")

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such a success that the following year we published a second volume. The first was entitled 'Songs for Little Children,' the second 'Songs of France for the Little French.'"

Of all Monvel's illustrations probably the most characteristic—showing at the best his delicacy, subtlety, and grace, as well as his wonderful skill as a draughtsman—are found in the novel of "Xavière," by Ferdinand Fabre, issued originally in *Les lettres et les arts*, and later in an imposing book. Not a few good judges have called these pictures the most perfect and harmonious series of illustrations ever published in France. The scenes in the life of a village priest fascinated and inspired the artist. "I am still infatuated," he said, recently, speaking of this series, "with the life of a priest. I love to paint him in his long, black robes, his bare surroundings: the crucifix, the candles, and images the only decorations in his room." The very key-note of the character of his art is put forth in this sentence. Simplicity and quiet dominate his drawings; nothing else so much appeals to him. Some one has recently compared Boutet de Monvel with Kate Greenaway—just why, it is impossible to imagine, unless for the sake of comparison. At all events, the artist thought it worth while to speak of it and at the same time referred to some of his own successes in a modest way. "I had never seen one of her books when I commenced my work," said he. "Hers is the work of a great artist, and our methods are quite different. The English sell her books by the hundred thousand. We think we are doing well to sell five and twenty thousand 'Songs of France for the Little French.'"

The artist may well be grateful that he was born a Frenchman, for the photogravure reproduction which for years his countrymen used almost exclusively, has rendered his drawings superbly. No other process retains so perfectly the exquisite and complex work of Boutet de Monvel's drawings. The delicate shades and the almost imperceptible lines are reproduced without the loss of a shadow or a tone, no matter how fine or subtle. He may well say that he has been fortunate in his translators.

Since all French illustrators (one thinks in visiting them) live as far as possible from each other, so the amateur will find Albert Lynch, who ranks with Boutet de Monvel as a popular illustrator, at the other end of Paris. His studio is on the Avenue de Villiers, near the fortifications and up enough stairs to insure a generous light.

To Americans, Albert Lynch is known probably more widely than most of his contemporaries. He seldom works in black and white. As Boutet de Monvel is known best by his pictures of children, so is Lynch by his drawings of women—women who are charming in all ways: sweet, graceful, and modern, dressed strictly according to the mode of the day, but real women, not puppets or dolls. They are not so French—so Parisian—as those drawn by Jean Béraud, for example; nor so serious-minded as Adrien Moreau's women; nor so coquettish as Flameng's creations; nor so fantastic as Morin's. The heroine in M. Lynch's illustrations for Guy de Maupassant's story, "Pierre et Jean," which is perhaps the work of his best known in this country, is really typical of the artist; she is a delicious type, before whom the Philistine will bow as charmed as the connoisseur.

M. Lynch is still a young man. No one knows what good work may come, and the best is coming each year; but what he has already done is not little, since he has made a recognized position of his own and a place second to no one as an illustrator in color. He began by drawing initials and ornaments, studied at the Louvre, and under the patronage of his friends the publishers, and became famous before he knew it. Perhaps he does not know it yet: he is still as modest and retiring in manner as any of the young women he paints. He illustrated Balzac's "Le Père Goriot," Dumas's "La Dame aux camélias," and other books; but appeared at his best in the oft-mentioned *Les lettres et les arts*. His water-colors for "Pierre et Jean" stand among the first, because they represent a complete conception of a well-sustained series of pictures to tell with the author a story from beginning to end; but hardly less interesting are the single subjects which

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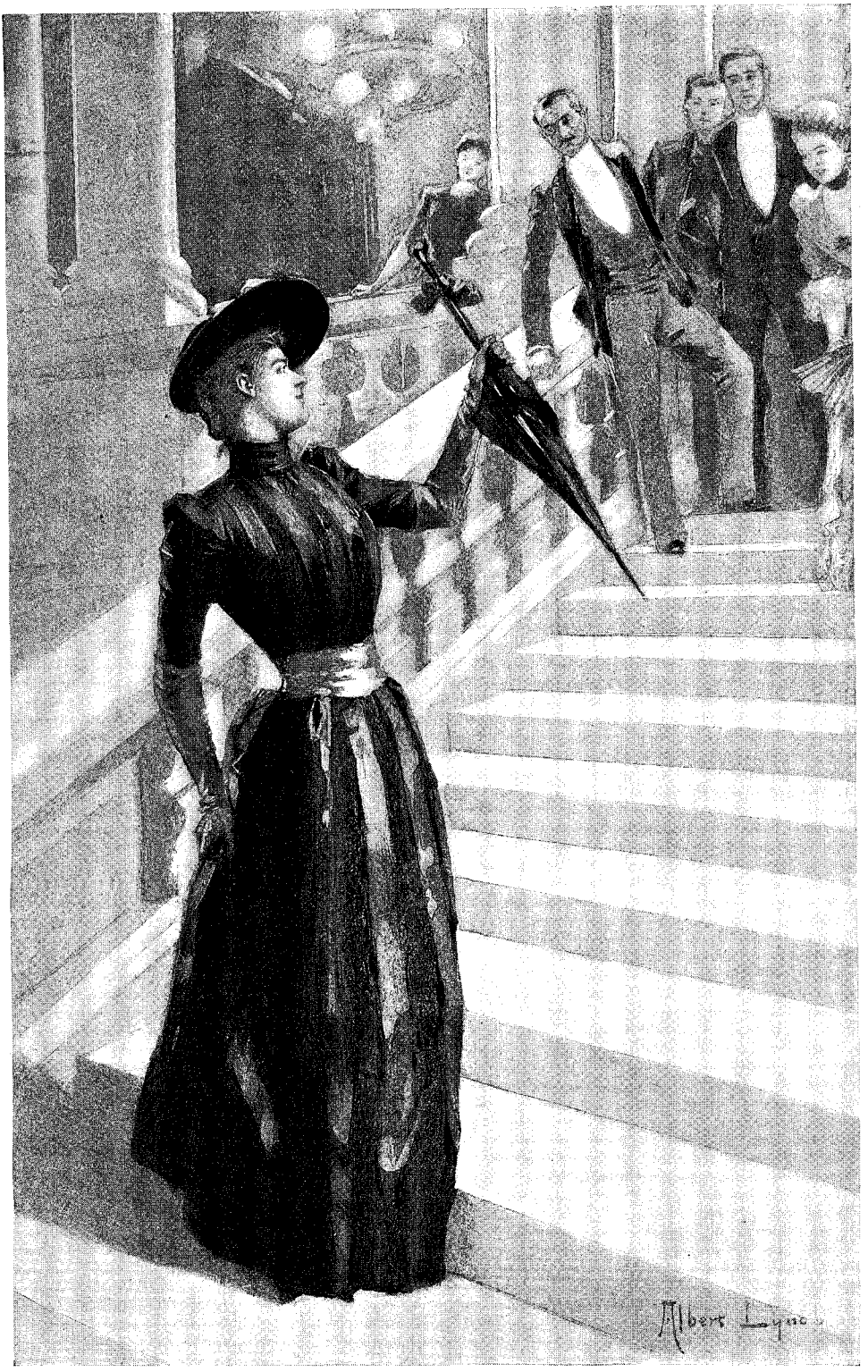

"Adieu!"

(Drawn by Albert Lynch—from *Les lettres et les arts.*)

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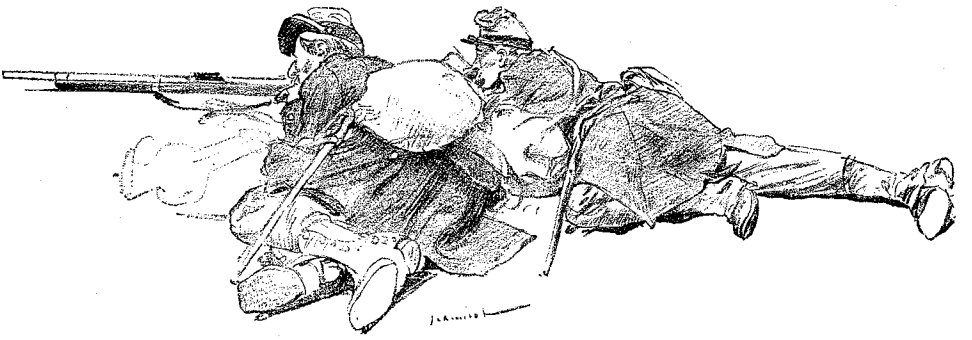

(From unpublished sketches by Jeanniot to illustrate "Les Misérables.")

have been generously scattered through the last few years, so charmingly graceful and pure in thought, and satisfying in what they accomplish.

For many years Albert Lynch has been closely identified with the firm of Boussod, Valadon et Cie., nearly all of his illustrating being done for them, including his latest important work, the series of water-colors to accompany Th. Bentzon's "Jacqueline." Paul Bernier, writing rather floridly recently in the Paris *Figaro* of these notable pictures, tells of the artist's early experience among the publishers.

"Seven years ago," says M. Bernier, "the head of the house of Goupil, M. Boussod, saw a slender youth, very pale and delicate-looking, enter his office with a little package of drawings under his arm. He advanced timidly, and in a low voice which stuck in his throat offered his sketches. These sketches had certainly a particular brilliancy and grace which is never absent from Lynch's work. Here was the modern woman, the Parisienne of the *fin du siècle*, in whom seems concentrated, as if in a bottle, the very essence of civilization and elegance—a rare, exquisite perfume which thrills one's nerves. Having entered that day the hospitable house on the rue Chaptal, Albert Lynch has become one of its very children. The story of "Jacqueline" follows the romance of a young woman who, brought up in luxury, is reduced to poverty by the death of her father; obliged to earn her own living, she travels the different paths of Parisian life without losing her illusions."

No subject could be more in harmony with Lynch's most successful tendencies. The true gentlewoman, thoughtful, and with the touch of sadness which invariably is to be traced in his best work, is not rendered better by any modern artist. M. Bernier says: "'Jacqueline' is a monument to the costume of 1893: but a monument which leaves far behind it those which Moreau and Freudenberg had reared for the last century. 'Jacqueline' is one of those rare books which convey, in themselves alone, all the impressions of an epoch."

Two illustrators who may be spoken of together are Ludovic Marchetti and Georges Jeanniot, because of at least one trait they have in common: of being most indefatigable producers.

One may be quarrelled with for calling Marchetti a French illustrator at all, since he is an Italian. In defence it may be said that he has lived, studied, and worked in Paris. Fortuny was his master, the French periodicals are his means of communication, and France furnishes most of his subjects. The range of Marchetti's drawings is so great that one hesitates to speak of any special direction. Among military subjects he has shown himself most thoroughly at home; he paints the army as though he lived the life of a soldier. Look at the story of the late war, by Ludovic Halévy, illustrated by Marchetti and Alfred Paris: in some ways it shows his strongest and most vivid drawing; but turn then to *Illustration*, the weekly

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paper, in which he is represented by pictures large and small in every issue: you find among his subjects men and women, young and old, children, flowers, landscapes, animals, buildings, and all the rest. He has illustrated for foreign periodicals as well: a notable drawing by him recently appeared in SCRIBNER'S years M. Jeanniot has been studying and illustrating Paris, from the Boulevards to the slums. To accompany M. Francisque Sarcey's article on the Boulevards, he published a series of pictures of the fashionables: the dandy at the cafés, the actresses—in short, the men and women who are identified with the

(From sketches by Eugène Courboin for *Paris Illustré.*)

MAGAZINE, which he called "Springtime in Venice," valuable as showing his own selection of subject. Marchetti may indeed be set down as an artist of many moods and a facility which sometimes leads such a man to be uncomfortably called "an all-round artist"—a phrase usually indicating mediocrity in everything, which fortunately cannot be attached to Marchetti. He preserves a wonderfully high standard, considering the great number of drawings produced, though they are too many possibly for his own good.

Georges Jeanniot has also a passion for drawing pictures of military life, and like Marchetti he was not born in Paris. It was in Geneva, but of French parents; yet he is a Frenchman, even a Parisian to his finger-tips. For many finer quarters of the French capital. They are extraordinarily characteristic of the people, real flesh and blood habitués of the Boulevards, and not sketches of fashionable folk the world over with a Paris touch and setting. But Jeanniot knows the poor quarters of the city as well. In a set of drawings which appeared in the *Revue illustrée* he showed how faithful and sympathetic are his studies among the working classes, the shopkeepers, the "soldier at home," the milliner, and the dressmaker; for the life of the city, from small to great, is his study and inspiration.

Like Boutet de Monvel, M. Jeanniot was intended for the army; and, as a matter of fact, he did not miss it altogether, for he served at the siege of

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Metz, was taken prisoner, and travelled four days and nights in a wagon in the month of November, though the temperature was like Siberia. "Decidedly the military career did not bring me happiness," he said. He told, in an interesting talk not long ago, how he came to change his profession from war to art—a story which, with some of his opinions, is set down here in his own words as nearly as they can be remembered:

"The reorganization of the army placed me, one fine day, in the office of the ordnance. During a horseback ride on the Bois de Boulogne, I had a fall on my head and lost consciousness for eighteen hours. I had lost my memory as well; but at the same time a great love for art came upon me. I ruined myself buying furniture of all sorts; I accumulated vast debts, etc. At this time (1872) I sent my first water-color to the Salon, and it was received. At last, by the grace of God, in 1878, having gone on a pleasure excursion into the environs of Toul, where I was in garrison, in tumbling down a steep ravine with carriage and horse, I had the good fortune to break my leg! During my convalescence I painted a picture, 'L'école des tambours,' which attracted the attention of some artists and art critics. The year following, another picture, 'L'arrivée des réservistes,' was purchased by the city of Paris. Then I handed in my resignation from the army and installed myself in Paris, to live henceforth by my illustrations and paintings. By the privations and sufferings I then went through, I was drawn into close intimacy with not a few poets and artists in the same humbled condition. . . .

(From a water-color drawing by L. Marchetti.)

"I love a picture that speaks to me as much as it is possible for a combination of lines and colors to speak; then, too, it must not depend on literature, or on a story already familiar, for its interest. I love above all the absence of theatrical, distracting action. I take the greatest possible delight in making illustrations. A certain publisher, understanding my style, asked me to make the illustrations for 'Les Miserables'—a book that makes one's tears flow eternally—because, as he said, 'such work was exactly in my line.'"

And in this undertaking M. Jeanniot is deeply engaged at present. As an illus-

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trator of Paris, he is among its most interesting figures; his enthusiasms seem unlimited; his freshness and spontaneity in translating the very essence of the life of the Parisian with which he is so familiar, and which means so much to him, are the secrets of his success in this direction.

Eugene Courboin shares with Jeanniot an enthusiasm for depicting the Paris character of to-day; but he somehow arranges, it would seem, to have his work published in color more frequently than his contemporary. These drawings, printed in flat tints, reveal the most absolute command of the resources of color-printing. Many of them are but outlines, filled and carried out by solid bits of color and showing effects very novel and clever. Courboin is a humorist first of all, and an illustrator afterward or when he must be. He draws, besides his illustrations, unlimited caricatures for the French periodicals; but they are caricatures, not comic pictures. And his studies of army scenes, both in water-colors and oils, show his serious work. Perhaps he can best be called an analogue of our own A. B. Frost, as strikingly and emphatically French as Mr. Frost is American.

(Concluded in the November Number.)

IN VIGER AGAIN.*

By Duncan Campbell Scott.

SEDAN.

ONE of the most pleasant streets in Viger was that which led from the thoroughfare of the village to the common. It was a little street with little houses, but it looked as if only happy people lived there. The enormous old willows which shaded it through its whole length made a perpetual shimmer of shadow and sun, and towered so above the low cottages that they seemed to have crept under the guardian trees to rest and doze a while. There was something idyllic about this contented spot; it seemed to be removed from the rest of the village, to be on the boundaries of Arcadia, the first inlet to its pleasant, dreamy fields. In the spring the boys made a veritable Arcadia of it, coming there in bands, cutting the willows for whistles, and entering into a blithe contest for supremacy in making them, accompanying their labors by a perpetual sounding of their pleasant pipes, as if a colony of uncommon birds had taken up their homes in the trees. Even in the winter there was something pleasant about it; the immense boles of the willows presiding over the collection of houses seemed to protect them, and the sunshine had always a suggestion of warmth as it dwelt in the long branches. It was on this street, just a little distance from the corner, that Paul Arbique kept his inn, which was famous in its way. He called it The Turenne, after the renowned commander of that name, for they had the same birthplace, and Arbique himself had been a soldier, as his medals would testify. The location was favorable for such a house as Arbique was prepared to keep, and in choosing it he appealed to a crotchet in man which makes it pleasanter for him to go around the corner for anything he may require. A pleasant place it was, particularly in summer. The very exterior had an air about it, the green blinds and the green slatted door, and the shadows from the willow-leaves playing over the legend "Fresh Buttermilk," a sign dear to the lover of simple pleasures.

From all the appearances one would have supposed that The Turenne was a complete success, and everyone thought Arbique was romancing when he said he was just getting along, and that was all. But so far as he knew he spoke the truth, for his wife managed everything, including himself. There was only one thing she could not do: she could not make him stop drinking brandy.

The Arbiques considered themselves very much superior to the village people,

* See the former sketches of French Canadian village life by the same author, in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for October, 1887, and March, 1891.

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because they had come from old France. "I am a Frenchman," Paul would say, when he had had too much brandy; but no one would take offence at him, he was too good a fellow. When he had had a modicum of his favorite liquor he talked of his birthplace, Sedan, the dearest spot on earth to him, and his Crimean experiences; and when he had reached a stage beyond that he talked of his wife. It was a pathetic sight to see him at such times, as he leaned close to his auditor, and explained to him how superior a woman Felice was, and what a cruel, inexplicable mistake she had made in marrying him, and how all his efforts to make her happy had failed, not through any fault of her own, but because it was impossible that he could ever make her happy; thus taking all the blame of their domestic infelicity upon his own shoulders, with the simple idea that it must be his own fault when no fault of any kind could possibly rest with Felice. He was a tall, chivalrous-looking fellow, with a military air, and despite his fifty years and the extent of his potations there was yet a brave flourish in his manner. He was seen at his best on Sunday, when, clothed in a complete suit of black, with a single carnation in his buttonhole, and with an irreproachable silk hat, he went promenading with Madame Arbique on his arm. Madame on such occasions was as fine as her lord, and held her silk gown far above the defilement of the street, in order to show her embroidered petticoat and a pair of pretty feet. But no matter how finely she was dressed she always wore an expression of discontent. She had the instincts of a miser, but she also had enough good sense not to let them interfere with the sources of profit, and so, although she was as keen to save a cent as anyone could have been, The Turenne showed no sign of it. The provision for the entertainment of guests was ample and sufficient. Felice had always had her own way, and owing to Paul's incapacity, which had overtaken him gradually, the affairs of the house had been left in her hands. They had only had one child, which had died when it was a baby, and this want of children was a great trial to Paul. They had attempted to fill her place by adopting a little girl, but the experiment had not been a success, and she grew to be something between a servant and a poor relation working for her board. This was owing to no fault of Paul's, who would have prevented it if he could, but his wife had taken a dislike to the child, and she simply neglected her. Latulipe, for in the family she was called by no other name, was a strange girl. She had been frightened and subdued by Madame Arbique, and at times she would scarcely speak a word, and then again she would talk boldly and defiantly, as if she were protesting, no matter how insignificant her remarks might be. Her personal appearance was as odd as her manner; she had an abundance of hair, of a light, pleasant shade of red, her complexion was a clear white, her lips were intensely crimson, her dark eyes were small but quick, and very clear. Her manner was shy, and rather awkward. Her one claim to distinction was that she had some influence over Arbique, whom she could now and then prevent drinking. He was sorry for her, and ashamed of the position she occupied in the house, which was so different from what he had intended.

When the Franco-Prussian war broke out, and for months before, The Turenne was the rendezvous for those of the villagers who had any desire to discuss the situation. Arbique was the oracle of this group, and night after night he held forth on the political situation, on the art of war, and his personal experiences in the army. There was only one habitué of The Turenne who was silent on these occasions, that was Hans Blumenthal, the German watchmaker. He had had his corner in the bar-room ever since he had come to Viger, and was one of Arbique's best customers. But when the war excitement broke out Arbique expected to see no more of him; the warmth of the discussions and the violence of the treatment his nation received nightly would have been expected to drive him away. But instead, he returned again and again to his place at the little table by the window, peering through his glasses with his imperturbable, self-absorbed expression, not seeming to heed the wordy storms that beset

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his ears. Arbique, when hostilities had actually broken out, pasted a map of the seat of war upon the wall; above this he placed a colored picture of a French chasseur, and scrawled below it the words "*À Berlin!*" Even this did not disturb the German. He took advantage of the map, and as Arbique had set pins, to which were attached red and blue pieces of wool to show the positions of the armies, he even studied the locations and movements with interest. He read his paper, gave his orders, paid his score, came and went as he had always done. This made Paul very angry, and he would have turned him out of the house if he had not remembered that he was his guest, and his sense of honor would not permit it. He was drinking very heavily and wanted to fight someone, but everyone agreed with him except the German, and he kept silence. He had serious thoughts of challenging him to a duel, if the opportunity offered.

Latulipe was the only one who stood up for the German. She had been accustomed to wait on the guests sometimes, when Arbique was incapacitated, and his gentle manner had won her regard. One day she turned on Paul, who was abusing Hans behind his back, and gave him a piece of her mind. She was so sudden and sharp with it that she sobered him a little, and in thinking it over he came to the conclusion that if he could help it she would see the German no more. Hans noticed her absence, and said to Paul one night when he was ordering his beer: "Where is Mademoiselle Latulipe?" By the way he said it, in his odd French, anyone could have told what he thought of Latulipe. "Mademoiselle Latulipe," said Arbique, with a dramatic flourish, "is my daughter." So Hans saw her no more in the evening.

He had other trials besides this. Once in a while the lads in the street hooted after him, and this sort of attention became more frequent. One evening, after the news of Woerth had been received, someone threw a stone through the window of his shop. That very night he stood before the map with his hands behind him, peering into it; as he altered the pins, which Arbique had now lost all interest in, he heard someone mutter "*Scélérat!*" He thought it must be intended for him, but he drank his beer quietly and went home rather early. After he had gone some of his enemies, becoming valiant with liquor, made a compact to go out when it was late enough, break into his house, and give him a sound beating. But Latulipe overheard their plan from the stairway, and as soon as she could get away without being noticed, she ran over to the watchmaker's shop. It was quite late and there was not a soul on the street. She was wondering how she could warn him, but when she reached the door she noticed a ladder which led to a scaffold running along below the windows of the second story, where some workmen had been making repairs. There was a light burning in one of the second story windows, and without waiting to reflect Latulipe ran up the ladder and tapped at the window. Hans opened it, and said something in German when he saw who it was. Latulipe did not wait for salutations, but told him exactly what he might expect. When that was over she tried to escape as she had come, but the darkness below frightened her, and she could not go down the ladder. Hans tried to coax her to come in at the window and go out by the street door, but she would not hear to that; she leaned against the house, shrinking away from the edge. So Hans got out upon the scaffolding. "Mademoiselle Latulipe," he said, in his rough French, "you need not be alarmed at me; I have only a good heart toward you." He held out his hand, but Latulipe knew by the sound of his voice that he was going to make love to her, and before he could say another word she was at the bottom of the ladder. When the bravos came to give Hans his beating he confronted them with a lamp in one hand and a pistol in the other, and they fell over one another in their haste to retreat.

During the whole of the month of August Arbique had been wild with excitement; he could think of nothing but the war, and would talk of nothing else. At first he would not believe in any reverse to the French arms; it was impossible — lies, lies, everything was lies. His cry was "*À Berlin!*" But

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although he could manage to deceive himself by this false enthusiasm, sometimes the truth would stab straight to his heart like a knife, and he would tremble as if he had the ague, for the honor of his country was the thing dearest to him in all the world. If he could only have died for her! But there, day after day, he saw the pins on the map, moved by that cold German, close around Metz. He could no longer cry "*A Berlin;*" the French army was facing Paris, with Berlin at its back. He drank fiercely now, and even Latulipe could do nothing with him. Madam Arbique knew that he would drink himself to death, as his father had done. He would sit and mutter by the hour, thinking all the time of what revenge he could have on Blumenthal, who had become to his eyes the incarnation of hated Prussia. But so long as Hans came to the house quietly to sit at his table and drink his beer Arbique would not say an uncivil word to him. On the evening of the 28th of August there was an unusual crowd at The Turenne, and a group had surrounded the map gesticulating and discussing. Hans had finished reading his paper, and went toward them. They parted when they saw him coming, and he stood peering down at the map through his glasses. Arbique had not been seen all evening, but he appeared suddenly, looking haggard and shattered, and caught sight of his friends grouped round the German. He went slowly toward them, and as he approached he heard Hans say: "There, there they must fight," and saw him put his finger on the map between Mézières and Carignan, almost over Sedan. Paul had been in bed all day, and had not had anything to drink, and when he saw the German with his finger on Sedan he could not stand it any longer. He broke out: "No, not there—here," his voice trembling with rage. "Here they will fight—you for your abominable Prussia, I for my beautiful France." He fell into a dramatic attitude. Drawing two pistols from his pocket, he presented one to his nearest friend to hand to Blumenthal. The man held the pistol for a moment, but Hans never moved. Madame Arbique, seeing the commotion, and catching sight of the weapons, screamed as loud as she could, and Latulipe, running in, threw herself upon Arbique. He turned deadly pale and had to use the girl's strength to keep from falling. Hans went away quietly, and sat down near the window. Arbique was fluttering like a leaf in the wind, and Latulipe and Felice half carried him up-stairs. The men left in the room shook their heads.

The next evening Hans was walking in the starlight, under the willows. With his dim vision he saw some one leaning against one of the trees, but when he passed again he knew it was Latulipe. He stopped and spoke to her. When she spoke she did not answer his question. "Oh," she said, "he will never get better, never." "Yes," said Hans, "he will be better." "No," said Latulipe, "I know by the way he looks, and he says now that France is beaten and crushed he does not want to live." "Brave soul!" said Hans. "And when he goes," said Latulipe, "what is to become of me?" He laid his hand upon her arm, and when she did not resist, he took her hand in both his own. She was giving herself to the enemy. A cloud above had taken the starlight, and in the willows a little rain fell with a timorous sound. Latulipe was crying softly on Hans's shoulder.

It was September, and around Viger the harvest was nearly finished. The days were clear as glass; already the maples were stroked with fire, with the lustre of wine and gold; early risers felt the keener air; the sunsets reddened the mists which lay light as lawn on the low fields. But Paul Arbique thought and spoke of Sedan alone, the place where he was born, of the Meuse, the bridges, of his father's farm, just without the walls of the city, and of his boyhood, and the friends of his youth. His thoughts were hardly of the war, or of the terror of the downfall which had a little while before so haunted him.

It was the evening of the day upon which the news of the battle had come. They had resolved not to tell him, but there was something in Latulipe's manner which disturbed him. Waking from a light doze, he said: "That Prussian

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spy, what did he say?—they must fight there—between Mézières and Carignan? I have been at Carignan—and he had his hound's paw on Sedan." He was quiet for a while; then he said, dreamily: "They—have—fought." Latulipe, who was watching with him, wept. In the night his lips moved again. "France," he murmured, "France will rise—again." It was toward the morning of the next day when his true heart failed. Latulipe had just opened the blinds. A pale light came through the willows. When she bent over him she caught his last words. "Sedan," he sighed. "Sedan."

THE PEDLER.

He used to come in that early spring time, when in sunny hollows, banks of coarse snow lie thawing, shrinking with almost inaudible tinklings, when the upper grass-banks are covered thickly with the film left by the melted snow, when the old leaves about the gray trees are wet and sodden, when the pools lie bare and clear, without grasses, very limpid with snow-water, when the swollen streams rush insolently by, when the grossbeaks try the cedar buds shyly, and a colony of little birds take a sunny tree slope, and sing songs there.

He used to come with the awakening of life in the woods, with the strange cohosh, and the dog-tooth violet, piercing the damp leaf which it would wear as a ruff about its neck in blossom time. He used to come up the road from St. Valérie, trudging heavily, bearing his packs. To most of the Viger people he seemed to appear suddenly in the midst of the street, clothed with power, and surrounded by an attentive crowd of boys, small boys, and a whirling fringe of dogs, barking and throwing up dust.

I speak of what has become tradition, for the pedler walks no more up the St. Valérie road, bearing those magical baskets of his.

There was something powerful, compelling, about him; his short, heavy figure, his hair-covered, expressionless face, the quick hands in which he seemed to weigh everything that he touched, his voluminous, indescribable clothes, the great umbrella he carried strapped to his back, the green spectacles that hid his eyes, all these commanded attention. But his powers seemed to lie in those inscrutable guards to his eyes. They were such goggles as are commonly used by threshers, and were bound firmly about his face by a leather lace; with their setting of iron they completely covered his eye-sockets, not permitting a glimpse of those eyes that seemed to glare out of their depths. They seemed never to have been removed, but to have grown there, rooted by time in his cheek-bones.

He carried a large wicker-basket covered with oiled cloth, slung to his shoulder by a strap; in one hand he carried a light stick, in the other a large oval bandbox of black shiny cloth. From the initials "J. F.," which appeared in faded white letters on the bandbox, the village people had christened him Jean-François.

Coming into the village, he stopped in the middle of the road, set his bandbox between his feet, and took the oiled cloth from the basket. He never went from house to house, his customers came to him. He stood there and sold, almost without a word, as calm as a sphinx, and as powerful. There was something compelling about him; the people bought things they did not want, but they had to buy. The goods lay before them, the handkerchiefs, the laces, the jewelry, the little sacred pictures, matches in colored boxes, little cased looking-glasses, combs, mouth-organs, pins, and hair-pins; and over all this figure with the inscrutable eyes. As he took in the money and made change, he uttered the word, "Good," continually, "good, good." There was something exciting in the way he pronounced that word, something that goaded the hearers into extravagance.

It happened one day in April, when the weather was doubtful and moody, and storms flew low, scattering cold rain, and after that day Jean-François, the pedler, was a shape in memory, a fact no longer. He was blown into the village unwetted by a shower that left the streets untouched, and that went through the northern fields sharply, and lost itself in the far woods. He stopped in front of the post-office. The Widow Laroque

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slammed her door and went upstairs to peep through the curtain; "these pedlers spoiled trade," she said, and hated them in consequence. Soon a crowd collected, and great talk arose, with laughter and some jostling. Everyone tried to see into the basket, those behind stood on tiptoe and asked questions, those in front held the crowd back and tried to look at the goods. The air was full of the staccato of surprise and admiration. The late comers on the edge of the crowd commenced to jostle, and somebody tossed a handful of dust into the air over the group. "What a wretched wind," cried someone, "it blows all ways."

The dust seemed to irritate the pedler; besides, no one had bought anything. He called out sharply, "Buy—buy." He sold two papers of hair-pins, a little brass shrine of the Good St. Anne, a colored handkerchief, a horn comb, and a mouth-organ. While these purchases were going on, Henri Lamoureux was eying the little red purses, and fingering a coin in his pocket. The coin was a doubtful one, and he was weighing carefully the chances of passing it. At last he said, carelessly, "How much?" touching the purses. The pedler's answer called out the coin from his pocket; it lay in the man's hand, Henri took the purse and moved hurriedly back. At once the pedler grasped after him, reaching as well as his basket would allow; he caught him by the coat, but Henri's dog darted in, nipped the pedler's leg, and got away, showing his teeth. Lamoureux struggied, the pedler swore, in a moment everyone was jostling to get out of the way, wondering what was the matter. As Henri swung his arm around he swept his hand across the pedler's eyes, the shoe-string gave way, and the green goggles fell into the basket. Then a curious change came over the man. He let his enemy go, and stood dazed for a moment; he passed his hand across his eyes, and in that interval of quiet the people saw, where they expected to see flash the two rapacious eyes of their imaginings, only the seared, fleshy seams where those eyes should have been.

That was the vision of a moment, for the pedler, like a fiend in fury, threw up his long arms and cursed in a voice so powerful and sudden that the dismayed crowd shrunk away, clinging to one another and looking over their shoulders at the violent figure. "God have mercy! —Holy St. Anne protect us!—He curses his Baptism!" screamed the women. In a second he was alone; the dog that had assailed him was snarling from under the sidewalk, and the women were in the nearest houses. Henri Lamoureux, in the nearest lane, stood pale, with a stone in his hand. It was only for a moment; in the second, the pedler had gathered his things, blind as he was, had turned his back, and was striding up the street; in the third, one of the sudden storms had gathered the dust at the end of the village and came down with it, driving everyone indoors. It shrouded the retreating figure, and a crack of unexpected thunder came like a pistol shot, and then the pelting rain.

Some venturesome souls who looked out when the storm was nearly over, declared they saw, large on the hills, the figure of the pedler, walking enraged in the fringes of the storm. One of these was Henri Lamoureux, who, to this day, has never found the little red purse.

"I would have sworn I had it in this hand when he caught me, but I felt it fly away like a bird."

"But what made the man curse everyone so when you just bought that little purse—say that?"

"Well, I know not, do you? Anyway he has my quarter, and he was blind —blind as a stone fence."

"Blind! Not he!" cried the Widow Laroque. "He was the Old Boy himself, I told you—it is always as I tell you, you see now—it was the old Devil himself."

However that might be, there are yet people in Viger who, when the dust blows, and a sharp storm comes up from the southeast, see the figure of the enraged pedler, large upon the hills, striding violently along the fringes of the storm.

THE BOBOLINK.

It was the sunniest corner in Viger where old Garnaud had built his cabin; his cabin, for it could not be called a house. It was only of one story, with a

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kitchen behind, and a workshop in front, where Etienne Garnaud mended the shoes of Viger. He had lived there by himself ever since he came from St. Valérie, everyone knew his story, everyone liked him. A merry heart had the old shoe-maker ; it made a merry heart to see him bending his white head with its beautiful features above his homely work, and to hear his voice in a high cadence of good-humored song. The broad window of his cabin was covered with a shutter hinged at the top, which was propped up by a stick slanted from the window-sill. In the summer the sash was removed, and through the opening came the even sound of the Blanche against the bridge piers, or the scythe-whetting from some hidden meadow. From it there was a view of a little pool of the stream where the perch jumped clear into the sun, and where a birch growing on the bank threw a silver shadow-bridge from side to side. Farther up, too, were the willows that wore the yellow tassels in the spring, and the hollow where burr-marigolds were brown-golden in August. On the hill slope stood a delicate maple that reddened the moment summer had gone, which old Etienne watched with a sigh and a shake of the head.

If the old man was a favorite with the elder people of Viger, he was a yet greater favorite with the children. No small portion of his earnings went to the purchase of sugar-candy for their consumption. On summer afternoons he would lay out a row of sweet lumps on his window-sill and pretend to be absorbed by his work, as the children, with much suppressed laughter, darted around the corner of his cabin, bearing away the spoils. He would pause every now and then to call "Aha — Aha! Where are all my sweeties? those mice and rats must have been after them again!" and would chuckle to himself to hear the children trying to keep back the laughter, out of sight around the corner. In the winter, when the boys and girls would come in to see him work, he always managed to drop some candy into their pockets, which they would find afterward with less surprise than the old man imagined.

But his great friend was the little blind daughter of his neighbor Moreau. "Here comes my little fairy," he would call out, as he saw her feeling her way down the road with her little cedar wand. "Here comes my little fairy," and he would go out to guide her across the one plank thrown over the ditch in front of his cabin. Then they would sit and chat together, this beautiful old man and the beautiful little girl. She raised her soft brown, sightless eyes to the sound of his voice, and he told her long romances, described the things that lay around them, or strove to answer her questions. This was his hardest task, and he often failed in it; her questions ran beyond his power, and left him mystified.

One summer he bought a bobolink from some boys who had trapped it, and hung it in the sun outside his cabin. There it would sing or be silent for days at a time. Little Blanche would sit outside under the shade of the shutter, leaning half into the room to hear the old man talk, but keeping half in the air to hear the bird sing.

They called him "Jack" by mutual consent, and he absorbed a great deal of their attention. Blanche had to be present at every cage cleaning. One day she said, "Uncle Garnaud, what is he like?"

"Why, dearie, he's a beauty, he's black all over, except his wings, and they have white on them."

"And what are his wings like?"

"Well, now, that finishes me. I am an old fool, or I could tell you."

"Uncle Garnaud, I never even felt a bird ; could I feel Jack?"

"Well, I could catch him, but you mustn't squeeze him."

Jack was caught with a sudden dart of the old man's hand, the little blind girl felt him softly, traced the shape of his outstretched wing, and put him back into the cage with a sigh.

"Tell me, Uncle Garnaud," she asked, "how did they catch him?"

"Well, you see, they put a little cage on a stump in the oat-field, and by and by the bird flew over and went in."

"Well, didn't he know they would not let him out if he once went in?"

"Well, you know, he hadn't any old uncle to tell him so."

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"Well, but birds must have uncles if they have fathers just like we have."

Old Etienne puckered up his eyes and put his awl through his hair. The bird ran down a whole cadence, as if he was on the wind over a wheat-field; then he stopped.

"There, Uncle Garnaud, I know he must mean something by that. What did he do all day before he was caught?"

"I don't think he did any work. He just flew about and sang all day, and picked up seeds, and sang, and tried to balance himself on the wheat-ears."

"He sang all day? Well, he doesn't do that now."

The bird seemed to recall a sunny field corner somewhere, for his interlude was as light as thistle down, and after a pause he made two little sounds like the ringing of bells at Titania's girdle.

"Perhaps he doesn't like to be shut up and have nobody but us," she said, after a moment.

"Well," said the old man, hesitatingly, "we might let him go."

"Yes," faltered the child, "we might let him go."

The next time little Blanche was there she said, "And he didn't do anything but that, just sing and fly?"

"No, I think not."

"Well, then, he could fly miles and miles, and never come back, if he didn't want to?"

"Why, yes; he went away every winter, so that the frost wouldn't bite him."

"Oh! Uncle Garnaud, he didn't, did he?"

"Yes, true, he did."

The little girl was silent for a while; when the old man looked at her the tears were in her eyes.

"Why, my pretty, what's the matter?"

"Oh, I was just thinking that why he didn't sing was because he only saw you and me, and the road, and our trees, when he used to have everything."

"Well," said the old man, stopping his work, "he might have everything again, you know."

"Might he?" she asked, doubtfully.

"Why, we might let him fly away."

The bird dropped a clear note or two.

"Oh, Uncle Garnaud, do let him go."

"Why, beauty, just as you say."

The old man put off his apron and took the cage down.

"Here, little girl, you hold the cage, and we'll go where he can fly free."

Blanche took the cage and he took her hand. They walked down to the bridge, and set the cage on the rail.

"Now, dearie, open the door," said the old man.

The little child felt for the slide and pushed it back. In a moment the bird rushed out and flew madly off.

"He's gone," she said, "Jack's gone. Where did he go, uncle?"

"He flew right through that maple-tree, and now he's over the fields, and now he's out of sight."

"And didn't he ever once look back?"

"No, never once."

They stood there together for a moment, the old man gazing after the departed bird, the little girl setting her brown, sightless eyes on the invisible distance. Then, taking the empty cage, they went back to the cabin. From that day their friendship was not untinged by regret; some delicate mist of sorrow seemed to have blurred the glass of memory. Though he could not tell why, old Etienne that evening felt anew his loneliness, as he watched a long sunset of red and gold that lingered after the footsteps of the August day, and cast a great color into his silent cabin above the Blanche.

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CARLETON BARKER, FIRST AND SECOND.

By John Kendrick Bangs.

I.

MY first meeting with Carleton Barker was a singular one. A friend and I, in August, 18—, were doing the English Lake District on foot, when, on nearing the base of the famous Mount Skiddaw, we observed on the road, some distance ahead of us, limping along and apparently in great pain, the man whose subsequent career so sorely puzzled us. Noting his very evident distress, Parton and I quickened our pace and soon caught up with the stranger, who, as we reached his side, fell forward upon his face in a fainting condition—as well he might, for not only must he have suffered great agony from a sprained ankle, but inspection of his person disclosed a most extraordinary gash in his right arm, made apparently with a sharp knife, and which was bleeding most profusely. To stanch the flow of blood was our first care, and Parton, having recently been graduated in medicine, made short work of relieving the sufferer's pain from his ankle, bandaging it about and applying such soothing properties as he had in his knapsack — properties, by the way, with which, knowing the small perils to which pedestrians everywhere are liable, he was always provided.

Our patient soon recovered his senses and evinced no little gratitude for the service we had rendered him, insisting upon our accepting at his hands, merely, he said, as a souvenir of our good-Samaritanship, and as a token of his appreciation of the same, a small pocket flask and an odd diamond-shaped stone pierced in the centre, which had hung from the end of his watch-chain, held in place by a minute gold ring. The flask became the property of Parton, and to me fell the stone, the exact hue of which I was never able to determine, since it was chameleonic in its properties. When it was placed in my hands by our "grateful patient" it was blood-red; when I looked upon it on the following morning it was of a livid, indescribable hue, yet lustrous as an opal. To-day it is colorless and dull, as though some animating quality that it had once possessed had forever passed from it.

"You seem to have met with an accident," said Parton, when the injured man had recovered sufficiently to talk.

"Yes," he said, wincing with pain, "I have. I set out for Saddleback this morning—I wished to visit the Scales Tarn and get a glimpse of those noonday stars that are said to make its waters lustrous, and——"

"And to catch the immortal fish?" I queried.

"No," he replied, with a laugh. "I should have been satisfied to see the stars—and I did see the stars, but not the ones I set out to see. I have always been more or less careless of my safety, walking with my head in the clouds and letting my feet look out for themselves. The result was that I slipped on a moss-covered stone and fell over a very picturesque bit of scenery on to some more stones that, unfortunately, were not moss-covered."

"But the cut in your arm?" said Parton, a little suspiciously. "That

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looks as if somebody else had given it to you."

The stranger's face flushed as red as could be considering the amount of blood he had lost, and a look of absolute devilishness that made my flesh creep came into his eyes. For a moment he did not speak, and then, covering the delay in his answer with a groan of anguish, he said:

"Oh, that! Yes—I—I did manage to cut myself rather badly and——"

"I don't see how you could, though," insisted Parton. "You couldn't reach that part of yourself with a knife, if you tried."

"That's just the reason why you should see for yourself that it was caused by my falling on my knife. I had it grasped in my right hand, intending to cut myself a stick, when I slipped. As I slipped it flew from my hand and I landed on it, fortunately on the edge and not on the point," he explained, his manner far from convincing, though the explanation seemed so simple that to doubt it were useless.

"Did you recover the knife?" asked Parton. "It must have been a mighty sharp one, and rather larger than most people carry about with them on excursions like yours."

"I am not on the witness stand, sir," returned the other, somewhat petulantly, "and so I fail to see why you should question me so closely in regard to so simple a matter—as though you suspected me of some wrong-doing."

"My friend is a doctor," I explained; for while I was quite as much interested in the incident, its whys and wherefores, as was Parton, I had myself noticed that he was suspicious of his chance patient, and seemingly not so sympathetic as he would otherwise have been. "He regards you as a case."

"Not at all," returned Parton. "I am simply interested to know how you hurt yourself—that is all. I mean no offence, I am sure, and if anything I have said has hurt your feelings I apologize."

"Don't mention it, doctor," replied the other, with an uneasy smile, holding his left hand out toward Parton as he spoke. "I am in great pain, as you know, and perhaps I seem irritable. I'm not an amiable man at best; as for the knife, in my agony I never thought to look for it again, though I suppose if I had looked I should not have found it, since it doubtless fell into the underbrush out of sight. Let it rest there. It has not done me a friendly service today and I shall waste no tears over it."

With which effort at pleasantry he rose with some difficulty to his feet, and with the assistance of Parton and myself walked on and into Keswick, where we stopped for the night. The stranger registered directly ahead of Parton and myself, writing the words, "Carleton Barker, Calcutta," in the book, and immediately retired to his room, nor did we see him again that night. After supper we looked for him, but as he was nowhere to be seen, we concluded that he had gone to bed to seek the recuperation of rest. Parton and I lit our cigars and, though somewhat fatigued by our exertions, strolled quietly about the more or less somnolent burg in which we were, discussing the events of the day, and chiefly our new acquaintance.

"I don't half like that fellow," said Parton, with a dubious shake of the head. "If a dead body should turn up near or on Skiddaw to-morrow morning, I wouldn't like to wager that Mr. Carleton Barker hadn't put it there. He acted to me like a man who had something to conceal, and if I could have done it without seeming ungracious, I'd have flung his old flask as far into the fields as I could. I've half a mind to show my contempt for it now by filling it with some of that beastly claret they have at the *table d'hôte* here, and chucking the whole thing into the lake. It was an insult to offer those things to us."

"I think you are unjust, Parton," I said. "He certainly did look as if he had been in a maul with somebody. There was a nasty scratch on his face, and that cut on the arm was suspicious; but I can't see but that his explanation was clear enough. Your manner was too irritating. I think if I had met with an accident and was assisted by an utter stranger who, after placing me under obligations to him, acted toward me as though I were an unconvicted criminal,

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I'd be as mad as he was; and as for the insult of his offering, in my eyes that was the only way he could soothe his injured feelings. He was angry at your suspicions, and to be entirely your debtor for services didn't please him. His gift to me was made simply because he did not wish to pay you in substance and me in thanks."

"I don't go so far as to call him an unconvicted criminal, but I'll swear his record isn't clear as daylight, and I'm morally convinced that if men's deeds were written on their foreheads Carleton Barker, esquire, would wear his hat down over his eyes. I don't like him. I instinctively dislike him. Did you see the look in his eyes when I mentioned the knife?"

"I did," I replied. "And it made me shudder."

"It turned every drop of blood in my veins cold," said Parton. "It made me feel that if he had had that knife within reach he would have trampled it to powder, even if every stamp of his foot cut his flesh through to the bone. Malignant is the word to describe that glance, and I'd rather encounter a rattle-snake than see it again."

Parton spoke with such evident earnestness that I took refuge in silence. I could see just where a man of Parton's temperament—which was cold and eminently judicial even when his affections were concerned — could find that in Barker at which to cavil, but for all that I could not sympathize with the extreme view he took of his character. I have known many a man upon whose face nature has set the stamp of the villain much more deeply than it was impressed upon Barker's countenance, who has lived a life most irreproachable, whose every act has been one of unselfishness and for the good of mankind; and I have also seen outward appearing saints whose every instinct was base; and it seemed to me that the physiognomy of the unfortunate victim of the moss-covered rock and vindictive knife was just enough of a medium between that of the irredeemable sinner and the sterling saint to indicate that its owner was the average man in the matter of vices and virtues. In fact, the malignancy of his expression when the knife was mentioned was to me the sole point against him, and had I been in his position I do not think I should have acted very differently, though I must add that if I thought myself capable of freezing any person's blood with an expression of my eyes I should be strongly tempted to wear blue glasses when in company or before a mirror.

"I think I'll send my card up to him, Jack," I said to Parton, when we had returned to the hotel, "just to ask how he is. Wouldn't you?"

"No!" snapped Parton. "But then I'm not you. You can do as you please. Don't let me influence you against him —if he's to your taste."

"He isn't at all to my taste," I retorted. "I don't care for him particularly, but it seems to me courtesy requires that we show a little interest in his welfare."

"Be courteous then and show your interest," said Parton. "I don't care as long as I am not dragged into it."

I sent my card up by the boy, who, returning in a moment, said that the door was locked, adding that when he had knocked upon it there came no answer, from which he presumed that Mr. Barker had gone to sleep.

"He seemed all right when you took his supper to his room?" I queried.

"He said he wouldn't have any supper. Just wanted to be left alone," said the boy.

"Sulking over the knife still, I imagine," sneered Parton, and then he and I retired to our room and prepared for bed.

I do not suppose I had slept for more than an hour when I was awakened by Parton, who was pacing the floor like a caged tiger, his eyes all ablaze, and laboring under an intense nervous excitement.

"What's the matter, Jack?" I asked, sitting up in bed.

"That d—ned Barker has upset my nerves," he replied. "I can't get him out of my mind."

"Oh, pshaw!" I replied. "Don't be silly. Forget him."

"Silly?" he retorted, angrily. "Silly? Forget him? Hang it, I would forget him if he'd let me—but he won't."

"What has he got to do with it?"

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"More than is decent," ejaculated Parton. "More than is decent. He has just been peering in through that window there, and he means no good."

"Why, you're crazy," I remonstrated. "He couldn't peer in at the window—we are on the fourth floor, and there is no possible way in which he could reach the window, much less peer in at it."

"Nevertheless," insisted Parton, "Carleton Barker for ten minutes previous to your waking was peering in at me through that window there, and in his glance was that same malignant, hateful quality that so set me against him to-day—and another thing, Bob," added Parton, stopping his nervous walk for a moment and shaking his finger impressively at me — "another thing which I did not tell you before because I thought it would fill you with that same awful dread that has come to me since meeting Barker—the blood from that man's arm, the blood that stained his shirt-sleeve crimson, that besmeared his clothes, spurted out upon my cuff and coat-sleeve when I strove to stanch its flow!"

"Yes, I remembered that," I said.

"And now look at my cuff and sleeve!" whispered Parton, his face grown white.

I looked.

There was no stain of any sort whatsoever upon either!

Certainly there must have been something wrong about Carleton Barker.

II.

The mystery of Carleton Barker was by no means lessened when next morning it was found that his room not only was empty, but that, as far as one could judge from the aspect of things therein, it had not been occupied at all. Furthermore, our chance acquaintance had vanished, leaving no more trace of his whereabouts than if he had never existed.

"Good riddance," said Parton. "I am afraid he and I would have come to blows sooner or later, because the mere thought of him was beginning to inspire me with a desire to thrash him. I'm sure he deserves a trouncing, whoever he is."

I, too, was glad the fellow had passed out of our ken, but not for the reason advanced by Parton. Since the discovery of the stainless cuff, where marks of blood ought by nature to have been, I goose-fleshed at the mention of his name. There was something so inexpressibly uncanny about a creature having a fluid of that sort in his veins. In fact, so unpleasantly was I impressed by that episode that I was unwilling even to join in a search for the mysteriously missing Barker, and by common consent Parton and I dropped him entirely as a subject for conversation.

We spent the balance of our week at Keswick, using it as our head-quarters for little trips about the surrounding country, which is most charmingly adapted to the wants of those inclined to pedestrianism, and on Sunday evening began preparations for our departure, discarding our knickerbockers and resuming the habiliments of urban life, intending on Monday morning to run up to Edinburgh, there to while away a few days before starting for a short trip through the Trosachs.

While engaged in packing our portmanteaux there came a sharp knock at the door, and upon opening it I found upon the hall-floor an envelope addressed to myself. There was no one anywhere in the hall, and, so quickly had I opened the door after the knock, that fact mystified me. It would hardly have been possible for any person, however nimble of foot, to have passed out of sight in the period which had elapsed between the summons and my response.

"What is it?" asked Parton, noticing that I was slightly agitated.

"Nothing," I said, desirous of concealing from him the matter that bothered me, lest I should be laughed at for my pains. "Nothing, except a letter for me."

"Not by post, is it?" he queried; to which he added, "Can't be. There is no mail here to-day. Some friend?"

"I don't know," I said, trying, in a somewhat feminine fashion, to solve the authorship of the letter before opening it by staring at the superscription. "I don't recognize the handwriting at all."

I then opened the letter, and glanc-

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ing hastily at the signature was filled with uneasiness to see who my correspondent was.

"It's from that fellow, Barker," I said.

"Barker!" cried Parton. "What on earth has Barker been writing to you about?"

"He is in trouble," I replied, as I read the letter.

"Financial, I presume, and wants a lift?" suggested Parton.

"Worse than that," said I, "he is in prison in London."

"Wha-a-at?" ejaculated Parton. "In prison in London? What for?"

"On suspicion of having murdered an inn-keeper in the South of England on Tuesday, August 16th."

"Well, I'm sorry to say that I believe he was guilty," returned Parton, without reflecting that the 16th day of August was the day upon which he and I had first encountered Barker.

"That's your prejudice, Jack," said I. "If you'll think a minute you'll know he was innocent. He was here on August 16th—last Tuesday. It was then that you and I saw him for the first time limping along the road and bleeding from a wound in the shoulder."

"Was Tuesday the 16th?" said Parton, counting the days backward on his fingers. "That's a fact. It was—but it's none of my affair anyhow. It is too blessed queer for me to mix myself up in it, and I say let him languish in jail. He deserved it for something, I am sure——"

"Well, I'm not so confoundedly heartless," I returned, pounding the table with my fist, indignant that Parton should allow his prejudices to run away with his sense of justice. "I'm going to London to do as he asks."

"What does he want you to do? Prove an alibi?"

"Precisely; and I'm going and you're going, and I shall see if the landlord here won't let me take one of his boys along to support our testimony—at my own expense if need be."

"You're right, old chap," returned Parton, after a moment of internal struggle. "I suppose we really ought to help the fellow out of his scrape; but I'm decidedly averse to getting mixed up in an affair of any kind with a man like Carleton Barker, much less in an affair with murder in it. Is he specific about the murder?"

"No. He refers me to the London papers of the 17th and 18th for details. He hadn't time to write more, because he comes up for examination on Tuesday morning, and as our presence is essential to his case he was necessarily hurried."

"It's deucedly hard luck for us," said Parton, ruefully. "It means no Scotland this trip."

"How about Barker's luck?" I asked. "He isn't fighting for a Scottish trip—he's fighting for his life."

And so it happened that on Monday morning, instead of starting for Edinburgh, we boarded the train for London at Carlisle. We tried to get copies of the newspapers containing accounts of the crime that had been committed, but our efforts were unavailing, and it was not until we arrived in London and were visited by Barker's attorneys that we obtained any detailed information whatsoever of the murder; and when we did get it we were more than ever regretful to be mixed up in it, for it was an unusually brutal murder. Strange to say, the evidence against Barker was extraordinarily convincing, considering that at the time of the commission of the crime he was hundreds of miles from the scene. There was testimony from railway guards, neighbors of the murdered innkeeper, and others, that it was Barker and no one else who committed the crime. His identification was complete, and the wound in his shoulder was shown almost beyond the possibility of doubt to have been inflicted by the murdered man in self-defence.

"Our only hope," said the attorney, gravely, "is in proving an alibi. I do not know what to believe myself, the chain of evidence against my client is so complete; and yet he asserts his innocence, and has stated to me that you two gentlemen could assist in proving it. If you actually encountered Carleton Barker in the neighborhood of Keswick on the 16th of this month, the whole case against him falls to the ground. If not, I fear his outlook has

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the gallows at the small end of the perspective."

"We certainly did meet a Carleton Barker at Keswick on Tuesday, August 16th," returned Parton; "and he was wounded in the shoulder, and his appearance was what might have been expected of one who had been through just such a frightful murder as we understand this to have been; but this was explained to us as due to a fall over rocks in the vicinity of the Scales Tarn — which was plausible enough to satisfy my friend here."

"And not yourself?" queried the attorney.

"Well, I don't see what that has to do with it," returned Parton. "As to the locality there is no question. He was there. We saw him, and others saw him, and we have taken the trouble to come down here to state the fact, and have brought with us the call-boy from the hotel, who can support our testimony if it is not regarded as sufficient. I advise you, however, as attorney for Barker, not to inquire too deeply into that matter, because I am convinced that if he isn't guilty of this crime—as of course he is not—he hasn't the cleanest record in the world. He has bad written on every line of his face, and there were one or two things connected with our meeting with him that mightn't be to his taste to have mentioned in court."

"I don't need advice, thank you," said the attorney, dryly. "I wish simply to establish the fact of his presence at Keswick at the hour of 5 P.M. on Tuesday, August 16th. That was the hour at which the murder is supposed—in fact, is proved—to have been committed. At 5.30, according to witnesses, my client was seen in the neighborhood, faint with loss of blood from a knife-wound in the shoulder. Barker has the knife-wound, but he might have a dozen of them and be acquitted if he wasn't in Frewentown on the day in question."

"You may rely upon us to prove that," I said. "We will swear to it. We can produce tangible objects presented to us on that afternoon by Barker——"

"I can't produce mine," said Parton. "I threw it into the lake."

"Well, I can produce the stone he gave me," I said, "and I'll do it if you wish."

"That will be sufficient, I think," returned the attorney. "Barker spoke especially about that stone, for it was a half of an odd souvenir of the East, where he was born, and he fortunately has the other half. The two will fit together at the point where the break was made, and our case will be complete."

The attorney then left us. The following day we appeared at the preliminary examination, which proved to be the whole examination as well, since, despite the damning circumstantial evidence against Barker, evidence which shook my belief almost in the veracity of my own eyes, our plain statements, substantiated by the evidence of the call-boy and the two halves of the oriental pebble, one in my possession and the other in Barker's, brought about the discharge of the prisoner from custody; and the "Frewenton Atrocity" became one of many horrible murders. the mystery of which time alone, if anything, could unravel.

After Barker was released he came to me and thanked me most effusively for the service rendered him, and in many ways made himself agreeable during the balance of our stay in London. Parton, however, would have nothing to do with him, and to me most of his attentions were paid. He always had a singularly uneasy way about him, as though he were afraid of some impending trouble, and finally after a day spent with him slumming about London — and a more perfect slummer no one ever saw, for he was apparently familiar with everyone of the worst and lowest resorts in all of London as well as on intimate terms with leaders in the criminal world—I put a few questions to him impertinently pertinent to himself. He was surprisingly frank in his answers. I was quite prepared for a more or less indignant refusal when I asked him to account for his intimacy with these dregs of civilization.

"It's a long story," he said, "but I'll tell it to you. Let us run in here and have a chop, and I'll give you some account of myself over a mug of ale."

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We entered one of the numerous small eating-houses that make London a delight to the lover of the chop in the fulness of its glory. When we were seated and the luncheon ordered Barker began.

"I have led a very unhappy life. I was born in India thirty-nine years ago, and while my every act has been as open and as free of wrong as are those of an infant, I have constantly been beset by such untoward affairs as this in which you have rendered such inestimable service. At the age of five, in Calcutta, I was in peril of my liberty on the score of depravity, although I never committed any act that could in any sense be called depraved. The main cause of my trouble at that time was a small girl of ten whose sight was partially destroyed by the fiendish act of someone who, according to her statement, wantonly hurled a piece of broken glass into one of her eyes. The girl said it was I who did it, although at the time it was done, according to my mother's testimony, I was playing in her room and in her plain view. That alone would not have been a very serious matter for me, because the injured child might have been herself responsible for her injury, but in a childish spirit of fear, afraid to say so, and, not realizing the enormity of the charge, have laid it at the door of anyone of her playmates she saw fit. She stuck to her story, however, and there were many who believed that she spoke the truth and that my mother, in an endeavor to keep me out of trouble, had stated what was not true."

"But you were innocent, of course?" I said.

"I am sorry you think it necessary to ask that," he replied, his pallid face flushing with a not unnatural indignation; "and I decline to answer it," he added. "I have made a practice of late, when I am in trouble or in any way under suspicion, to let others do my pleading and prove my innocence. But you didn't mean to be like your friend Parton, I know, and I cannot be angry with a man who has done as much for me as you have—so let it pass. I was saying that standing alone the accusation of that young girl would not have been serious in its effects in view of my mother's testimony, had not a seeming corroboration come three days later, when another child was reported to have been pushed over an embankment and maimed for life by no less a person than my poor innocent self. This time I was again, on my mother's testimony, at her side; but there were witnesses of the crime, and they every one of them swore to my guilt, and as a consequence we found it advisable to leave the home that had been ours since my birth, and to come to England. My father had contemplated returning to his own country for some time, and the reputation that I had managed unwittingly to build up for myself in Calcutta was of a sort that made it easier for him to make up his mind. He at first swore that he would ferret out the mystery in the matter, and would go through Calcutta with a drag-net if necessary to find the possible other boy who so resembled me that his outrageous acts were put upon my shoulders; but people had begun to make up their minds that there was not only something wrong about me, but that my mother knew it and had tried to get me out of my scrapes by lying—so there was nothing for us to do but leave."

"And you never solved the mystery?" I queried.

"Well, not exactly," returned Barker, gazing abstractedly before him. "Not exactly; but I have a theory, based upon the bitterest kind of experience, that I know what the trouble is."

"You have a double?" I asked.

"You are a good guesser," he replied; "and of all unhanged criminals he is the very worst."

There was a strange smile on his lips as Carleton Barker said this. His tone was almost that of one who was boasting—in fact, so strongly was I impressed with his appearance of conceit when he estimated the character of his double, that I felt bold enough to say:

"You seem to be a little proud of it, in spite of all."

Barker laughed.

"I can't help it, though he has kept me on tenter-hooks for a lifetime," he said. "We all feel a certain amount of

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pride in the success of those to whom we are related, either by family ties or other shackles like those with which I am bound to my murderous *alter ego*. I knew an Englishman once who was so impressed with the notion that he resembled the great Napoleon that he conceived the most ardent hatred for his own country for having sent the illustrious Frenchman to St. Helena. The same influence—a very subtle one—I feel. Here is a man who has maimed and robbed and murdered for years, and has never yet been apprehended. In his chosen calling he has been successful, and though I have been put to my trumps many a time to save my neck from the retribution that should have been his, I can't help admiring the fellow, though I'd kill him if he stood before me!"

"And are you making any effort to find him?"

"I am, of course," said Barker; "that has been my life-work. I am fortunately possessed of means enough to live on, so that I can devote all my time to unravelling the mystery. It is for this reason that I have acquainted myself with the element of London with which, as you have noticed, I am very familiar. The life these criminals are leading is quite as revolting to me as it is to you, and the scenes you and I have witnessed together are no more unpleasant to you than they are to me; but what can I do? The man lives and must be run down. He is in England, I am certain. This latest diversion of his has convinced me of that."

"Well," said I, rising, "you certainly have my sympathy, Mr. Barker, and I hope your efforts will meet with success. I trust you will have the pleasure of seeing the other gentleman hanged."

"Thank you," he said, with a queer look in his eyes, which, as I thought it over afterwards, did not seem to be quite as appropriate to his expression of gratitude as it might have been.

III.

When Barker and I parted that day it was for a longer period than either of us dreamed, for upon my arrival at my lodgings I found there a cable message from New York, calling me back to my labors. Three days later I sailed for home, and five years elapsed before I was so fortunate as to renew my acquaintance with foreign climes. Occasionally through these years Parton and I discussed Barker, and at no time did my companion show anything but an increased animosity toward our strange Keswick acquaintance. The mention of his name was sufficient to drive Parton from the height of exuberance to a state of abject depression.

"I shall not feel easy while that man lives," he said. "I think he is a minion of Satan. There is nothing earthly about him."

"Nonsense," said I. "Just because a man has a bad face is no reason for supposing him a villain or a supernatural creature."

"No," Parton answered; "but when a man's veins hold blood that saturates and leaves no stain, what are we to think?"

I confessed that this was a point beyond me, and, by mutual consent, we dropped the subject.

One night Parton came to my rooms white as a sheet, and so agitated that for a few minutes he could not speak. He dropped, shaking like a leaf, into my reading-chair and buried his face in his hands. His attitude was that of one frightened to the very core of his being. When I questioned him first he did not respond. He simply groaned. I resumed my reading for a few moments, and then looking up observed that Parton had recovered somewhat and was now gazing abstractedly into the fire.

"Well," I said, "feeling better?"

"Yes," he answered, slowly. "But it was a shock."

"What was?" I asked. "You've told me nothing as yet."

"I've seen Barker."

"No!" I cried. "Where?"

"In a back alley down town, where I had to go on a hospital call. There was a row in a gambling-hell in Hester Street. Two men were cut and I had to go with the ambulance. Both men will probably die, and no one can find any trace of the murderer; but I know who he is. He was Carleton Barker and no

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one else. I passed him in the alley on the way in, and I saw him in the crowd when I came out."

"Was he alone in the alley?" I asked.

Parton groaned again.

"That's the worst of it," said he. "He was not alone. He was with Carleton Barker."

"You speak in riddles," said I.

"I saw in riddles," said Parton; "for as truly as I sit here there were two of them, and they stood side by side as I passed through, alike as two peas, and crime written on the pallid face of each."

"Did Barker recognize you?"

"I think so, for as I passed he gasped —both of them gasped, and as I stopped to speak to the one I had first recognized he had vanished as completely as though he had never been, and as I turned to address the other he was shambling off into the darkness as fast as his legs could carry him."

I was stunned. Barker had been mysterious enough in London. In New York with his double, and again connected with an atrocity, he became even more so, and I began to feel somewhat toward him as had Parton from the first. The papers next morning were not very explicit on the subject of the Hester Street trouble, but they confirmed Parton's suspicions in his and my own mind as to whom the assassins were. The accounts published simply stated that the wounded men, one of whom had died in the night and the other of whom would doubtless not live through the day, had been set upon and stabbed by two unknown Englishmen who had charged them with cheating at cards; that the assailants had disappeared, and that the police had no clew as to their whereabouts.

Time passed and nothing further came to light concerning the Barkers, and gradually Parton and I came to forget them. The following summer I went abroad again, and then came the climax to the Barker episode, as we called it. I can best tell the story of that climax by printing here a letter written by myself to Parton. It was penned within an hour of the supreme moment, and while it evidences my own mental perturbation in its lack of coherence, it is none the less an absolutely truthful account of what happened. The letter is as follows:

"LONDON, July 18th, 18—.

"MY DEAR PARTON: You once said to me that you could not breathe easily while this world held Carleton Barker living. You may now draw an easy breath, and many of them, for the Barker episode is over. Barker is dead, and I flatter myself that I am doing very well myself to live sanely after the experiences of this morning.

"About a week after my arrival in England a horrible tragedy was enacted in the Seven Dials district. A woman was the victim, and a devil in human form the perpetrator, of the crime. The poor creature was literally hacked to pieces in a manner suggesting the hand of Jack the Ripper, but in this instance the murderer, unlike Jack, was caught red-handed, and turned out to be no less a person than Carleton Barker. He was tried and convicted, and sentenced to be hanged at twelve o'clock to-day.

"When I heard of Barker's trouble I went, as a matter of curiosity solely, to the trial, and discovered in the dock the man you and I had encountered at Keswick. That is to say, he resembled our friend in every possible respect. If he were not Barker he was the most perfect imitation of Barker conceivable. Not a feature of our Barker but was reproduced in this one, even to the name. But he failed to recognize me. He saw me, I know, because I felt his eyes upon me, but in trying to return his gaze I quailed utterly before him. I could not look him in the eye without a feeling of the most deadly horror, but I did see enough of him to note that he regarded me only as one of a thousand spectators who had flocked into the court room during the progress of the trial. If it were our Barker who sat there his dissemblance was remarkable. So coldly did he look at me that I began to doubt if he really were the man we had met; but the events of this morning have changed my mind utterly on that point. He was the one we had met, and I am now convinced that his story to me of

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his double was purely fictitious, and that from beginning to end there has been but one Barker.

"The trial was a speedy one. There was nothing to be said in behalf of the prisoner, and within five days of his arraignment he was convicted and sentenced to the extreme penalty—that of hanging—and noon to-day was the hour appointed for the execution. I was to have gone to Richmond to-day by coach, but since Barker's trial I have been in a measure depressed. I have grown to dislike the man as thoroughly as did you, and yet I was very much affected by the thought that he was finally to meet death upon the scaffold. I could not bring myself to participate in any pleasures on the day of his execution, and in consequence I gave up my Richmond journey and remained all morning in my lodgings trying to read. It was a miserable effort. I could not concentrate my mind upon my book—no book could have held the slightest part of my attention at that time. My thoughts were all for Carleton Barker, and I doubt if, when the clock hands pointed to half after eleven, Barker himself was more apprehensive over what was to come than I. I found myself holding my watch in my hand, gazing at the dial and counting the seconds which must intervene before the last dreadful scene of a life of crime. I would rise from my chair and pace my room nervously for a few minutes; then I would throw myself into my chair again and stare at my watch. This went on nearly all the morning—in fact, until ten minutes before twelve, when there came a slight knock at my door. I put aside my nervousness as well as I could and, walking to the door, opened it.

"I wonder that I have nerve to write of it, Parton, but there upon the threshold, clad in the deepest black, his face pallid as the head of death itself and his hands shaking like those of a palsied man, stood no less a person than Carleton Barker!

"I staggered back in amazement and he followed me, closing the door and locking it behind him.

"'What would you do?' I cried, regarding his act with alarm, for, candidly, I was almost abject with fear.

"'Nothing—to you!' he said. 'You have been as far as you could be my friend. The other, your companion of Keswick'—meaning you, of course—'was my enemy.'

"I was glad you were not with us, my dear Parton. I should have trembled for your safety.

"'How have you managed to escape?' I asked.

"'I have not escaped,' returned Barker. "But I soon shall be free from my accursed double.'

"Here he gave an unearthly laugh and pointed to the clock.

"'Ha, ha!' he cried. 'Five minutes more—five minutes more and I shall be free.'

"'Then the man in the dock was not you?' I asked.

"'The man in the dock,' he answered, slowly, 'is even now mounting the gallows, whilst I stand here.'

"He trembled a little as he spoke, and lurched forward like a drunken man; but he soon recovered himself, grasping the back of my chair convulsively with his long white fingers.

"'In two minutes more,' he whispered, 'the rope will be adjusted about his neck; the black cap is even now being drawn over his cursed features, and——'

"Here he shrieked with laughter, and, rushing to the window, thrust his head out and literally sucked the air into his lungs, as a man with a parched throat would have drank water. Then he turned and, tottering back to my side, hoarsely demanded some brandy.

"It was fortunately at hand, and precisely as the big bells in Westminster began to sound the hour of noon, he caught up the goblet and held it aloft.

"'To him!' he cried.

"And then, Parton, standing before me in my lodgings, as truly as I write, he remained fixed and rigid until the twelfth stroke of the bells sounded, when he literally faded from my sight, and the goblet, falling to the floor, was shattered into countless atoms!"

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HISTORIC HOUSES OF WASHINGTON.

By Teunis S. Hamlin.

TO most visitors Washington is only the seat of government, and interesting merely because of the department buildings, the White House, and the Capitol. Having seen these, with the National Museum and the Smithsonian Institution, tourists go away content. They do not pause to think that nearly all the great men of the nation have, at one time or another, had homes at the capital, and have here done a very large share of the work that has made them famous. Yet so true is this that no other city on this continent is so rich in historical associations, and these associations are in the homes of the capital. They cluster around houses that have sheltered the makers of the republic, and are involved with those personal incidents that are the most fascinating part of history. Some of these spots are remote from the portions of the city now frequented by visitors. Georgetown, which flourished before Washington was laid out even on paper, and whose older inhabitants still look down on all the region east of Rock Creek with placid scorn, has a large number of fine old dwellings, several of them richly stored with relics of the revolutionary period. Capitol Hill, at the other extremity of the city, is justly proud of the fact that General Washington designed it to be the site of the great metropolis that should bear his name; that the Capitol faces eastward; that every President at his inauguration takes the oath of office looking toward the dignified old part of the city and not toward the pretentious new part, of which Capitol Hill feels an ill-disguised jealousy. There is a block of houses at I and Second Streets which few visitors to Washington ever see, yet which are connected with several of the greatest names in our history. No. 201 was built by Stephen A. Douglas when he confidently expected to be President. In its great ball-room he gave splendid entertainments that he believed were promoting his political fortunes. In the reception-room at the right of the hall, he received, in April, 1860, the news that the Charleston Convention had adjourned to meet at Baltimore, and he instantly declared, "That means disunion." After Douglas's lamented death this house was sold to Justice Joseph P. Bradley, of the Supreme Court, and its great ball-room became his library. The next house in this block was given by New York friends to General Grant, and here he had his home until he moved to the White House, when it became, through a similar act of generosity, the home of General Sherman.

The region about the Court House is also full of interest. At the corner of D and Sixth Streets lived Salmon P. Chase, whose beautiful and brilliant daughter made his home socially famous. Just around the corner on D Street, Webster had his last Washington home; and from the steps of what is now the Webster Law Building he made his memorable midnight speech, when, in 1852, Scott had captured from him the Presidential nomination, and he realized that his political career was closed.

But though there are many such fascinating homes in unvisited places, yet no part of the city is so rich in historic interest as Lafayette Park. From the beginning of the government at Washington to this hour it has been the haunt of many of our greatest men. In Corcoran House Webster lived while Secretary of State, and over his sumptuous dinner-table the Ashburton Treaty was discussed and practically concluded. At the northwest corner of H Street and Vermont Avenue, Sumner had his home; and here, surrounded with books, in an aristocratic semi-seclusion, he did his work and nursed his

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vanity. Northward on the same square lived Reverdy Johnson, whose house, with others of historic interest, was demolished two or three years ago to make room for the new portion of the Arlington Hotel.

At 17 Madison Place have lived two of the greatest statesmen that America has produced—William H. Seward and James G. Blaine. The site of this house was once owned by Henry Clay, who is said to have traded a Kentucky mule for it. Commodore Rodgers built the house, and it has seen very varied fortunes. In the southwest room of the third story, Seward was attacked by the assassin Payne, on the fatal 14th of April, 1865, and received wounds that he carried to the grave. In the same room Mr. Blaine slowly sunk to rest after the brilliant successes and the bitter disappointments of his splendid career.

There are, however, houses that may be called historic in a fuller sense even than these, and that are still more likely to be passed by unknown by the stranger and even the resident; for many residents are quite unaware of the facts that give interest to the buildings with which they are most familiar. I shall seek to recall some of the heroic and graceful figures that have made these places memorable, and thus to suggest how rich in ennobling associations is this city, known at present chiefly or only for its modern beauty.

When the Congress, sitting at Philadelphia, in 1790, determined to locate the seat of the general government on the banks of the Potomac, the site chosen was very sparsely settled, and but little of it was under cultivation. Most of the territory covered by the present city was primeval forest. The owners of the land were Daniel Carroll, Notley Young, Samuel Davidson, and David Burns. Of their original homes only one remains, the cottage of Burns. He owned most of what is now the northwest section of the city. He was a hard-headed, close-fisted Scotchman, not at all willing to surrender a foot of his land without being roundly paid for it. The commissioners appointed by the Congress to lay out the Federal city could do nothing with him. Again and again General Washington rode up from Mount Vernon, and sitting on a rough bench before the cottage, discussed the matter with "obstinate Mr. Burns." At length he said: "Had not the Federal city been laid out here you would have died a poor tobacco-planter." "Ay, mon," retorted Burns; "an' hed ye no married the Widder Custis, wi' a' her nagurs, ye'd ha'e been a land-surveyor the noo, an' a mighty poor ane at that." Finally General Washington assured Mr. Burns that the Government must and would have his land. Once convinced of this, the wily owner hastened to make favorable terms; and in the end, seeing how vastly he was profiting, even became quite generous. He gave his apple-orchard, which is now the superb Lafayette Square.

Thus David Burns, recently widowed, became the first rich man of the capital, and his only child, Marcia, a prospective heiress. She was extremely lovely in both person and character. Her father's cottage, from having been the resort of neighboring farmers who gathered around his fire on winter evenings to discuss the crops and drink apple-jack, became the gathering place of the greatest men and women that the Government brought to the new capital. Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, and Burr were frequent visitors. Tom Moore was entertained here, and from this cottage wrote to his friend, Thomas Hume:

"Thus let us meet, and mingle converse dear
By Thames at home, or by Potowmac here!
O'er lakes and marsh, through fevers and through fog,
'Midst bears and Yankees, democrats and frogs,
Thy foot shall follow me; thy heart and eyes
With me shall wonder, and with me despise."

From many suitors Marcia Burns chose the handsome and courtly John P. Van Ness, then a member of Congress from New York, "well-fed, well-bred, and well-read." They were married on May 9, 1802. She was then twenty years of age, and her father had died but a short time before. After several years' residence at the cottage an elegant mansion was built near it, Latrobe being the architect, at a cost

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of over $75,000, an immense sum for that day. It stands in a large enclosed park, then beautifully kept. Two fine lodges of stone are at the entrance. The vestibule is supported by massive columns. The second floor (it is an English basement) has two sumptuous parlors and a dining-room to correspond. The view from the chambers of the third story across the Potomac and to the Virginian hills is enchanting. In luxuriousness of appointments it had no equal in this country at the time it was built. It was the first house in which cold and hot water was carried to all the floors. The wine vaults were very extensive. It was in them that the conspirators intended to hide President Lincoln in 1865, when it was their purpose to kidnap instead of to assassinate him. The drawing-rooms were adorned with mantels of Italian marble by Thorwaldsen. Two of these were removed by Governor Swann, of Maryland (who came into possession of the Van Ness property, and whose heirs still own it), to beautify his house in Fifteenth Street.

The Van Ness house at once became the centre of elegant and liberal hospitality. All the great Americans of that period were numbered among its guests. But its mistress never lost her love for the humble cottage. She delighted in showing it to her most eminent visitors, and recounting the scenes that it recalled of her happy girlhood. Since her death, on September 9, 1832, and especially since her husband's death, on March 7, 1847, the estate has fallen into sad neglect. The house has been put to disreputable uses, having at one time been the haunt of a gang of negroes who terrorized the whole neighborhood. In the cottage silk-worms were kept for some time, and from their cocoons a bridal-dress was made for one of the daughters of Colonel John Tayloe. The house was so well built that it is still in very good preservation; but the cottage is now rapidly crumbling to pieces and will hardly endure the storms of another winter.

The war of 1812 left the capital with many helpless and dependent children of soldiers, and Mrs. Van Ness conceived the idea of founding an asylum for them. This idea bore fruit in a meeting held in the hall of the House of Representatives, October 10, 1815. Mrs. Madison was made first directress and Mrs. Van Ness second. On Mrs. Madison's leaving the city in 1817, her successor at the White House, Mrs. Monroe, was chosen first directress; but she declined to serve and the choice fell on Mrs. Van Ness. For fifteen years thereafter she gave the most sedulous attention to this work. Her interest was deepened by the sad death of her only child, Ann Elbertine, highly educated, beautiful, and brilliant, who only two years before had married Arthur Middleton, of South Carolina. Mrs. Van Ness gave a lot on H Street, near Ninth (on which stood her family mausoleum, now in the Oak Hill Cemetery), where the asylum had its first permanent home. Her devotion to the poor and suffering was incessant, and her nursing of the victims of cholera caused her own death of the same disease. She was the first and only woman in private station to be honored with a public funeral at the capital.

At the northeast corner of New York Avenue and Eighteenth Street stands the Octagon, one of the oldest houses in the city, still in very good preservation. It was begun by Colonel John Tayloe in 1798, and occupied in 1801, the year following that in which the Government removed from Philadelphia to Washington. It had been his intention to build a winter residence in the former city, and he changed his plans at the earnest request of General Washington, who took the greatest interest in the progress of the building. Colonel Tayloe was the richest Virginian of his day. At Mount Airy he had the largest landed estate in the Old Dominion, and occupied the most elegant mansion, which had been built by his father in 1758. Among his five hundred slaves were artisans of every class. His hospitality was lavish, his guests the most eminent men of the time. All this magnificence was transferred to his town house during the winters, and for the first quarter of this century the Octagon was the centre of all that was most brilliant and refined in unofficial society.

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For a brief period it was also the official centre. On August 24, 1814, the British burned the Capitol and the Executive Mansion. The President had left two days before to join the army under General Winder. Mrs. Madison had been meanwhile ready for flight with such state papers as she could carry. At the last moment she insisted on securing the picture of Washington, which now hangs in the East Room. By her orders the frame was broken and the canvas removed. She then made her escape across the Potomac into Virginia, where she was joined late the same evening by the President.

Returning two days later to find the White House in ashes, the President was offered the use of various houses, and finally rented the Octagon. It was worthy of such occupants. The circular hall, marble-tiled, was heated by two picturesque stoves placed in small recesses in the wall. Another hall beyond opened into a large and lovely garden surrounded by a high brick wall after the English fashion. To the right was a handsome drawing-room with a fine mantel, still well preserved. To the left was the dining-room, of equal size and beauty. A circular room over the hall, with windows to the floor and a handsome fireplace, was President Madison's office. Here, on February 18, 1815, he signed the proclamation of the Treaty of Ghent, formally closing the war with England. The treaty had been unanimously approved by the Senate on the 16th.

This part of Washington has long since fallen into disfavor. It was thought to be malarial, and no doubt was so before the filling and improvement of the flats to the southward. Few visitors to the city probably ever go nearer to it than the State, War, and Navy Building. But its fortunes seem to be reviving. Excavations are now (July, 1893) in progress between the Van Ness house and the Octagon for the magnificent new Corcoran Art Gallery. And some men of wealth and taste with the historic spirit may yet restore the social fortunes of these famous houses.

Colonel Tayloe's second son, Benjamin Ogle, was born at the residence of his maternal grandfather, Governor Ogle, at Annapolis, Md., May 21, 1796. From his youth he was accustomed to the society of such men as Hamilton, Jay, Marshall, and Pinckney. He was educated at the Phillips Academy, Exeter, N. H., and at Harvard University in the class of 1815. He studied law in the office of the Hon. Richard Rush, then Attorney-General; and in 1817, when President Monroe made Mr. Rush minister to England, Mr. Tayloe accompanied him as private secretary. At London, Paris, Brussels, Rome — indeed, wherever he went, he was warmly and intimately received by the best people of the day.

On November 8, 1824, Mr. Tayloe married Miss Julia Maria Dickinson, of Troy, N. Y., intending to pursue the life of a country gentleman on his estate at Windsor, Va. But this life was not so congenial to his wife as to himself. She desired a town house, and he accordingly built the elegant and spacious residence, now No. 21 Madison Place, Lafayette Square, and occupied it in 1829. For nearly forty years, until his death on February 25, 1868, this house was the scene of the most generous and refined hospitality. Marshall, Webster, Calhoun, Clay, Cass, Edward Livingston, Robert C. Winthrop, Scott, Everett, Seward, Irving, Prescott, and Bancroft; Presidents John Quincy Adams, Jackson, William Henry Harrison, Taylor, Fillmore, and Buchanan; Lords Napier, Ashburton, Lyons, and Radstock were a few of his intimate friends. Remaining steadfastly in private life, against many solicitations to accept office, he still had a powerful influence in national affairs. Few men have better understood the bearing of social relations on political questions or employed it more skilfully.*

Mrs. Madison was unquestionably the most popular woman that has ever presided over the social life of the Executive Mansion. She was extremely beautiful in person and gentle and courteous in manner. Consummate tact made good her lack of liberal education. Madison first met her when he was a member of Congress at Philadel-

* Mrs. Tayloe died July 4, 1846, and on April 27, 1849, Mr. Tayloe married Miss Phœbe Warren, also of Troy, N. Y.

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phia, and, with Aaron Burr, boarded at the house of her father, Mr. Payne. She was then the Widow Todd. The future President promptly fell in love with her. But having some doubts about her mental qualities, he one day handed her a book to read and asked her to give him her opinion of it. She gave the book to Burr with the request that he would write a letter for her to copy. This he did with his usual brilliance; and Madison, on receiving the note, was fully convinced that his lady-love's intellect was equal to her beauty. He at once offered himself and was accepted.

As a social leader, however, Mrs. Madison was her husband's superior, although he was a well-bred and hospitable man. She was phenomenal in several ways. She never forgot a face or a name. At one time a gentleman approached her whom she had not seen for twenty-six years and said: "Mrs. Madison, I am confident you do not remember me." But she instantly mentioned his name and the time and place of their former meeting. She always gave her special attention to the diffident and embarrassed among her guests. Once a tall, awkward backwoodsman came to a reception at the White House. After standing painfully in a corner for an hour or more, he at last summoned courage to take a cup of the coffee that was being handed around. Mrs. Madison had been trying to reach him, and at this moment approached and addressed him. He was so frightened that he dropped the saucer from his trembling left hand and thrust the cup into his trousers' pocket with his right. Mrs. Madison quietly said: "The crowd is so great here that one cannot avoid being jostled. I will see that you have another cup of coffee. How is your excellent mother? I once knew her very well." With such homely talk she soon beguiled him from his bashfulness and enabled him to forget his mortification. It is not wonderful that when she retired from the Executive Mansion on March 4, 1817, she left behind a multitude of regretful friends.

Madison survived the close of his public life for nineteen years, passed in dignified comfort and happiness at his estate of Montpelier, Va., where he died on June 28, 1836. He left his widow what would have been a comfortable fortune had she not spent most of it to pay the debts of her drinking and gambling son, Payne Todd. A part of the estate was the fine house at the southeast corner of Madison Place and H Street, now the home of the "Cosmos," the largest scientific club in the world. It had been built about 1825 by Richard Cutts, the brother-in-law of Mrs. Madison.*

It came into the ex-President's possession the year before his death, in settlement of a debt. But Mrs. Madison was too poor to occupy it, and rented it successively to Attorney-General Crittenden, to the Hon. William C. Preston, of South Carolina, and to James I. Roosevelt, member of Congress from New York. On March 3, 1837, an act of Congress was approved by President Jackson, appropriating $30,000 to purchase Madison's diary of the debates and events connected with the framing of the Federal Constitution.† This money enabled Mrs. Madison to live in her city house; and the same year she very gladly returned to the capital, which she had always tenderly loved. Her return was a renewal in private life of all her social triumphs from 1801 to 1817, for eight years as the wife of Jefferson's Secretary of State, and for another eight years as the wife of the President. But it was a new generation that crowded to do her honor. Looking over the company on the occasion of her first reception, she said to an old friend at her side: "What a difference twenty years make in the face of society! Here are young men and women not born when I left the capital, whose names are familiar, but whose faces are

* Nepotism seems to have been known, and charged upon women as well as men, even in those simple-hearted days. When Mrs. Madison fled from the city in 1814, taking only this family of relatives with her, these lines were published:

"My sister Cutts, and Cutts, and I,
And Cutts's children three,
Will fill the coach; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

† These papers were published in three volumes in 1840. On May 31, 1848, $25,000 was appropriated for the purchase of Madison's unpublished papers, then owned by his widow; and they were given to the public in 1856.

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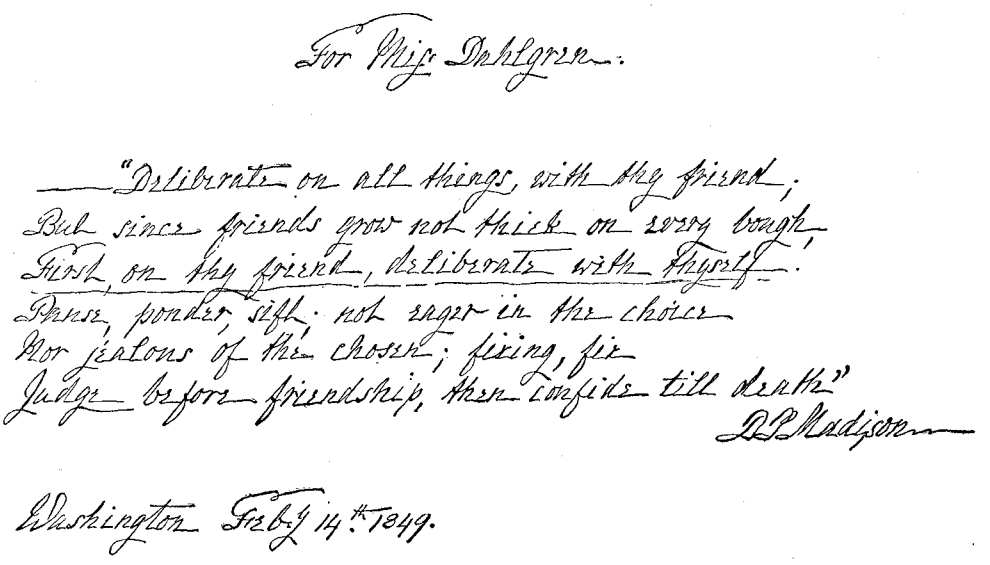
unknown to me." At sixty-five, however, she retained all the fascination of her girlhood and young womanhood. She was heartily interested in both the old and the young. Her kindness of heart and gentleness of manner were unfailing. Her home fairly rivalled the White House as a social centre. On New Year's days the same distinguished crowd that paid their respects to the President hastened across the square to greet Mrs. Madison with all good wishes. On every Fourth of July her parlors were thronged.

Four months before her death, in her seventy-eighth year, the young sister of Admiral Dahlgren called upon her, and rising to leave, said: "Mrs. Madison, I have a new autograph album, and I must have you write in it before anyone else." Throwing her arms about her young friend, Mrs. Madison said: "Well, you darling little flatterer, if you will get me a good quill, I will do it. I cannot write with these new-fangled steel pens." So Miss Dahlgren sent her the best quill pen to be found and received her album with the beautifully written autograph of which the following is a fac-simile.


For Miss Dahlgren.
"Deliberate on all things, with thy friend,
But since friends grow not thick on every bough,
First, on thy friend, deliberate with thyself.
Pause, ponder, sift: not eager in the choice
Nor jealous of the chosen; fixing, fix
Judge before friendship, then confide till death"
D P Madison
Washington Feby 14th 1849.

After Mrs. Madison's death this house was sold to Admiral Wilkes, who occupied it until the civil war. In 1862 it was the head-quarters of General McClellan, who was accustomed to leave it in great splendor to review the armies across the Potomac, attended by his distinguished staff, which included the Prince de Joinville, the Duc de Chartres, and the Comte de Paris. The interior is now much changed. In Mrs. Madison's day the entrance was on Lafayette Square, but otherwise its external appearance has been preserved.

Besides the Executive Mansion, no building was erected on Lafayette Square until the close of the War of 1812, when St. John's Church was built. The first private house was that of Commodore Stephen Decatur, at the southwest corner of H Street and Jackson Place. It was built in 1819, the architect being Latrobe, the master-mind of our unequalled Capitol. It remains to this day substantially unchanged, and is one of the most elegant interiors in the city. The exterior is extremely plain. The grounds are spacious and entirely enclosed.

Decatur was brave and patriotic. His famous toast was characteristic: "My country: may she be always in the right; but right or wrong—my country." He distinguished himself on many memorable occasions. On February 16, 1804, off Tripoli, he boarded the Philadelphia, set her on fire, and escaped with his crew amid a

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DRAWN BY FRANCIS C. JONES.

The David Burns Cottage.

ENGRAVED BY VAN NESS.

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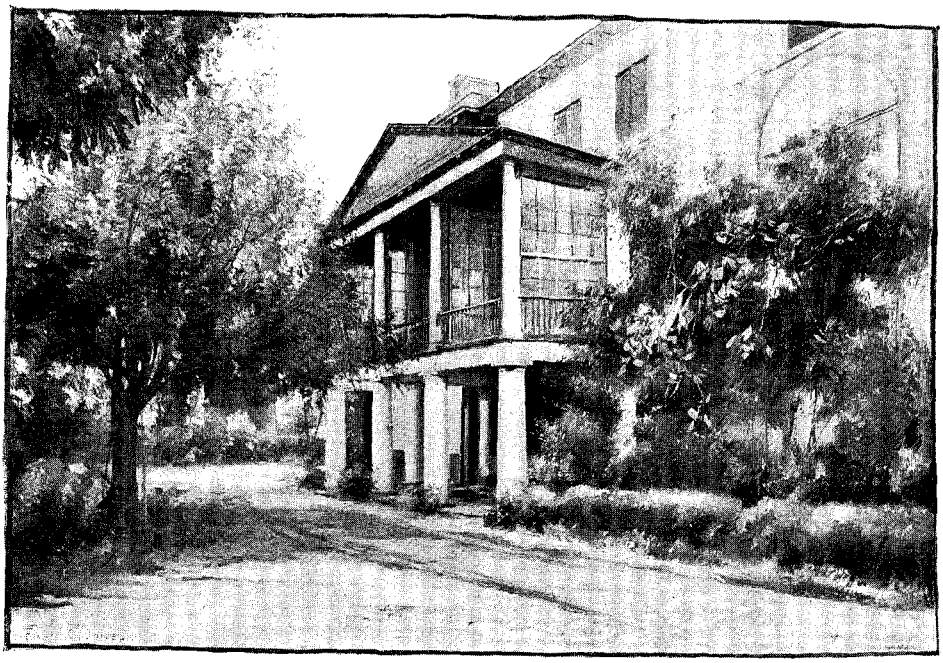

The Van Ness House.

rain of shot from one hundred and forty-one guns. Admiral Nelson pronounced this "the most daring act of the age." Decatur had his full share in the War of 1812, and at its close completely and finally humbled the Barbary States, for which he had the gratitude of all Europe; and President Madison, in his Annual Message to the Congress, December, 1815, said: "The high character of the American commander was brilliantly sustained on this occasion."

When Decatur came to reside in Washington he had all the fame and fascination that always attach to the hero of battles and of victories. These were supplemented by the unusual attractiveness of his wife. She was beautiful and highly educated, and despite the shadow of her birth, had been the reigning belle of Norfolk. She had elegant manners and splendid conversational powers. Jerome Bonaparte offered himself to her, but she refused him, on the advice of her friend, the Hon. Robert G. Harper, who assured her that the Emperor Napoleon would never recognize such a marriage. His judgment was shown to be correct when Jerome afterward married Miss Patterson, of Baltimore. The Decaturs at once became social leaders, but for only a single season.

Early in March, 1820, at a dinner given by Decatur, the conversation turned on the late war, and he spoke very severely of Commodore Barron for not returning from Europe to bear his part in that struggle. One of the guests reported this to Commodore Jesse Duncan Elliott, and he to Commodore Barron. Ill feeling between Decatur and Barron dated back to 1808, when the former was a member of a court-martial to try the latter for surrendering the Chesapeake to the British man-of-war Leopard. Barron was convicted and suspended from rank and pay for five years. He also believed that Decatur's influence had availed to keep him on land when he desired active sea-service as a means of restoring his reputation. He was therefore ready to take fire at Decatur's dinner-table talk. Angry letters passed between them. Elliott probably fermented the strife. He had a grudge against Decatur, who held in his hands letters from Commodore Perry reflecting severely on Elliott. Commodore

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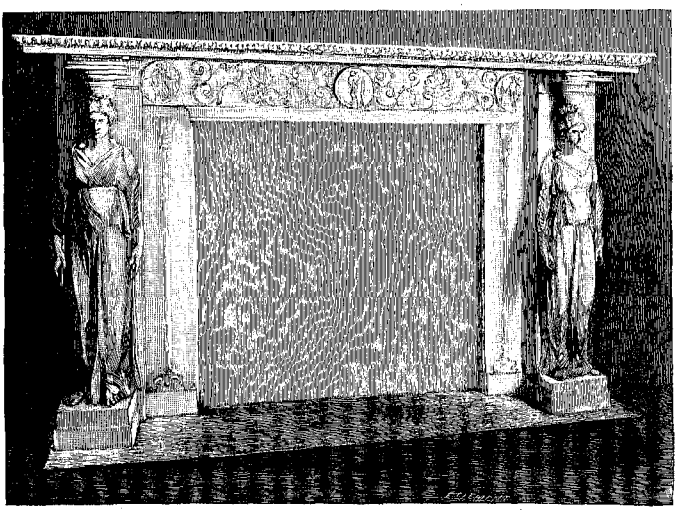
Dale did his best to effect an adjustment, assuring Decatur that Barron was a man of honor, undeserving of the severe remarks made about him over the wine. But a challenge had been given and accepted, and according to the standards of honor at that day, retreat was impossible. Commodore Morris was asked by Decatur to be his second; he declined, saying the duel was entirely needless; that peace ought to be made, and offering his services in that interest. They were refused and preparations went forward as secretly as possible.

On Saturday evening, March 19th, Decatur gave a very handsome party to Mrs. Gouverneur, the newly married daughter of President Monroe. Several of the guests observed in their host an unusual solemnity of manner. He was exceptionally devoted to his wife, and when she sang, accompanying herself upon the harp, he stood in the centre of the semi-circle about her, brilliant in his full uniform, but absorbed and melancholy. During the evening he said to his next friend, Commodore Porter, who was to give a similar entertainment for Mrs. Gouverneur the following week, "I may spoil your party."

Ogle Tayloe records that he met Decatur early in the day preceding the duel, and that he looked ill and seemed abstracted; that he met him again late in the afternoon of the same day and was greatly impressed by his solemn manner. On this occasion he saw Decatur accost Commodore Macdonough, take his arm and pace the pavement with him for some time. Macdonough afterward said: "I knew nothing of the contemplated duel or I would have prevented it." Commodore Stewart said the same in regard to himself.

On Wednesday morning, March 22d, Decatur quietly left his house at daybreak, walked to Beale's Hotel, near the Capitol, took breakfast with his second, Commodore Bainbridge, and reached the duelling ground at Bladensburgh about nine o'clock. Barron was already there with his second, Commodore Elliott. Barron was wounded in the hip, where Decatur, who was an unfailing shot, had declared beforehand that he should hit him. Decatur's wound was in the abdomen, and was at once seen to be mortal. As they lay bleeding, Decatur asked: "Why did you not return to America when the war broke out?" "I had not the means," replied Barron. "Why did you not inform me of your situation?" asked Decatur; "I would gladly have furnished you with the requisite funds." When reproached for not having made this explanation before and thus secured an apology from Decatur, Barron replied: "I would explain nothing while under his insult."



Mantel by Thorwaldsen in the Van Ness House.

Decatur was carried home about noon and placed on a couch in the library at the left of the hall on the first floor. His wife said she was too stricken to see him. He died during the evening. At his funeral on Saturday, the 25th, attended by vast numbers of citizens and by almost the whole Congress, John Randolph, of

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DRAWN BY FRANCIS C. JONES.

Entrance to Grounds of Van Ness House.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

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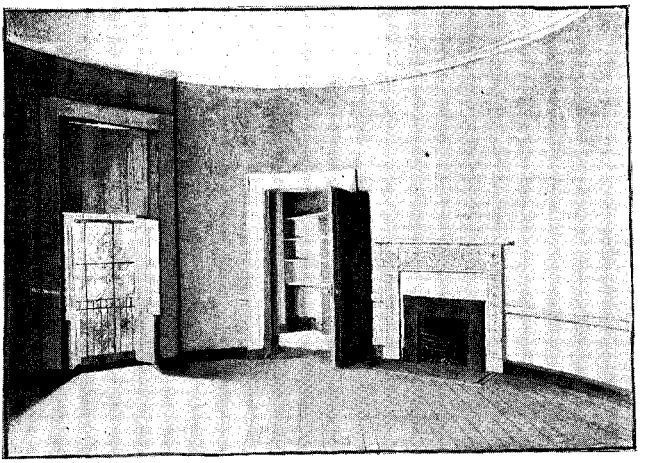
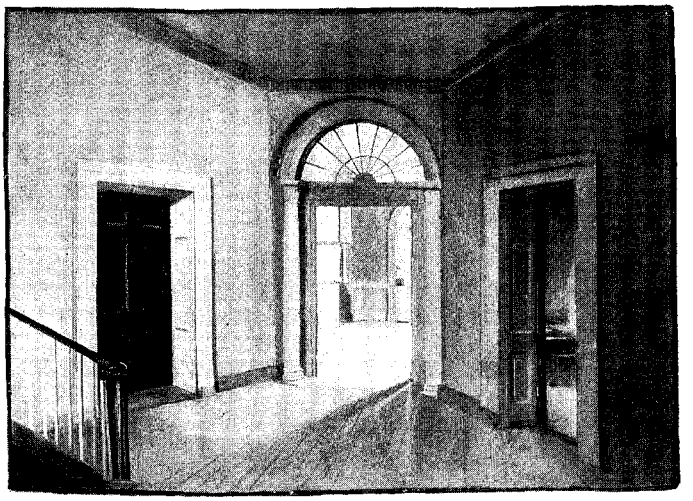
Roanoke, then much demented, made himself very conspicuous by talking about how he would resent an insult in the same fashion. Decatur's body was placed in the family vault at Kalorama, at the head of Twenty-first Street.

Public feeling at first ran very high against Barron, President Monroe and his Cabinet leading it. But the tide soon turned, and Decatur was very generally condemned as having pursued Barron relentlessly.



Room in the Octagon where President Madison signed the Proclamation of the Treaty of Ghent.

For some months Mrs. Decatur lived in seclusion. She then removed to Kalorama, to the fine house built in 1805 by Joel Barlow, and some time ago obliterated. Here she lived in great style, giving weekly dinners of the most splendid and costly sort. Her name was freely connected with that of Mr. Stratford Canning, then British Minister here, and with that of the aged Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, both of whom no doubt greatly admired her. But she never remarried. Late in life she entered the Roman Catholic Church, and she died in the convent at Georgetown in 1855.



Hall of the Octagon.

On leaving her house on Lafayette Square, Mrs. Decatur leased it to Baron Tuyl, the newly arrived Russian Minister. He was an epicure and a martyr to the gout. He gave no large entertainments, but many superb dinners. He said: "Washington, with its venison, wild turkeys, canvas-back ducks, oysters, and terrapin, furnishes better viands than Paris, and needs only cooks."

Baron Tuyl left Washington early in 1825; and Henry Clay, Secretary of State to John Quincy Adams, took the Decatur house. He furnished it very elegantly and lived in the style befitting his position. Aside from this house Clay had no home at the capital, but lived at the National Hotel, in room No. 32, in which he died on June 29, 1857. This room was for a long time afterward occupied by Alexander H. Stephens. With equal credit lived his successor in both office and home, Martin Van Buren. Upon his leaving the Cabinet, after two years of service, Edward Livingston, of Louisiana, succeeded him, and for an equal period made this now famous house one of the most attractive in the city. He was of mild and genial temper, the soul of gayety and good-humor,

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Doorway of the Octagon—corner New York Avenue and Eighteenth Street.

with an inexhaustible fund of stories that he acted out with a contagious glee. He was, withal, an inveterate punster, though he said that the only good one that he ever made came to him in his sleep. He dreamed of being in a church at the ceremony of the taking of the veil by a nun named Mary Fish. To the question who should be her patron saint, he awoke himself by replying aloud, "Why, St. Poly Carp, to be sure."

Mrs. Livingston was equally as attractive as her husband. She was very beautiful and brilliant. A native of San Domingo, and an exile from that island, she had been a reigning belle in New Orleans as a widow, Mme Moreau. Her romantic midnight marriage to Livingston in the chapel of the Ursuline Convent did not forbode the leisurely repentance that often follows such events. She made him a model wife. Under date of August 10,

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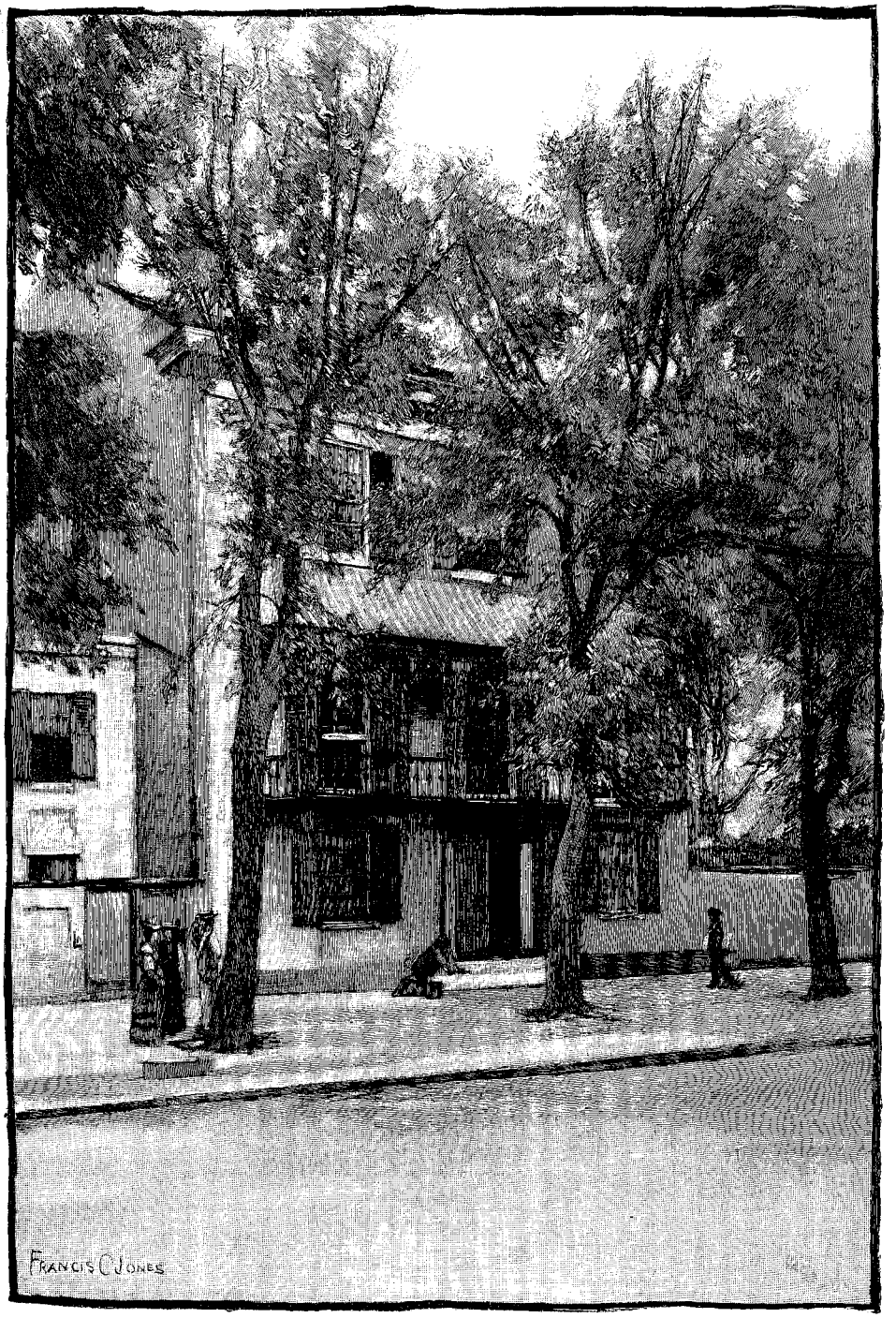

DRAWN BY FRANCIS C. JONES. ENGRAVED BY VARLEY.

The Tayloe House, No. 21 Lafayette Square.

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Dolly Madison's House, corner of H Street and Madison Place.
(Now the home of the Cosmos Club.)

1805, he wrote to his sister, Mrs. Tillotson: "I have again a home, and a wife who gives it all the charms that talents, good temper, and affection can afford." She managed all the household affairs and relieved him from every private care. She had learned English from the classics, and spoke it with great purity, but with a marked though graceful accent. The daughter, Cora, was as brilliant and fascinating as the mother. She married Thomas Barton, afterward Secretary of Legation with Mr. Livingston at Paris. Mrs. Barton returned to the capital for a visit, in 1871, and was received with great affection and reverence.

After the brilliant occupancy of these three successive Secretaries of State, the Decatur house again became the home of two foreign ministers, Sir Charles Vaughan and Baron Hyde de Neuville. The former, though refined, highly educated, and a Fellow of Oxford, seemed to think he must resort to slang, and even to profanity, to show himself at home in a republic. His first appearance in society was at a small evening reception at Mrs. Kuhn's. His hostess graciously expressed her regret that the weather was so warm. "Warm, madam," he said; "it is as hot as hell!" Then turning to Percy Doyle, his secretary: "Percy, you little rascal, come here and be presented to Mrs. Kuhn." On his leaving the country a farewell ball was given him, at which General Van Ness gave this toast: "Sir Charles Vaughan, H. B. M.'s minister near the court of Washington."

The French Minister, de Neuville, had all the grace and elegance of his nation. He had been an *émigré* during the French Revolution, and lived

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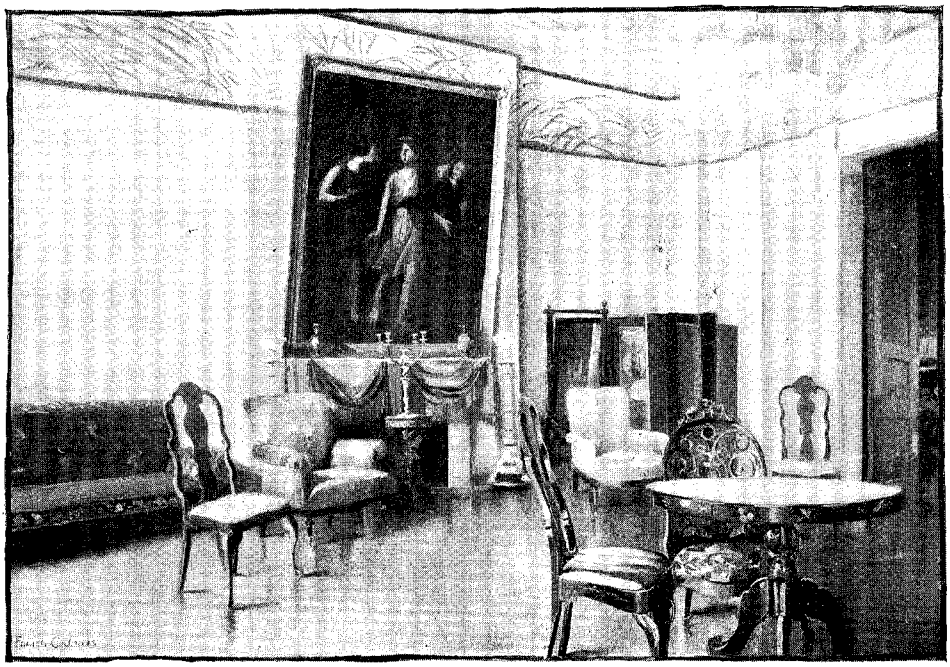
on the Raritan, in New Jersey, much esteemed and beloved by all his neighbors. He was intimate with Louis XVIII., who made him his minister to the United States. The baroness spoke English with an engaging French accent, and not always accurately. Her uniform salutation to her guests was: "I am charming to see you."

After having thus sheltered three Secretaries of State and the representatives of three of the greatest nations of Europe — Russia, England, and France — this house was occupied by John Gadsby, proprietor of the National Hotel; by Joseph Gales, one of the owners of the *National Intelligencer;* by Howell Cobb, John A. and James G. King, and William Appleton, all of whom maintained with credit its social prestige. The latter was especially noted for his benevolence. One winter his butler told him that his wood, which was piled on the sidewalk, was rapidly disappearing. "I think," he said, "it had better not be put away while the weather remains so cold." Its last tenant before the civil war was Judah P. Benjamin, then Senator from Louisiana, afterward Attorney-General, then Secretary of War, and finally, Secretary of State to the Confederacy. His name, combined with his advocacy of the legal claims of slavery, drew from Benjamin Wade the characterization of him as "a Hebrew with Egyptian principles." He fitted up the Decatur house magnificently, bringing much furniture of Louis Philippe from the Tuileries, and intended to maintain its leading position in society. But political events made this impossible.

During the civil war this house was rented by the Government and used for offices. At the close of the war General Edward Fitzgerald Beale bought it, but still rented it to the Government, not moving into it until early in President Grant's second term, in 1873. In 1876 he went as Minister to Austria, and on his return the next year his house became the centre of all that was best in Washington society. He was a grandson of Commodore Truxton, under whom Decatur, the builder of this house, had served as a midshipman.



Drawing-room of the House of the Late General E. F. Beale.
(Built in 1819 and occupied by Commodore Decatur.)

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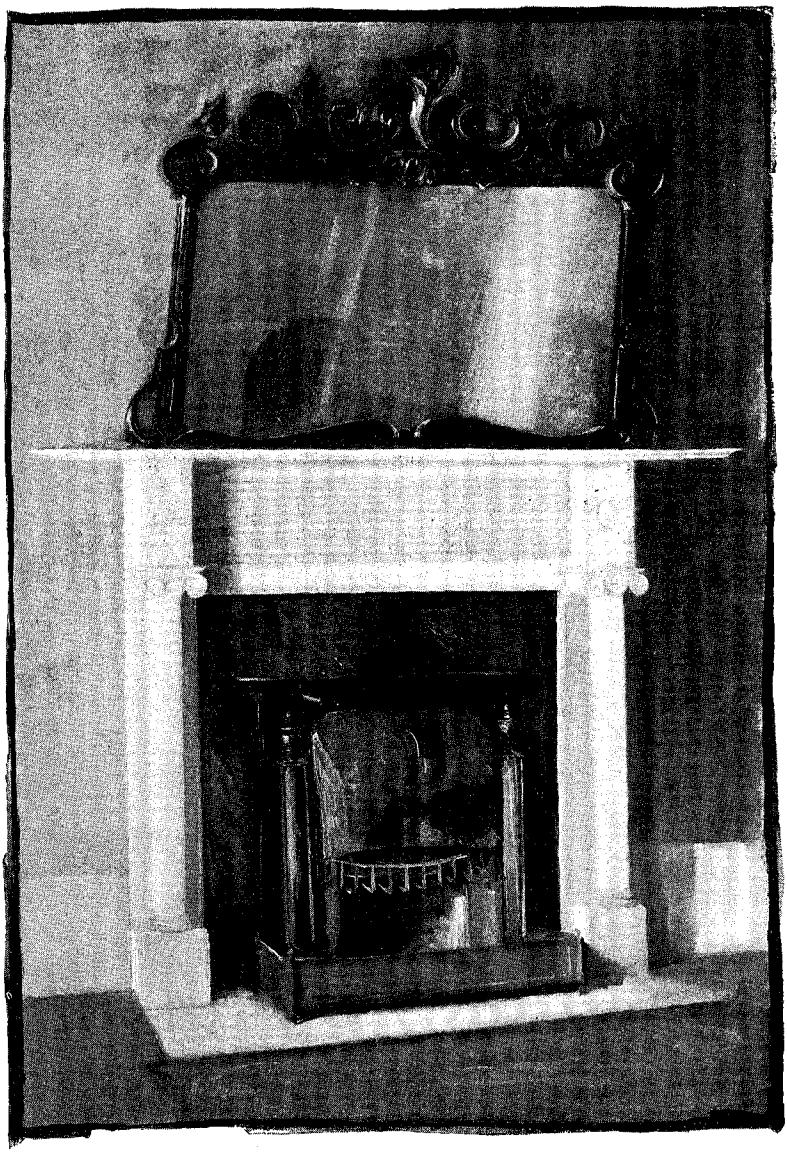
In all respects, General Beale was a worthy successor of Decatur. Equally brave, patriotic, and talented, he rendered his country quite as conspicuous service. In the navy, the army, and civil life his career was highly brilliant and successful. His home is filled with mementos of his service by sea and land, many of them of the most rare and precious sort. He was scholarly and refined, very modest, seldom speaking of his achievements except to his most intimate friends.

On June 27, 1849, General Beale married Mary E., daughter of the Hon. Samuel Edwards. With fine talents, elegant culture, and a hospitable disposition, she has fully sustained the reputation of the long line of brilliant women that have made this home so



Mantel in Room 32, National Hotel.
(In this room Henry Clay died, June 29, 1857.)

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Hall and Stairs in the Beale House.
(On the left, entrance to the room in which Commodore Decatur died.)

famous. General Beale died on April 22d of this year, and thus the doors that have opened to nearly every President from Madison to Cleveland, and to all the greatest men and most beautiful women of America and Europe for three-quarters of a century, are for the present closed to the public.

THE SECURITY OF DESOLATION.

By Edith M. Thomas.

He who hath seen his grain-fields gather blight
  Heeds not the withering of the garden flowers;
He grieves not at the day's withdrawing light
  Who in a dungeon numbers his dim hours;
He feareth not the storm upon his head,
  Whose garments with the rough salt wave are soaked,
And he whose fire within his house is dead,
  Into the outer air will go uncloaked!

So he whose life some weak, loved hand has taken,
  Flies not the shaft of banded myrmidon,
Nor trembles when his citadel is shaken:
  Foretasting all, he hath no more to shun;
The Night, the Cold, the Dearth, the Wound Obscure,
  That men call Death, unmoved he shall endure!

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Robert Stevenson.
(From a portrait in the possession of Mrs. Alan Stevenson.)

SCOTT'S VOYAGE IN THE LIGHTHOUSE YACHT.

NOTE.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

WRITING from Abbotsford on July 24, 1814, Scott announced to Morrit his voyage in the lighthouse tender. "I should have mentioned," he adds, "that we have the celebrated engineer, Stevenson, along with us. I delight in these professional men of talent; they always give some new lights by the peculiarity of their habits and studies, so different from people who are rounded, and smoothed, and ground down for conversation, and who can say all that every other person says, and nothing more." The anticipation expressed in this slipshod passage appears to have been partly realized. My grandfather was a man in whom Scott could hardly fail to have been interested and from whom he could scarce help but profit. Romantically minded, he had led a life of some romance. Two years before he had brought to an end the unique adventure of the Bell Rock Lighthouse; he had moved since boyhood as a pioneer among secluded and barbarous populations; his knowledge of the islands and their inhabitants was probably unrivalled; and his memory was rich in strange incidents and traits of manners, some of which have been preserved by Sir Walter in substance, while many others were doubtless boiled down into the general impression of "The Pirate."

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The anticipations of my grandfather would scarce be raised so high. He would have a proper respect for the Sheriff of Selkirkshire as he had for all authorities. He would be prepared to sympathize with any Tory. He had a passion for the sea, the open air, wild scenery, and strange places. He was a reader, too, and a reader of poetry; doubtless he read Scott's poems as they appeared; and it will be seen that he spoke of them with their author. But in all this, there was perhaps something of effort, while his taste for the Waverley Novels was genuine and deep. I think it is so we must construe some of the expressions in the following paper: that he was not very much moved by the occasion of sailing shipmates with the author of "Marmion," but had he been able to foresee in him the author of "Rob Roy," he would have kept a diary and begged for "one of the crook-headed hazel sticks."

Scott and he had been acquainted before the cruise; I find them in correspondence as early as 1809; from 1814 on, they seem to have maintained the touch-and-go intimacy of neighbors and old shipmates; and upon one occasion Robert Stevenson applied to the great man for literary council. It took my grandfather four years to build the Bell Rock—and fourteen to prepare his quarto narrative of the achievement. The book was dedicated to that majestic sovereign George the Fourth, a step which probably seemed to its author the most formidable of his life. All his friends wagged their Scots heads over the dedication, and it was submitted in proof to Sir Walter. "*It is with much diffidence that the author now lays before your majesty an Account of the arduous national undertaking of erecting a Lighthouse on the Bell Rock—a sunk reef lying about eleven miles from the shore and situate*"—thus the text began, and here on the proof-sheet (which is now in my possession) we find Sir Walter substituting *situated* for *situate*, his only emendation. This my grandfather dutifully accepted; he knew better in his heart and adhered elsewhere to the much more elegant *situate;* but if the other were the proper wear for royalty, he was never the man to appear conspicuous at court. The concession was made in vain; in vain was the quarto spread in the sight of the King. I cannot find that the dedication was ever even formally acknowledged; but I do find Dr. Patrick Neill writing shortly after to congratulate my grandfather on his majesty's "*silent approbation.*" Dr. Neill is portrayed in the "Chaldee Manuscript" with a "rotten calabash" on his head; he walks in my mind's eye with a scroll issuing from his mouth and the words *silent approbation* in the scroll. But such were manners in 1824, such the bland light that beat in these days on the occupant of a throne.

In 1850 my grandfather began to ail early in the year, and chafed for the period of the annual voyage which was his medicine and delight. In vain his sons dissuaded him from the adventure. The day approached, the obstinate old gentleman was found in his room furtively packing a portmanteau, and the truth had to be told him ere he would desist: that he was stricken with a malignant malady, and before the yacht should have completed her circuit of the lights, must have himself started on a more distant cruise. My father has more than once told me of the scene with emotion. The old man was intrepid; he had faced death before with a firm countenance; and I do not suppose he was much dashed at the nearness of our common destiny. But there was something else that would cut him to the quick: the loss of the cruise, the end of all his cruising; the knowledge that he had looked his last on Sumburgh, and the wild crags of Skye, and that Sound of Mull with the praise of which his letters were so often occupied; that he was never again to hear the surf break in Clashcarnock; never again to see lighthouse after lighthouse (all younger than himself and the more part of his own device) open in the hour of the dusk their flowers of fire, or the topaz and the ruby interchange on the summit of the Bell Rock. To a life of so much activity and danger, a life's work of so much interest and essential beauty, here came the long farewell.

It was in this spring and summer—

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at first impatiently expecting to revisit the scenes commemorated, and afterwards awaiting death in his own house and following with his mind's eye the course of the yacht now gone without him—that he returned with a memory already dim on the details of a former voyage, and wrote with a hand already failing his reminiscences of Scott. On June 28th he sent them to his favorite child Mrs. Warden, with a note (not very coherently expressed) in which he proposes that she or "one of the misses" should "continue" them. Fourteen days later, on July 12th, Scott's shipmate followed him to the dark shore.

Two and forty years have passed. Mrs. Warden and "the misses" were alike forgetful, and still the memoranda have lain upon one side. I believe it would have pleased the old man to know that another of his descendants, on whose face he never looked but who shares with him in his love of Sir Walter, of the sea, and of wild islands, should prepare them at last for publication in an isle beyond the farthest cruising of the lighthouse tender.

Robert Stevenson has shown elsewhere that he could hold a pen. His *Account* of the Bell Rock is of its sort a masterpiece, and has been so recognized by judges; "the romance of stone and lime," it has been called, and "the *Robinson Crusoe* of engineering," both happy and descriptive phrases. Even in his letters, though he cannot always be trusted for the construction of his sentences, the same literary virtues are apparent, a strong sense of romance and reality and an almost infallible instinct for the right detail. So much it is only fair to premise; for the present paper is strikingly inferior, and I am here exhibiting my grandfather in the weakness of his approaching death. This is his "Count Robert of Paris," if not his "Siege of Malta." Two fair copies, both written with his own hand, both with corrections interlined, and yet with scarce a difference, show that he had not spared for vain pains;—and his recommendation to Mrs. Warden, that he was partly conscious of his failure. "Continue," the word that he has written, was plainly not the word that he intended. Plainly what he hoped was that someone else should take his material, and do it that justice in the presentment of which he felt he was himself no longer capable. But I have preferred to leave it, with a few suppressions, as it stood. Such as they are, it seems worth while (for the love of Sir Walter) to give these notes the commemoration of type. Once again, on the faith of a new witness, we find the same Scott represented, healthy, happy, regardful, intrepid and enthusiastic, a man of ten millions. His abstraction at Corriskin, his pleasure in the company of seamen and pilots, his manly delight in danger, these are traits it is worth while to preserve or to confirm. And the paper offers besides, as through the chink of a door, one glimpse of Mrs. Lockhart, charming as usual. There is perhaps no one in story of whom we know so little and whom we love so well; she only shows at the wing, but with so taking a grace, that we are apt, when she appears, to forget the leading actors; and I have at times a hallucination (which I daresay I share with a thousand rivals) that I courted her when I was young, and "carried her books" along George Street, and was rejected in favor of *The Scorpion*, to my lasting sorrow.

One thing I beg of my readers, that they will take down the fourth volume of Lockhart and read over again the *Voyage in the Lighthouse Yacht to Nova Zembla and the Lord knows where*, one of the most delightful passages in one of the most delightful of books.

R. L. S.

Vailina Upalu, Samoa, July 31, 1892.

REMINISCENCES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BARONET.

By Robert Stevenson.

Had I been more *alive* to the eminence and ultimate celebrity of this "great and good man," I should have taken notes at the time and not have left this to the reminiscence of upwards of thirty six years, when the gentlemen

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composing the party and almost every one connected with the voyage, alas! are no more. This statement may look very like an introduction to something that is to follow—but it can only be a sparse line here and there to gratify the pleasurable feelings of one who devoutly cherishes the memory of him who lived to instruct and delight millions of his fellow men.

Sir Walter and Mr Erskine were accompanied to Leith by Mrs (afterwards Lady) Scott, Mrs Erskine and Major Scott, Sir Walter's brother. After taking leave in all the uncertainty of their next meeting, the vessel sailed, touching at the Lighthouses of Inchkieth and the Isle of May on her way to the Bell Rock &c.

From Sir Walter's well known universal intelligence and great memory together with his unceasing desire to be agreeable, we had "Tales of my Landlord" at every step on the way. At Inchkieth we had anecdotes of Mary of Guise who caused the now ruinous fort to be erected on the top of that island to command and keep the port of Leith in awe—now converted into a beacon for the safety of the mariner, while the island itself is no longer the "unfrequented coast" of Dr Johnson and his friend Boswell. On the left hand going down the Firth, we had somewhat of the Thanes of Fife and the progress of our Scottish Kings though their Royal Burghs from St Andrews to Kinghorn with their reception and hospitable fare by the way. Then on the right hand was seen Craigmillar Castle; and we were told some mournful Tales of our lamented Queen Mary, and of the prison island of the Bass, and some historic tales of the ancient glory of Tantallon Castle, and the history of Dunbar, and the escape of Bothwell. In short at every turn we had interesting statisticks of the locality.

At the Isle of May Sir Walter showed his antiquarian zeal in his minute examination of the scanty remains of a religious house, once a pendicle of the Priory of Pittenweem. On the top of the island the old coal-lighthouse tower, being now considered an incumbrance, was intended to be taken down, but Sir Walter, noticing the date of 1636, with a *face* and *rays* emblematical of light, over the door, remonstrated against the removal of the old tower, which has since been converted into a Pilot's Barrack.

The tender left the Isle of May with just light enough to discern the grey towers of our ancient seat of learning, the Episcopate of St. Andrews, which afforded an interesting and varied topic of conversation on the bygone history of the Buchanans and Bethunes, &c.

About midnight we were off the Bell Rock. Sir Walter kept the deck till a late hour, watching the changeful revolutions of the light.* When the rock began to make its appearance above water and the iron rails or gangway became visible, and the party were mustering upon deck and some were *looking white* — I proposed an early landing and to breakfast in the Lighthouse. A proposal to *land* was eagerly responded to. The steward was accordingly sent off with his baskets and laid on the table of the Library or Stranger's Room a good Scotch breakfast, of which the party duly availed themselves. This over, the album kept at the Lighthouse was produced for signature, but when it came round the table to Sir Walter, Mr Erskine laid his hand upon the page and said, "Now, Scott, you must give us something more than Walter Scott." He wished to decline for the present and rather seemed uneasy at the proposal; and rising from the table, he turned to one of the windows for a short space and again took his seat, Erskine still remonstrating, when Sir Walter at length took the pen and wrote the following beautiful and expressive lines:

PHAROS LOQUITUR.

Far in the bosom of the deep,
O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep,
A ruddy gem of changeful light
Bound on the dusky brow of night.
The seaman bids my lustre hail
And scorns to strike his timorous sail.

After spending all the time upon the Rock which the flowing tide would admit, we went *splashing* along the railway to the boats, and getting on board of the

*Revolving red and white.—R. L. S.

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Tender, we soon reached Arbroath and visited the signal tower and establishment for the families of the four light-keepers and master and crew of the Bell Rock tender—a small vessel attached to the station. Sir Walter had visited the ruins of the Abbey of Arbroath twice before this, but still he spent all the time he could spare along with Mr Duff and myself making some general specification of the most ruinous parts of the walls for a statement for the Barons of Exchequer; upon which considerable repairs were afterwards made at my sight or rather under my directions. This is mentioned here as one of the happy results arising from Sir Walter's peregrinations. In this way he was continually doing good.

On leaving Kinnaird Head Lighthouse, situate at the entrance of the Moray Firth, our captain shaped a direct course for Sumburgh Head in Zetland. This seemed to act as a charm to Sir Walter—perhaps on his learning that by this track we should for a time lose sight of land. When the ship had run down her distance by the log, it became foggy weather with drizzling rain; and from the state of the weather and troubled motion of the sea, this became a very disagreeable part of the voyage, it not being safe to run our course further till the weather should clear; so the ship was for the night in the unpleasant position for landsmen of *lying-to*. The captain accordingly prepared the ship and himself for bad weather; and coming on deck with more than *whole-length* boots, his *half-length* trousers and monkey-jacket, he admonished the party to go down to tea, as they were going to make *all snug* for the night, an announcement which sounded somewhat of an alarm in the ears of landsmen. It was more than conjectured that we had got into the *tail* of the tide at Sumburgh Roost, from the ship's bouncing and sending into the trough of the sea at such a rate that she at times had a tremulous motion from stem to stern. It was not till next afternoon that the weather cleared and in the evening we got into Lerwick harbour. What greatly surprised me was the different state of the feelings of the party at times when I awoke. In the berth of Sir Walter and Mr Erskine* a constant joking with much laughter was kept up; while in the after cabin very excited inquiries were made as to the state of the voyage and safety of the vessel when she plunged from the crest of a wave into the trough of the sea. The making "all snug" became a saying with the cabin party throughout the voyage.

In coming to the anchorage ground in Lerwick Roads, we were most vociferously and repeatedly hailed by the coast guard in the humiliating phrase of "Sloop-ahoy!" But to this interrogatory no answer was made by our indignant captain. "I wish," said Sir Walter, "we could stop this man's mouth by an answer." But Wilson [the captain] in a high tone said, "I'll teach the lubber better manners than to call this vessel a sloop." When the voice drew nigher, the question became, "Cutter ahoy!" when Wilson instantly gave the ship's name. Then came, "What have you on board?" Answer: "The Honourable the Commissioners of the Northern Lighthouses and their Engineer." Sir Walter was not a little amused with this colloquy. The captain had formerly been an officer in the Revenue Service and was much alive to the consequence of his gallant ship and the importance of her honourable owners.

On reaching Lerwick Sir Walter learned with no small surprise that there was no regular post to or from Zetland, a district containing 60,000 inhabitants, and said, "Are we really in a county of the British Dominions, where we can neither hear from our friends nor be heard of by them?" Letters were at that time sent by chance coasting vessels, the masters of the vessels receiving the fee of a penny for each letter delivered. Such was the little importance attached to Zetland as late as 1820.†

When we were in Zetland there was a considerable bustle at Lerwick by the arrival of several ships from the whale fishing; and had there not been a handful of military in Fort Charlotte, there

* Read *Mr Hamilton; cf.* (Scott's journal) "Hail Duff and the Udaller in the after-cabin."—R. L. S.

† And, as I see by my grandfather's journals, for at least ten years later.—R. L. S.

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is no saying how far the jolly tars might have carried their frolick. Several of them had been put in prison which was at that time close upon high-water mark. With a view to rescue their comrades, they brought anchors from their ships with tackle which they passed round the low tower connected with the Town house or prison, and were proceeding to *bouce* it into the water, when the military interfered and dispersed them.*

In making ready for sea when about to leave Lerwick, I called at the hotel to escort Sir Walter to the boat; but with some concern he said, "My things are still in a state of disorder. John Macbeth, poor fellow, is now neither for use nor for ornament." Macbeth had actually been kept in his place by Sir Walter, not only as an old servant but on account of his name. He was now much failed and shortly after this voyage he died.

Our landing at the Fair Isle brought forcibly to my mind a similar landing experienced by some friends at the island of North Ronaldsay in Orkney upon a visit to the laird of that island. The inhabitants crowded and pressed so much upon the Strangers that the Bailif or resident factor of the island blew with his ox-horn, calling out to the natives to stand off and let the gentlemen come forward to the land; upon which one of the islanders called out, "G—d hae us, man, thou needs na mak sic a noise—it's no every day we hae *three hatted men* on our isle." So it was with some difficulty we could reach Mr. Strang the chief of the Fair Isle. The account of the pleasant day spent there is of itself a wonderful example of the facility and promptness of Sir Walter's descriptive powers.

In some degree to make amends for the disappointment in missing Foula, it was thought desirable that a landing should be made upon North Ronaldsay the northmost island of Orkney—which, though more in the world than Foulda, yet retains much of its original simplicity and more of the Norse language and customs than any of the other Orcades. For "Yes, sir," the old people invariably say "Ya, Gull," and so forth. The walls of their huts are built of rounded stones from the sea beach. They are of great thickness but so low that you must enter in a stooping posture; so that there are many apartments which are covered over with flagstones almost quite flat and thickly covered with earth. They have, it may be said, no windows — there is a hole over the fire-hearth which admits a little light and allows some escape of smoke—and there is really no demonstration of a house unless it be the diminutive door. The grass grows beautifully green on the flat housetop, and here the whole family assemble with their dogs, cats and pet lambs, &c., and here also they spend much of their time when not employed in field labour or upon the sea. As an instance of the simplicity of the manners of the inhabitants of North Ronaldsay I may mention that upon one occasion, when visiting the lighthouse on this island accompanied by my friend Dr Neill, we were kindly received into one of these huts by the good wife, and placed in *Casey*, or straw-worked chairs of the Norwegian fashion having arms and a canopy overhead, and were presented with a large wooden dish of milk. At this time (the first time perhaps) the Surveyor of Taxes was in the neighbouring island of Sanday, who was requested in the King's name to complain everywhere of the swarms of dogs kept by the cottagers and to threaten them with taxation. The good woman of the house knew me to be no stranger but at once accosted Dr Neill as the King's messenger, saying "Sir, gin ye'll tell the King that I canna keep the Ness" (a point of land jutting into the sea) "free o' the Bangers" (sheep) "without twa hun's" (hounds) "an twa guid hun's too, he'll pass me threa the tax on dugs."†

Unfortunately, however, from our landing with Sir Walter at North Ronaldsay, the tides which swirl round this island carried us through the Firth of North Ronaldsay, and the wind and sea got up to prevent our purpose.

* Perhaps the first suggestion of the scene at Portanferry, written six months later.—R. L. S.

† On the same island my grandfather met the adventure of the missionary Pict, preserved by Sir Walter in the notes to the Pirate.—R. L. S.

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When sailing at any time with a native pilot on board, he had a good deal of Sir Walter's company on deck without however interfering with his proper duties. He delighted in their expressions and in the names given to the localities, many of which he considered highly poetic as "the Wells of Tuftillo,"* one of the principal swirls of the Pentland Firth, which the pilots call "wells of the tide," which gyrations in calm weather make the largest ships regardless of their helm, so that they swing round and round to the no small alarm of the ship's company.

Speaking of the general superstitious feelings of the inhabitants of the secluded islands of Orkney and Zetland and indeed of all insular situations, I may mention an instance which occurred at the Stones of Stennis. In visiting this *inexplicable place* with Sir Walter, I carried with me a hundred-feet-measuring-line to give the dimensions with more accuracy than by pacing the distances. Much to my regret I had dropped this line, it was not forthcoming when wanted, and resort must be had to less accurate means. Some years afterwards, one of my assistants on a visit to the Stones of Stennis took shelter from a shower in a cottage close by the lake; and seeing a box-measuring line with the tape partly drawn out in the bole or sole of the cottage window, he asked the woman where she got this well known professional appendage. She immediately said, "O, sir, ane o' the bairns fand it lang syne at the Stanes, and when drawing it out, we took freight, and thinking it had belanged to the Fairies, threw it from us into the bole, and it has lain there ever since." A small piece of money having been given to the woman for her care of the line, she expressed great thankfulness at being relieved of the charge, which had often troubled her when it came in the way.

In Orkney, as may be supposed, Sir Walter made many inquiries relative to the pirate Gow who for a series of years was the pest of the Orkney and Zetland Islands. At the desire of Mr. Erskine the Sheriff, Mr. Peterkine, his intelligent and learned substitute, drew up a most interesting account of all that could be collected of Gow's doings among these islands. Indeed I contributed somewhat to the stock of information myself, from the gleanings I had met with in the course of my professional visits to these regions, but more particularly through my friend Dr. Neill, whose relative, Mr. Fea of Clestrom, actually captured Gow and carried him to London, where he was executed as a common felon for his misdeeds. Mr. Fea received neither fee nor reward for his services but acted from patriotic motives to free the country of Gow's depredations. When the admirable volumes of the "Pirate by the Author of Waverley" made their appearance, I thought I should have a good guide to the Author of Waverley, but what was my astonishment on reading the work, to find not one word of the manuscript account of the real pirate Gow. Unless it were some proper names, all was the creation and composition of the Author of Waverley. I had however several marks otherwise in the names of places and circumstances which Sir Walter had got from myself, and particularly in his dimensions of the Dwarfie Stane of the Island of Hoy.

In the morning when the cabin boy Jim announced 8 o'clock to the party, he was often detained for a time with questions, when at sea, as to the state of the weather and the place of the ship. On one of these occasions Jim said there was some island sighted, upon which Sir Walter called, "What island can this be?" I said, "It must be the Stack and Skerry, but it is far out of our way." Upon which Sir Walter sprung upon deck in very light apparel and soon returned to intimate that "Jim had indeed discovered an island, which however happened to be the island of Great Britain," as we were then off Cape Wrath. "Sir Walter has beautifully described the mountain scenery upon the western coast of Sutherland and Ross shires, between Cape Wrath and the Island of Sky, a tract of about 60 miles, containing the

* But I have always heard it *Wells of Tuftalie*, and I suspect that must have been what Scott admired.—R. L. S.

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districts of Assynt, Gareloch and Applecross, which, as seen from the Lewis side of the Minch—say off Stornoway—with a setting sun, exceeds all the Mountain scenery I ever had any conception of. Sir Walter remarked that "it was within the compass of a painter's eye and was worthy of the pencil of a Claude."

Strange unclerical sculpture was seen on the church of Rondil in Harris, which afforded Sir Walter an ample field for his antiquarian lore, when he took a comparative view of the manners of the former with the present times.

As may be supposed we were kindly received at the hospitable mansion of Dunvegan Castle by "The Macleod," for so the owner is invariably termed in the highlands as chief of the clan. Knowing the value of the mountainous and sterile scenery of Corriskin to Sir Walter, the Macleod, after the boat had pushed off the shore, hailed out "Now, Stevenson, don't forget Corriskin." On landing at Corriskin, Sir Walter seemed very much struck with the wild and majestic grandeur of the place. When he could get hold of Captain Wilson (who was a short, firm-bodied man) he preferred a lean upon his shoulder in a landward* tramp to anyone else in the ship. His talk, in the phraseology of the sea, amused Sir Walter; which, sailor-like, was always frank and at command and, though not always grammatical, was ever most respectful. But at Corriskin Sir Walter soon quitted his hold and set off by himself, the Captain on a hint given following behind. On this occasion Sir Walter's pace was very unequal, sometimes slow and at others rapid, and now and then he was seen swinging his hazel stick in such a manner that to a stranger might appear unaccountable. On all occasions Sir Walter was most pointed in attending to the boat arrangements upon excursions ashore; but at Corriskin he threw us out of our time and tide reckoning. It became necessary at length to send a sailor to say that we should be too late for Strathaird's cave. When the man returned, he said that Sir Walter would be at the boat immediately, adding "it was strange that he did not look as if he knew me though he saw me coming." When he did join the party, he was still quite absorbed in thought and said little till we landed to walk over the neck of land to the cave, leaving the ship to go round the headland.

At the cave of the island of Eigg where the Macdonalds were smothered by the Macleods, Sir Walter says he quietly pocketed a skull, or at least part of one; for all the bones with which this strange place was strewed were much broken by having been trod underfoot and by this time, from the celebrity given to the cave, they are no doubt much more reduced by the steamboat visitors. The bones were all black or of a chocolate colour from the smoke of that dreadful affair. I said to Wilson (who eagerly watched over his own men that no relics might be brought on board by them) that there could be no great harm in taking a bone or two out of a place like that. He shook his head and said "G—d help me, I hope not. For in loading at Leith for Hamburgh many years since we got ballast from South Leith churchyard, when they were opening the new road. Many is the time I have thought of the confusion which this must have wrought in discharging these fragments of human bodies, some at Hamburgh and some even in America."

At Skerryvore we found the landing difficult, and the nimblest of the sailors found it a task to climb up the sloping face of the rock, and but for their assistance with the help of ropes some of the party must have been left in the boat, owing to the glassy smoothness of the rock, rendered so from being the resting place of hundreds of seals. Sir Walter was much delighted with this landing, the difficulties of which gave aditional buoyancy to his spirits. In the evening, at our "Saturday night at sea" we had the chorus of a highland song altered to "O! Skerryvore, Skerryvore!"

At Iona the ship being in a sheltered and quiet place, and [it] being Sunday, Prayers were permitted to be gone about deliberately upon the quarter-deck, which was screened round with signal flags. The Bell Rock flag was

* Country.

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spread over the companion on which the bible was laid and at which the reader stood. On either side of the deck the officers and crew in their lighthouse uniforms were ranged, and strangers in their dress coats. There was something more than usually solemn in the service of the day with the ruins of Iona in view. Just before commencing our devotional exercises, Sir Walter and Mr Erskine selected the chapters to be read, and after these words in the lighthouse prayer, "Shall not our souls pour forth abundantly the tribute of adoration to Thee whose word alone spake the universe into being," the following marginal note was written in pencil by Mr Erskine to Sir Walter's dictation, "Here also where we are placed within view of the first temple erected to the name of Christ by the hands of our forefathers, let us devoutly acknowledge the blessings which have followed the preaching of Thy word." Mr Erskine, as usual, undertook the office of reader and, following the order of prayers on board, in his emphatic manner said "Let us pray"—reading the Lord's Prayer from the sixth chapter of Matthew; then in succession he turned to the hundred and seventh psalm, twenty-fifth chapter of St Matthew and third chapter of the Epistle of James. After which he said "Let us again pray," and read the comprehensive and beautiful prayer composed by the Rev^{d} Dr Brunton in the year 1807 "For the use of those employed in the erection of the Bell Rock Lighthouse," with certain alterations to accommodate the prayer to the lighthouse service generally, and on this occasion with Sir Walter's marginal note also.

Allusion is made in Lockhart's *Life*, Vol. I. p. 239, to Sir Walter's knowledge of his bible. He certainly knew the scriptures intimately, and he brought this knowledge to bear with effect on some occasions but never otherwise than with the most reverent circumspection.

In the beautiful sail through the Sound of Mull to Oban—by far the finest track of all the sounds of the highlands—we pass along the shores of the "woody Morven," by the castles of Aros, Ardtarnish, Duart and Dunolly, and have in a distant view Dunstaffnage and the tower of Barcaldine. Most of these edifices afforded Sir Walter some interesting Tales of my Landlord for the party, as one skimmed through the sound. Few things have struck me more in Sir Walter's writings than the state and dignity with which he has clothed the dilapidated ruins of Ardtarnish in *The Lord of the Isles*, and the scenes connected with it which he has made to pass before us.

At Oban some of the party learned the melancholy news of the death of the Duchess of Buccleugh, which was carefully kept from the knowledge of Sir Walter, and was so intended to be kept till his own letters should announce the sad intelligence. But it prematurely reached his ears at Port Rush, where the Reverend Rector, Dr Richardson, brought it out as news to the party. There were other places of interest to Sir Walter which lay in the ship's track, but all these lost their effect, there was nothing now for Sir Walter but home.

On our arrival off Greenock, the steward—before the anchor was let go—was sent ashore to the Post Office and soon returned with his hands full of letters for all on board except Sir Walter. Mr McKechnie, the postmaster, a very respectable and well known man, for a brief space had happened to be out of the way—but soon came on board with many apologies for having locked up Sir Walter's letters "that he might make sure of personally delivering them to the man who had so often delighted his evening fireside." Knowing the interest of letters to voyagers he would not detain him a moment, but in making his bow requested to be allowed to leave a small box of Limes and the latest newspapers. On the postmaster's way ashore, he intimated to the vessels in the Roads generally whose letters he had been delivering, and hinted a proper compliment; so that upon [our] embarking in a steamer for Glasgow, the harbour had quite a birthday appearance with flags and streamers at the masthead. Such was the celebrity and popularity of the man!

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He was the most industrious occupier of time; he was literally "never in the state of doing nothing." He often had his portable desk up on deck when his camp stool was by no means steady, while the wind turned the leaf and the sprays from the ship's side formed a gentle aspersion upon him. As if by accident, some of the party would sometimes take a station behind him with an umbrella. I have no doubt that he had then written much of the text of the *Lord of the Isles*, and probably all the notes and the entire volumes of the *Pirate*, for his enquiries often bore upon the subject.* He occasionally introduced the exploits of Rob Roy, so that to me it was like a second reading when the novel came out. On calling one day at Castle Street, after the appearance of that work, Miss Scott in her delightful manner said "O! Mr. Stevenson, have you heard the new song of Rob Roy Macgregor?" and immediately sat down to the harp and sang it with great spirit.

Sir Walter had the happy talent of being on easy terms with all around him. When it was convenient he often took a seat in the forecastle and entered into familiar conversation with the sailors on the watch below. There was a particular seat which he occupied there which was called his Locker. In this way he used to say that "he got much information, talking with everyone in his own line of pursuit."

I might here enter upon the habits on shipboard of this party of eminent men and public characters: Of course Sir Walter was the *Star*. Knowing that they could not carry "the comforts of the Salt-Market" with them, they were happy and contented with ship's fare but little varied. Fortunately, as it happened, there was a good French cook on board, and our steward was an excellent purveyor of such good things as came in his way. The wines in use were port and sherry, good and "old in bottle;" and on Sunday, when the weather was favourable for prayers, there was a glass of claret. Often, however, when there was dampness in the air—a frequent occurrence—a little hot water mixture† was preferred by the elderly gentlemen. The habits of cleanliness were particularly attended to, and though dressing for dinner was only partial, yet on Sundays at prayers this was more attended to. Few opportunities were afforded for seabathing; but on such occasions, Sir Walter would say, "Now I have the consciousness of being clean."

At Mr Erskine's one day after dinner in the drawingroom, the proofsheet of the third canto of the *Lord of the Isles*, where Bruce meets the banditti, was read by Mr Erskine. The party, as far as I can recollect, consisted of Mrs Erskine and Lady Scott, Mr and Mrs James Watt who were at the time on a visit to Edinburgh, Sir Walter, Professor Wilson, Mr Sheriff Bruce, Mr Sheriff Hamilton and perhaps one or two others. It was noticed by those of the *sailing party* present that they had now been amply rewarded for their long detention and late dinner at Corriskin. Sir Walter took a warm interest in engineering,‡ and at Mr Erskine's enjoyed Mr Watt's conversation very much. A question having been started as to the difficulty of raising such materials as those of the ruins of Baalbec in the state of the knowledge of the ancients as to the Mechanical Powers, Mr. Watt said "This never cost me a thought; for the mind of man has been the same from Adam downward, and he would always find a means for the end he had in view."

About the time of the appearance of the *Bridal of Triermain*, Mr Erskine asked me what I heard of it? I told him that the work was pretty generally spoken of as his own production, to which he replied in his vivid manner denying the authorship and adding "I wish to God I could own it!" Mr Erskine was a man of the keenest sensibility. I happened to be with him when he received the intimation of Sir Alexander Boswell's fall in the duel with Mr Stewart of Dunearn. This sad catastrophe completely overcame him,

* My grandfather, with Lockhart at his elbow, ought to have known better.—R. L. S.

† Whiskey toddy.—R. L. S.

‡ Or at least he spoke to "everyone in his own line of pursuit?"—R. L. S.

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and his distressed manner gave me no small uneasiness at the time.

I have often regretted that I had not got permission to retain at least one of Sir Walter's crook-headed hazel sticks and other odds and ends that might have been spared when his man Macbeth left the ship with all and sundry. I never felt this oversight more sensibly than when my friend Dr Neill presented the steward of the ship with a handsomely bound small volume for one of the baronet's old *stumpy-pens* which he had left on board. I can only boast of the possession of a very small volume which Sir Walter presented me with on the voyage containing *Some account of the voyage of James V. round Scotland under the conduct of that excellent Pilot, James Lindsay.* I at one time had many notes and letters of Sir Walter's, but they have somehow or other got out of my hands.

Of his well known modesty as an Author, I may mention his once saying to me, when we were looking over the ship's quarter, "It was Erskine, Thomson, Rae, Skene and others who gave importance to my early writings, otherwise I should never have thought of publishing them." On his taking the chair of the Royal Society as President, I felt as if he were carrying this feeling too far when he came to speak of his knowledge on physical subjects. As another instance, I may also mention that, having got an admirable head of Sir Walter cut by Douchar [?] from Chantry's bust, I was showing the seal to a friend near me at the Royal Society Club; but it came to be handed from one to another, and in its circuit of the table reached Sir Walter, who giving it away said somewhat to Sir William Arbuthnot. I was anxious to know his remark, and learned afterwards that he had expressed himself in French to the effect that "the head was not worth the pains of the artist."

Of the portraits of Sir Walter, I prefer that by J. W. Gordon, with his dog Bran, painted for Mr. Robert Cadell. Captain Basil Hall carried me to see a picture of Sir Walter on the easel of his brother James in London, which I thought much of. Mr. Hall was so particular with this portrait that he had in his studio the identical green jacket which Sir Walter wore on the voyage, one of his crook-headed sticks and one of his shoes, which he had got for this picture from Mr. Lockhart. This picture has not appeared in public so far as I am aware, nor do I know for whom it was intended.

NELL GUY.

By Bliss Carman.

Now the will of the North is the will of the wind,
  At the gray world's rim where red suns die,
The wind that walks in the street and talks;
  But the heart of the North is the heart of Nell Guy.

To-day, were I master of color and line,
  I could draw you a tall girl frank and fair,
With the sway of the corn through an August morn,
  With a light in her face and a wave in her hair.

Such a fearless face with its talking eyes,
  Grave and gentle yet teasing too;
The sort of eyes, not worldly wise,
  That only light when the soul speaks through.

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But when they do talk—heart of my heart,
How you shrink in yourself, abashed and shy,
Hearing the soul of the world outroll
To bless and forgive from the lips of Nell Guy!

I with my blundering mannish whim,
She with her spirit swift as flame!
Can you not see how the world for me,
Since I knew her first, is never the same?—

How all the tumult and hate and war
Of poor mad men who sorrow and sin,—
Grope and are gone with a sigh ere the dawn,—
Is God's bad dream we wander in!

But the dream shall pass, and the dreamer awake,
In the brightening morning by and by,—
Bethink him, and then refashion us men;
All this I believe because of Nell Guy.

How else? For she never could learn it here,
That gracious abundant pitying way
Of the patient sun, with his journey done,
In giant content at another day.

And that slender artist hand of hers,
Warm as a fold in the autumn hills!
There sleeps so much, in its lingering touch,
Like the slow quiet the sunlight spills.

That were the place for a king to halt,
Sheltered and safe where the sunbeams lie;
Then out again to his marching men,
With a cheer in the night at the name of Nell Guy!

The raving tide of the rabble world,
Busy and shifting and foolish still,
Goes by her door in the city's roar,
Heedless and blind as a wind on the hill.

For what would the world with Nell, forsooth?
And what would the storm on the wild sea-line
With the buried pearl, like this mere girl,
Deep in the core of the sea's dark shine?

But wait till the sea falls! Up they come,
All the hid treasures high and dry,
Out of the deep and their ageless sleep.
So the heart of the world is the heart of Nell Guy!

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THE ART OF THE WHITE CITY.

By Will H. Low.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

IN the way west to the White City, to "the stately pleasure place decreed," where the arts of civilization by the unwritten law of International Expositions hold their court, the observant traveller finds abundant food for thought. Beyond Niagara, assuming his point of departure to be New York, he sees in the landscape through which he is whirled a continuous sweep of flat farming land, but little water; fences everywhere, trees sparsely scattered, and plain box-like houses telling only of shelter; abundant barns differing little from the dwellings, and from time to time towns of varied nomenclature ranging from Delhi to Kalamazoo. Through the horizontal blur caused by the speed of the train through which all this is seen, there appear, principally about the stations, figures which lend a languid interest to the dead level of monotony.

The human interest of the picture, however, tells the same story as the landscape — a story of hard work, of material reward, an acquiescence in the law by which labor gains bread and shelter, and little else. Occasionally, in the immediate vicinity of the stations, there is some attempt at adornment, generally confined to "tidying up" the surroundings; but around the farm-houses few or no flowers, little or no attempt to beautify the home, nothing of the almost frantic suburban effort of the East which has made the country kaleidoscopically varied with color, for the most part bad, yet giving hope that the next generation will do better, and pointing at least to a desire for beauty. Individual effort, unseen along the route, may be slandered by the preceding, but such for many monotonous miles seemed the foreground of the picture we were journeying to see.

At last a plain varied by marshes, through which boarded walks running at right angles, with an occasional house here and there, testified to the various suburban excrescences of a great city; then a dome or two, towers, flags fluttering in the sun, innumerable trains, clangor of bells and shrieking of whistles; and with Chicago seven miles away, hidden in a pall of smoke, the White City was at hand.

There are certain mastering impressions in one's life, certain scenes which stamp the memory, and, like the priceless *kakemono* which the reverent Japanese withdraws from hiding when in the mood to enjoy it, rise obedient to one's thought in aftertime. Such a memory is that of a first sunny morning in Paris: a ride from the Madeleine across the Place de la Concorde, along the Tuileries Gardens and the Louvre, across the Seine with the island and Notre Dame in the distance, and then through older Paris to the gardens of the Luxembourg. Or again, a certain early moonlit evening in Florence, with the Duomo looming at the end of the street, Giotto's Campanile standing sentinel at its side, the narrow street to the Piazza della Signoria with its Palazzo Vecchio and the Loggia dei Lanzi, thence by the side of the Uffizi to the Arno and across the Ponte Vecchio up to the Pitti Palace.

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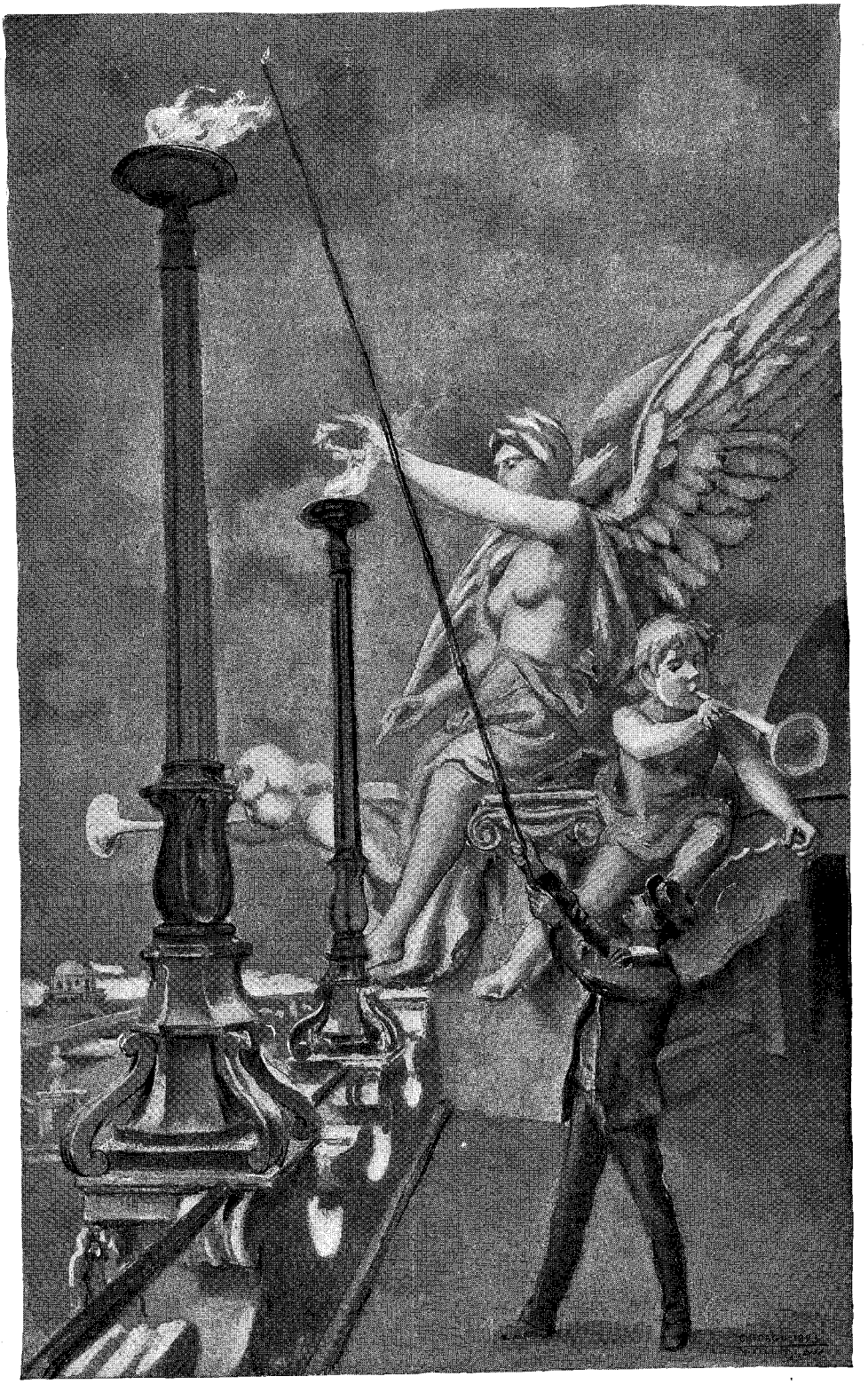

DRAWN BY WILL H. LOW.

Lighting the Natural Gas Torches on the Roof of the Administration Building.

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These memories, common to so many, are often gained on ground made familiar through study of guide-books and photographs which, instead of dulling realization, add to it the zest of more thorough appreciation. In like manner, study, discussion, photographs, and engravings prepare one for the Columbian Exposition; but the first few hours of living in its architectural dreamland gives reality to the shadowy preconception, and adds the priceless gift of another masterpiece to memory's picture-gallery.

It is probably impracticable in any case, and when we think of the transformation that this prairie has witnessed in two short years, quite impossible in the case of the Exposition, to keep the approaches of a great popular resort in any degree beautiful. Here we have on the land side of the Fair the usual assemblage of cheap shows, lemonade vendors, and the like, which line the unsightly fence and make up what a friend has dubbed the Sideway Unpleasant. The fence is hard to pardon in a land where energy is predominant, desire to do the best not wanting, and *staff* abundant. A high white wall enclosing the substantial fabric of their dream would have done much to give the western approach something of the festal magnificence which the architects have given to the entrance by the peristyle at the lake side.

But once within, to pick flaws criticism must take a higher flight than one, frankly astonished at the goodness of it all, is disposed to permit it to. Nothing is perfect in this mundane sphere, but this effort on lines as yet untrodden by these States has such measure of success that one is proud to feel that this has been done in our own time, in one's own country, by men of one's own race — the race that peoples our seaboard, fills our manufacturing towns, tills our great farms, and stretching westward extracts precious metals here and cultivates orange-groves and vineyards there; the race which is daily urged, on the "whaleback" steamer from the city to the Fair, to purchase its chewing gum before the boat starts, as none is sold after leaving the pier; the race that is so cosmopolitan, so made up from strange and opposing elements, and is withal so homogeneous, so Amer-

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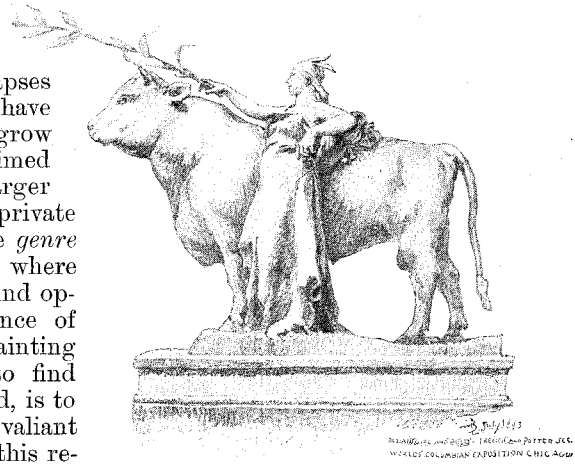
At Night on the Midway Plaisance.

ican—and proud, above all, to feel that this curious people have had, at the crucial moment, the good sense to be inconsistent, to make haste slowly, to defer to the few, to make their Exposition the most beautiful before setting to work to make it, as things needs must be here, the biggest in all creation.

To be of this race and a follower of the arts; to have noted for years the growth of public desire for art and the frequent lapses to indifference on its part; to have seen that our artists as they grow in strength and numbers claimed the right to do something larger and finer and better than the private house, the portrait statue, or the *genre* picture; and then to come here, where for the first time they have found opportunity, and where the alliance of architecture, sculpture, and painting has produced its first work, to find that first work surprisingly good, is to feel proud not alone for the valiant craftsmen who have produced this result, but for the country at large which has stood behind them, and above all for the solid men of the city of Chicago who have planned the work so bravely and so wisely. So many elements enter into an enterprise of this kind that to a community like ours (unaided by a parental government which, as in France, takes upon itself, as one of its functions, the provision of public pageant and amusement, and keeps as it were all the material in stock) the problem was more than difficult, and the solution, solved as it has been, most surprising. Eighteen months ago in Paris, as I stood with a French friend in the shadow of the Eiffel Tower, he said, indicating the colossal construction, "I suppose that at Chicago you will have a tower bigger than that, and that your exposition will be a triumph of that sort of thing." "I suppose that it may," was the answer; but the tower which is such a blot on Paris, diminishing in scale her most beautiful monuments, is nowhere to be seen in Chicago, and though the bones and sinews of the Liberal Arts building may be a "triumph of that sort of thing," its flesh of staff effectively covers and adorns it without concealment of construction or strength, but with due consideration paid to beauty.

To house the exhibits, to provide for instruction, and to make a pleasure-ground for the people (it could be urged from a utilitarian point of view) might indeed have been done more simply, or, as the phrase runs, in a more "business-



Indian Girl and Bull, modelled by French & Potter.

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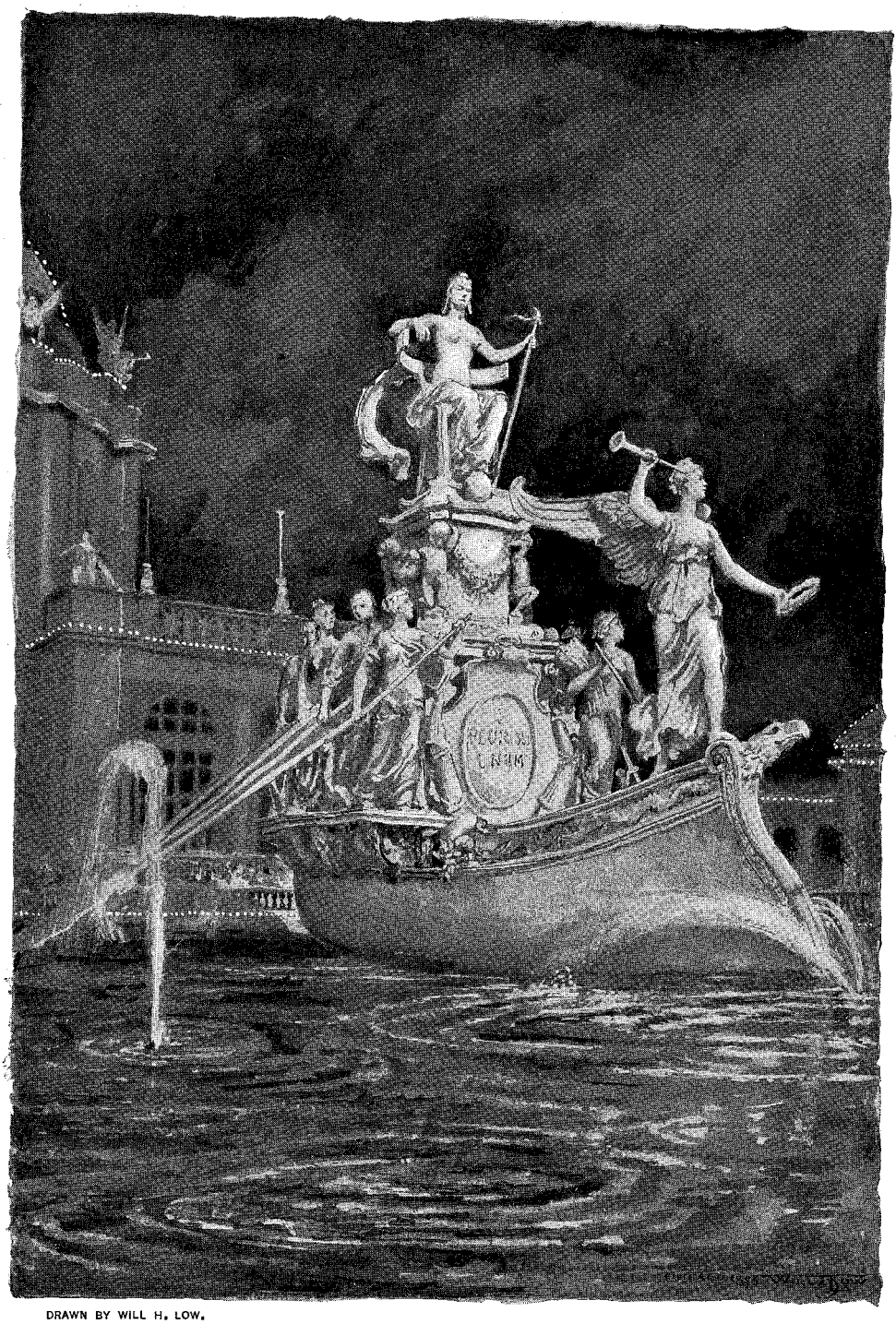

DRAWN BY WILL H. LOW.

Central Portion of MacMonnies Fountain—Effect of Electric-light.

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like" way. One rugged old farmer I overheard, as I stood leaning on the balustrade at the back of the MacMonnies fountain, as he pulled his wife away from the contemplation of the charming group of mermaids and seababies who disport themselves in the wake of Columbia's triumphal galley, "Come along, Maria, I never see no use in them things; women with fishes' tails." Maria went along, but I fancied that Maria's daughter lingered a moment, and she may have found the "use" of the artist in the social system. At any rate, the Chicago business man who individually and collectively represents the controlling power of this vast enterprise knew the use of beauty, and with the sagacity born of commercial success called to his aid the men most eminent in their professions, and then—left them alone.

Arguing without absolute knowledge, is it not easy to imagine that many times during the two years spent in constructing these superb structures, the heart of the business man must have failed him in seeing this child of his creation grow in beauty and strength to be sure, but at a cost of so many millions? No record exists, it is safe to say, of any questioning. The artists had been called in, they were doing their work loyally; and no less loyally, through financial crisis, business depression, and public indifference, the business man performed his part of the contract. He had pledged himself to the whole country to do his best, the pledge had been given and accepted in the hour when he bore the coveted privilege to hold the Exposition away from competing cities, and the Court of Honor shows how well the pledge has been kept. A detail of organization, one of the many which would make the history of the Exposition most interesting if written, was told the other day, and is so characteristic of the spirit in which the Fair has been put through, that it is worth incorporating here. At a time when the Exposition had reached the limits of all possible insurance, when every sound insurance company in the world was carrying all the risks it was able to take, the Exposition concluded to do its own insurance, the details of which procedure need not be gone into here. At this time there were a number of pictures, about nine in all, which had been promised for the Loan Collection of Foreign Masterpieces, and were not forthcoming because of the inability of the Exposition to procure special insurance policies which had been promised when, long before, the owners of the pictures had consented to lend them. There seemed no way out of the difficulty, when the simple question was asked of the head of the Art Department, if it was essential to the completeness of the Loan Collection that these pictures should be in it? To which was answered, that if not essential, it was at least desirable; whereat this business man gave instructions that the owners of the pictures be at once communicated with and informed that he would personally guarantee them against loss if they would allow the pictures to come. As this little show of public spirit involved a personal liability of over two hundred thousand dollars, the figures may be considered eloquent enough to find place in such a paper as this.

The wisdom of a large policy is to be found on every hand. The Exposition has been called a dream, and as it is so soon to vanish may well be one; but if the intent had been to deceive, it could hardly have been made more deceptive. To one in the gondolas or the launches speeding between these walls, they stand as though for all time; and for one walking in the long arcades, detail and veracity of construction force themselves on the attention most plausibly. It has been too often described how the architects, adopting certain dimensions, have obtained a conformity of effect; but that once obtained, they have shown the greatest freedom, and though all of them are men of many works, they have never perhaps been more happily inspired. The Administration building is the appropriate crown to the buildings leading up to it, and Mr. McKim's Agricultural building is characterized by great charm of proportion, and though heavily charged with sculptured decoration is in no wise overloaded. In addition to the very decorative sculptures due to Mr. Martiny, there is

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on this building some of the most satisfactory ornament in purely classical vein that I can remember on any modern structure. In fact, though the treatment of this group of buildings is thoroughly classic, it is pleasant to record the belief that in no other country would the traditions have been so well observed and at the same time so revivified as in ours. Our men owe their education to the Old World, chiefly to France; but it seems as though a certain separation from the influences of their schools had given them an independence which their foreign schoolmates lack. It is probable that had Paris in 1889 adopted the programme followed here the result would have been as correct, as thorough, as noble as this; but the result as a whole would have been colder, and lacking in the individual character observable here, where every man seems to continue the tradition rather than follow it. Mr. Post had long accustomed us to his capacity to build big and well; but never to build so big and so well as in the Liberal Arts building. When sailing along the lake-front one appreciates the immensity of the structure, which seems to equal that of all the other buildings combined; but near at hand one feels its beauty more than its bigness, and the simplicity by which this result is arrived at. The portals, taking almost all the decorative features, are admirable. Mr. Atwood's Fine Arts building is perhaps the best where all is so good, owing almost nothing to its decorative features—which, as the building is to be permanent, one may hope to see changed. The frieze of the Parthenon should hardly be borrowed to grace so fine a modern building. At night Mr. Atwood's building is seen in all its beauty of proportion, and the nights when it is illuminated best of all. The torches running along the top of the building burn great flames of natural gas, and the illumination is at once simple and effective. On the roof of the Administration building something of the same effect is obtained in conjunction with the electric light outlining the dome; but as the torches on the Fine Arts building are seen against the sky, the effect is finer.

Night and electric light play a great part in the spectacular side of the Fair. Solomon in all his glory never saw such a sight as the plain people of this continent have had on illumination nights this summer. Innumerable incandescent lights sparkle along the cornices and pediments; the top of the wall inclosing the grand basin is outlined in fire; search-lights from the top of the Liberal Arts building cut their wide swaths of light in gigantic circles, resting for a moment here and there to bring out now this detail or to throw into dazzling relief a sculptured figure or beast. It lingers longest on MacMonnies's fountain, the fitting jewel resting lightly on the bosom of this Venetian beauty whom but yesterday we called Chicago; and well it may, as in a degree the fountain is the *clou* of the Exposition. It seems but fair to call this fountain the most important of all the decorative sculptures. Every exposition has its great fountain, and the choice of Mr. MacMonnies to execute this one was most happy. Our sculptors as a rule have had too little opportunity to exercise the decorative side of their art, and we do not possess as does France a small army of sculptors who can be, as they were in '89, turned loose to decorate a great exposition with groups and figures. It demands not only a decorative instinct but practice as well, a certain habit of and delight in handling huge masses of form which men who are capable perhaps of graver and more ponderated work may lack or have lost. Thus fifteen years ago Saint-Gaudens, fresh from school and filled with its traditions, would have in the course of natural selection been the man for the work; but with years and widening experience it is a question whether he would have undertaken to design and carry out in the short space of time that which his brilliant pupil has undertaken and carried through with all the audacity and fire of youth, tempered by a delicacy of taste which gives it after all its greatest value. Anything more typical of the youth and hope which we fondly believe to be the characteristic of our nation is hard to conceive; and if, as is to

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be so greatly desired, the monument is to be made permanent (which the completeness of the modelling of individual parts, an unusual quality in works like this, would render easy), it might well stand to represent an era. Mr. French's massive and dignified figure of America may be taken as the matron of this generation, tried and made strong through war; but MacMonnies's epitome of youth represents the future of our as yet experimental civilization, and though the boat is propelled by the arts and sciences, it is the young girl who fills such a large part in our experiment who is really to the fore. It is Smith and Wellesley who row with the young girl enthroned; and *vogue la galère*, with pleasant waters ahead and a safe port at last!

Of Mr. Saint-Gaudens we have only a figure of Columbus, which he has signed in collaboration with another of his pupils, Miss Mary G. Lawrence. It is a good exemplification of what has already been said that at the first glance this figure seems almost out of place here. It is of a character—the highest character—of work which depends on the most serious study. Conception and pose are reduced to the simplest, almost archaic form, and while it does not seem quite as successful, it is of the same family as the Lincoln here in Chicago or the Deacon Chapin in Springfield. The best of the sculpture here, while subject to the limitations twice mentioned, has perhaps gained a quality more essentially American by the absence of what may be called the ready-made decorative quality. The quadriga on the peristyle, by French and Potter, the Indian girl and the bull, and indeed all the figures and animals at which these artists have worked together, are thoroughly satisfactory as decoration, and more native and appropriate to our soil than the lighter touch and greater facility of the sculpture at the exhibition on the Champ de Mars would have been.

The painters of the band of allied artists had the more difficult task. In the first place our country has arbitrarily forced our painters to work on a miniature scale, and with little exception our men affronted their task with theory and enthusiasm as their preparation. The sculptors had at least the practice of modelling large works; but with the exception of Mr. Maynard, who has taken Pompeian motives and given us under the porches of the Agricultural building a thoroughly architectural and adequate decoration in which his past experience has rendered him service, the painters were virtually winning their first spurs. Taking this into consideration their success is marked. Tried by the standard that the space allotted to a decoration should be filled, and filled by a composition which could not serve within any other shaped space than that for which it is devised, Mr. Blashfield's seems the most successful. In addition to this quality it has great charm of color and dignity of conception, which latter quality, combined with clean, workmanlike drawing, is shared by Mr. Cox. Mr. Reid's and Mr. Weir's domes also have charming qualities, while Mr. Shirlaws gives one the impression of a complete mastery of his scheme and intention. At the southern end of the Liberal Arts building, Mr. Melchers and Mr. McEwen have large compositions, those of the latter being marked perhaps by the greater individuality; but while they are all (each painter having two compositions) executed in a very able manner, they seem somewhat lacking in spontaneity. In another part of the grounds in the Women's building the feminine contingent makes a brave show. Mrs. MacMonnies here leads the van with a composition sober in line and excellent in color. Miss Cassatt, having apparently defied the laws of decoration, has divided her space in three parts, in each of which she has painted pictures which, from her previous work, must be judged to be of excellent quality, but which, from the height at which they are seen and by reason of the small scale of the figures, are virtually lost. But this partial and cursory enumeration of what may be seen at the Fair could be continued beyond the limits of an article like this, and still leave unnamed and apparently unappreciated much that is admirable and more that is hopeful. Of the delights of living in the midst of this, of

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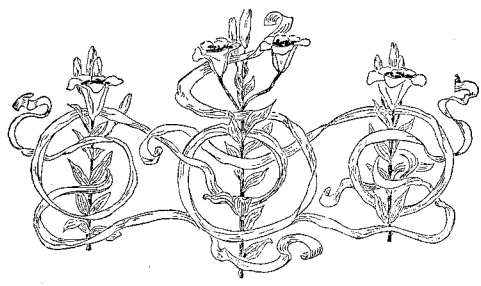
seeing our people in holiday trim and, albeit, taking their pleasure somewhat sadly and getting as much instruction combined with it as possible, still enjoying it, much could be said. No mention has been made of the State buildings, which give, however, so much character to the grounds. New York's imperial palace, bright and luxurious, is flanked on one side by Massachusetts's staid and trim reproduction of John Hancock's mansion, with additions of a character which must temper the smile of gentle reproof with which it regards its frivolous neighbor; while on the other stands Pennsylvania's broad piazzaed home which shelters the Liberty bell. New Jersey reproduces a colonial "Head-quarters" mansion, and Washington is big and new and booming; California shows her fruits and extols her wines in a low-lying structure which recalls the *adobe* missions of her first settlers; and each and every State has here its home, first for its own people and then for the neighbors. Strange neighbors we have too, for the Midway Plaisance is not far away with its turbaned, sandalled, greased, and befeathered inhabitants, with its German and Austrian bands, its great difference of tongues and great similarity of *cuisine*. The out-door life which is made so much of in Europe here seems unappreciated; the numberless cafés and out-of-door restaurants which make up so much of the comfort with which one sees an exposition there still "leave to be desired" here. But these are details and of things earthy. The moral of the tale is short and easily read.

Our work-a-day nation awakened, it has been frequently said, to knowledge of the existence of art as a factor in life at Philadelphia seventeen years ago, and here and now attains as it were its majority. We may leave out our exhibit in the Fine Arts building proper, with the mere registration of the fact that by general consent it holds its own as well or better than close students of our art have known that it has done for several years past. The exhibitions, or that part controlled by the Columbian Commission, is our best sign of progress, nay, of achievement. It has proved that throughout the land when occasion arises to build, to carve, or to paint, we have the men to do it. Art hath her victories no less than commerce; the qualities which have given us our place among nations, now that the struggle is past, are turned in gentler paths; and that which was prophecy so short a time ago is now truth realized:

"Following the sun, westward the march of power,
The rose of might blooms in our new-world mart;
But see just bursting forth from bud to flower
A late, slow growth, the fairer rose of art."



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SHRIVEN.

A.D. 1425.

By H. C. Bunner.

"After he had given his final directions, he asked his physicians how long they thought he might live. And when they told him, 'About two hours,' he shut out from his thoughts every earthly care, and spent his remaining moments in devotion."

I HAVE let the world go.
That's the door that closed
Behind the holy father. I am shrived.
All's done—all's said—all's shaped and rounded out—
And one hour yet to wait for death. Good Lord!
How easy 'twas to let this vain life go!
Why, I protest, I who have fought for life
These fifty years, more times than I would count,
I gave the poor thing up but now as though
I toss'd away a shilling—ask the priest!
I gave up life as lightly as I gave him
For an altar-cloth that scarf of cloth of gold
The King bound round my arm at Agincourt.

. . . . . .

One hour—one hour! and then a tug o' the heart
And I shall see the saints. How plain they make it,
These honest men of God! Was it at Lisle
I met that paunchy little yellow friar,
Like Cupid in a cassock with the jaundice,
And played at cards with him two days together?
Stay, 'twas at Calais, where I fought the count—
By 'r Lady, but they mock'd him!—'twas at Calais—
Now had I had some converse with that brother
It might have been the better for my soul.
Though 'tis all one, I take it, now. . . . The Abbess!
He told a master story of an Abbess—
An Abbess and a Clerk—but godly talk,
If I remember me aright . . . we had not.

. . . . . .

Ay, 'tis fair lying here, to watch the sun
Creep up yon wall. I would that I had thought
To give that priest the ruby in my hilt
To buy him better store of sacred oil—
The anointed go to Paradise, methinks,
Something too rancid-flavored.
What's the clock?
This hour's too full of minutes—minutes—minutes.
Ah, well, I have done with time. 'Tis but an hour.
I have let the world go.
Would my dog were here!

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THE COPPERHEAD.

By Harold Frederic.

IX.

THE next day, Saturday, was my birthday. I celebrated it by a heavy cold, with a bursting headache and chills chasing each other down my back. I went out to the cow-barn with the two men before daylight, as usual, but felt so bad that I had to come back to the house before milking was half over. The moment M'rye saw me, I was ordered on to the sick-list.

The Beech homestead was a good place to be sick in. Both M'rye and Janey had a talent in the way of fixing up tasty little dishes for invalids, and otherwise ministering to their comfort, which year after year went a-begging, simply because all the men-folk kept so well. Therefore, when the rare opportunity did arrive, they made the most of it. I had my feet and legs put into a bucket of hot water, and wrapped round with burdock leaves. Janey prepared for my breakfast some soft toast — not the insipid and common milk-toast — but each golden-brown slice treated separately on a plate, first moistened with scalding water, then peppered, salted, and buttered, with a little cold milk on top of all. I ate this sumptuous breakfast at my leisure, ensconced in M'rye's big cushioned rocking-chair, with my feet and legs, well tucked up in a blanket-shawl, stretched out on another chair, comfortably near the stove.

It was taken for granted that I had caught my cold out around the bonfire the previous evening—and this conviction threw a sort of patriotic glamour about my illness, at least in my own mind.

The bonfire had been a famous success. Though there was a trifle of rain in the air, the barrels and mossy discarded old fence-rails burned like pitch-pine, and when Hurley and I threw on armfuls of brush, the sparks burst up with a roar into a flaming column which we felt must be visible all over our side of Dearborn County. At all events, there was no doubt about its being seen and understood down at the Corners, for presently our enemies there started an answering bonfire, which glowed from time to time with such a peculiarly concentrated radiance that Abner said Lee Watkins must have given them some of his kerosene-oil barrels. The thought of such a sacrifice as this on the part of the postmaster rather disturbed Abner's mind, raising, as it did, the hideous suggestion that possibly later returns might have altered the election results. But when Hurley and I dragged forward and tipped over into the blaze the whole side of an old abandoned corn-crib, and heaped dry brush on top of that, till the very sky seemed afire above us, and the stubble-fields down the hill-side were all ruddy in the light, Abner confessed himself reassured. Our enthusiasm was so great that it was nearly ten o'clock before we went to bed, having first put the fire pretty well out, lest a rising wind during the night should scatter sparks and work mischief.

I had all these splendid things to think of next day, along with my headache and the shivering spine, and they tipped the balance toward satisfaction. Shortly after breakfast M'rye made a flaxseed poultice and muffled it flabbily about my neck, and brought me also some boneset-tea to drink. There was a debate in the air as between castor-oil and senna, fragments of which were borne in to me when the kitchen-door was open. The Underwood girl alarmed me by steadily insisting that her sister-in-law always broke up sick-headaches with a mustard-plaster put raw on the back of the neck. Every once in a while one of them would come in and address to me the stereotyped formula: "Feel any better?"

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and I as invariably answered, "No." In reality, though, I was lazily comfortable all the time, with Lossing's "Field-Book of the War of 1812" lying open on my lap, to look at when I felt inclined. This book was not nearly so interesting as the one about the Revolution, but a grandfather of mine had marched as a soldier up to Sackett's Harbor in the later war, though he did not seem to have had any fighting to do after he got there, and in my serious moods I always felt it my duty to read about his war instead of the other.

So the day passed along, and dusk began to gather in the living-room. The men were off out-doors somewhere, and the girls were churning in the butter-room. M'rye had come in with her mending, and sat on the opposite side of the stove, at intervals casting glances over its flat top to satisfy herself that my poultice had not sagged down from its proper place, and that I was in other respects doing as well as could be expected.

Conversation between us was hardly to be thought of, even if I had not been so drowsily indolent. M'rye was not a talker, and preferred always to sit in silence, listening to others, or, better still, going on at her work with no sounds at all to disturb her thoughts. These long periods of meditation, and the sedate gaze of her black, penetrating eyes, gave me the feeling that she must be much wiser than other women, who could not keep still at all, but gabbled everything the moment it came into their heads.

We had sat thus for a long, long time, until I began to wonder how she could sew in the waning light, when all at once, without lifting her eyes from her work, she spoke to me.

"D' you know where Ni Hagadorn's gone to?" she asked me, in a measured, impressive voice.

"He—he—told me he was a-goin' away," I made answer, with weak evasiveness.

"But where? Down South?" She looked up, as I hesitated, and flashed that darkling glance of hers at me. "Out with it!" she commanded. "Tell me the truth!"

Thus adjured, I promptly admitted that Ni had said he was going South, and could work his way somehow. "He's gone, you know," I added, after a pause, "to try and find—that is, to hunt around after——"

"Yes, I know," said M'rye, sententiously, and another long silence ensued.

She rose after a time, and went out into the kitchen, returning with the lighted lamp. She set this on the table, putting the shade down on one side so that the light should not hurt my eyes, and resumed her mending. The yellow glow thus falling upon her gave to her dark, severe, high-featured face a duskier effect than ever. It occurred to me that Molly Brant, that mysteriously fascinating and bloody Mohawk queen who left such an awful reddened mark upon the history of her native Valley, must have been like our M'rye. My mind began sleepily to clothe the farmer's wife in blankets and chains of wampum, with eagles' feathers in her raven hair, and then to drift vaguely off over the threshold of Indian dreamland, when suddenly, with a start, I became conscious that some unexpected person had entered the room by the veranda-door behind me.

The rush of cold air from without had awakened me and told me of the entrance. A glance at M'rye's face revealed the rest. She was staring at the newcomer with a dumfounded expression of countenance, her mouth half-open with sheer surprise. Still staring, she rose and tilted the lamp-shade in yet another direction, so that the light was thrown upon the stranger. At this I turned in my chair to look.

It was Esther Hagadorn who had come in!

There was a moment's awkward silence, and then the school-teacher began hurriedly to speak. "I saw you were alone from the veranda—I was so nervous, it never occurred to me to rap—the curtains being up—I—I walked straight in."

As if in comment upon this statement, M'rye marched across the room, and pulled down both curtains over the veranda windows. With her hand still upon the cord of the second shade,

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she turned and again dumbly surveyed her visitor.

Esther flushed visibly at this reception, and had to choke down the first words that came to her lips. Then she went on better: "I hope you'll excuse my rudeness. I really did forget to rap. I came upon very special business. Is Ab—Mr. Beech at home?"

"Won't you sit down?" said M'rye, with a glum effort at civility. "I expect him in presently."

The school-ma'am, displaying some diffidence, seated herself in the nearest chair, and gazed at the wall-paper with intentness. She had never seemed to notice me at all—indeed had spoken of seeing M'rye alone through the window—and I now coughed, and stirred to readjust my poultice, but she did not look my way. M'rye had gone back to her chair by the stove, and taken up her mending again.

"You'd better lay off your things. You won't feel 'em when you go out," she remarked, after an embarrassing period of silence, investing the formal phrases with chilling intention.

Esther made a fumbling motion at the loop of her big mink cape, but did not unfasten it.

"I—I don't know *what* you think of me," she began, at last, and then nervously halted.

"Mebbe it's just as well you don't," said M'rye, significantly, darning away with long sweeps of her arm, and bending attentively over her stocking and ball.

"I can understand your feeling hard," Esther went on, still eying the sprawling blue figures on the wall, and plucking with her fingers at the furry tails on her cape. "And—I *am* to blame, *some*, I can see now—but it didn't seem so, *then*, to either of us."

"It ain't no affair of mine," remarked M'rye, when the pause came "but if that's your business with Abner, you won't make much by waitin'. Of course it's nothing to me, one way or t' other."

Not another word was exchanged for a long time. From where I sat I could see the girl's lips tremble, as she looked steadfastly into the wall. I felt certain that M'rye was darning the same place over and over again, so furiously did she keep her needle flying.

All at once she looked up angrily. "Well," she said, in loud, bitter tones: "Why not out with what you've come to say, 'n' be done with it? You've heard something, *I* know!"

Esther shook her head. "No, Mrs. Beech," she said, with a piteous quaver in her voice, "I—I haven't heard anything!"

The sound of her own broken utterances seemed to affect her deeply. Her eyes filled with tears, and she hastily got out a handkerchief from her muff, and began drying them. She could not keep from sobbing aloud a little.

M'rye deliberately took another stocking from the heap in the basket, fitted it over the ball, and began a fresh task—all without a glance at the weeping girl.

Thus the two women still sat, when Janey came in to lay the table for supper. She lifted the lamp off to spread the cloth, and put it on again; she brought in plates and knives and spoons, and arranged them in their accustomed places—all the while furtively regarding Miss Hagadorn with an incredulous surprise. When she had quite finished she went over to her mistress and, bending low, whispered so that we could all hear quite distinctly: "Is *she* goin' to stay to supper?"

M'rye hesitated, but Esther lifted her head and put down the handkerchief instantly. "Oh, no!" she said, eagerly: "Don't think of it! I must hurry home as soon as I've seen Mr. Beech." Janey went out with an obvious air of relief.

Presently there was a sound of heavy boots out in the kitchen being thrown on to the floor, and then Abner came in. He halted in the doorway, his massive form seeming to completely fill it, and devoted a moment or so to taking in the novel spectacle of a neighbor under his roof. Then he advanced, walking obliquely till he could see distinctly the face of the visitor. It stands to reason that he must have been surprised, but he gave no sign of it.

"How d' do, Miss," he said, with grave politeness, coming up and offering her his big hand.

Esther rose abruptly, peony-red with pleasurable confusion, and took the

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hand stretched out to her. "How d' do, Mr. Beech," she responded with eagerness, "I—I came up to see you—a—about something that's very pressing."

"It's blowing up quite a gale outside," the farmer remarked, evidently to gain time the while he scanned her face in a solemn, thoughtful way, noting, I doubt not, the swollen eyelids and stains of tears, and trying to guess her errand. "Shouldn't wonder if we had a foot o' snow before morning."

The school-teacher seemed in doubt how best to begin what she had to say, so that Abner had time, after he lifted his inquiring gaze from her, to run a master's eye over the table.

"Have Janey lay another place!" he said, with authoritative brevity.

As M'rye rose to obey, Esther broke forth: "Oh, no, please don't! Thank you so much, Mr. Beech—but really I can't stop—truly, I mustn't think of it."

The farmer merely nodded a confirmation of his order to M'rye, who hastened out to the kitchen.

"It'll be there for ye, anyway," he said. "Now set down again, please."

It was all as if he was the one who had the news to tell, so naturally did he take command of the situation. The girl seated herself, and the farmer drew up his armchair and planted himself before her, keeping his stockinged feet under the rungs for politeness' sake.

"Now, Miss," he began, just making it civilly plain that he preferred not to utter her hated paternal name, "I don't know no more'n a babe unborn what's brought you here. I'm sure, from what I know of ye, that you wouldn't come to this house jest for the sake of comin', or to argy things that can't be, an' mustn't be, argied. In one sense, we ain't friends of yours here, and there's a heap o' things that you an' me don't want to talk about, because they'd only lead to bad feelin', an' so we'll leave 'em all severely alone. But in another way, I've always had a liking for you. You're a smart girl, an' a scholar into the bargain, an' there ain't so many o' that sort knockin' around in these parts that a man like myself, who's fond o' books an' learnin', wants to be unfriendly to them there is. So now you can figure out pretty well where the chalk line lays, and we'll walk on it."

Esther nodded her head. "Yes, I understand," she remarked, and seemed not to dislike what Abner had said.

"That being so, what is it?" the farmer asked, with his hands on his knees.

"Well, Mr. Beech," the school-teacher began, noting with a swift side-glance that M'rye had returned, and was herself rearranging the table. "I don't think you can have heard it, but some important news has come in during the day. There seems to be different stories, but the gist of them is that a number of the leading Union generals have been discovered to be traitors, and McClellan has been dismissed from his place at the head of the army, and ordered to return to his home in New Jersey under arrest, and they say others are to be treated in the same way, and Fath—*some* people think it will be a hanging matter, and——"

Abner waved all this aside with a motion of his hand. "It don't amount to a hill o' beans," he said, placidly. "It's jest spite, because we licked 'em at the elections. Don't you worry your head about *that!*"

Esther was not reassured. "That isn't all," she went on, nervously. "They say there's been discovered a big conspiracy, with secret sympathizers all over the North."

"Pooh!" commented Abner. "We've heer'n tell o' that before!"

"All over the North," she continued, "with the intention of bringing across infected clothes from Canada, and spreading the small-pox among us, and——"

The farmer laughed outright; a laugh embittered by contempt. "What cock-'n'-bull story'll be hatched next!" he said. "You don't mean to say you—a girl with a head on her shoulders like *you*—give ear to such tomfoolery as that! Come, now, honest Injin, do you mean to tell me *you* believed all this?"

"It don't so much matter, Mr. Beech," the girl replied, raising her face to his, and speaking more confidently—"it don't matter at all what I believe. I'm talking of what they believe down at the Corners."

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"The Corners be jiggered!" exclaimed Abner, politely, but with emphasis.

Esther rose from the chair. "Mr. Beech," she declared, impressively; "they're coming up here to-night! That bonfire of yours made 'em mad. It's no matter how I learned it — it wasn't from father—I don't know that he knows anything about it, but they're coming *here!* and—and Heaven only knows what they're going to do when they get here!"

The farmer rose also, his huge figure towering above that of the girl, as he looked down at her over his beard. He no longer dissembled his stockinged-feet. After a moment's pause he said: "So that's what you came to tell me, eh?"

The school-ma'am nodded her head. "I couldn't bear not to," she explained, simply.

"Well, I'm obleeged to ye!" Abner remarked, with gravity. "Whatever comes of it, I'm obleeged to ye!"

He turned at this, and walked slowly out into the kitchen, leaving the door open behind him. "Pull on your boots again!" we heard him say, presumably to Hurley. In a minute or two he returned, with his own boots on, and bearing over his arm the old double-barrelled shot-gun which always hung above the kitchen mantel-piece. In his hands he had two shot-flasks, the little tobacco-bag full of buckshot, and a powder-horn. He laid these on the open shelf of the bookcase, and, after fitting fresh caps on the nipples put the gun beside them.

"I'd be all the more sot on your stayin' to supper," he remarked, looking again at Esther, "only if there *should* be any unpleasantness, why, I'd hate like sin to have you mixed up in it. You see how I'm placed."

Esther did not hesitate a moment. She walked over to where M'rye stood by the table replenishing the butter-plate. "I'd be very glad indeed to stay, Mr. Beech," she said, with winning frankness, "if I may."

"There's the place laid for you," commented M'rye, impassively. Then, catching her husband's eye, she added the perfunctory assurance, "You're entirely welcome."

Hurley and the girls came in now, and all except me took their seats about the table. Both Abner and the Irishman had their coats on, out of compliment to company. M'rye brought over a thick slice of fresh buttered-bread with brown sugar on it, and a cup of weak tea, and put them beside me on a chair. Then the evening meal went forward, the farmer talking in a fragmentary way about the crops and the weather. Save for an occasional response from our visitor, the rest maintained silence. The Underwood girl could not keep her fearful eyes from the gun lying on the bookcase, and protested that she had no appetite, but Hurley ate vigorously, and had a smile on his wrinkled and swarthy little face.

The wind outside whistled shrilly at the windows, rattling the shutters, and trying its force in explosive blasts which seemed to rock the house on its stone foundations. Once or twice it shook the veranda-door with such violence that the folk at the table instinctively lifted their heads, thinking someone was there.

Then, all at once, above the confusion of the storm's noises, we heard a voice rise, high and clear, crying:

"*Smoke the damned Copperhead out!*"

X.

"That was Roselle Upman that hollered," remarked Janey Wilcox, breaking the agitated silence which had fallen upon the supper-table. "You can tell it's him because he's had all his front teeth pulled out."

"I wasn't born in the woods to be skeert by an owl!" replied Abner, with a great show of tranquillity, helping himself to another slice of bread. "Miss, you ain't half makin' out a supper!"

But this bravado could not maintain itself. In another minute there came a loud chorus of angry yells, heightened at its finish by two or three pistol-shots. Then Abner pushed back his chair and rose slowly to his feet, and the rest sprang up all around the table.

"Hurley," said the farmer, speaking as deliberately as he knew how, doubtless with the idea of reassuring the

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others, "you go out into the kitchen with the women folks, an' bar the woodshed door, an' bring in the axe with you to stan' guard over the kitchen door. I'll look out for this part o' the house myself."

"I want to stay in here with you, Abner," said M'rye.

"No, you go out with the others!" commanded the master with firmness, and so they all filed out with no hint whatever of me. The shadow of the lamp-shade had cut me off altogether from their thoughts.

Perhaps it is not surprising that my recollections of what now ensued should lack definiteness and sequence. The truth is, that my terror at my own predicament, sitting there with no covering for my feet and calves but the burdock leaves and that absurd shawl, swamped everything else in my mind. Still, I do remember some of it.

Abner strode across to the bookcase and took up the gun, his big thumb resting determinedly on the hammers. Then he marched to the door, threw it wide open, and planted himself on the threshold, looking out into the darkness.

"What's your business here, whoever you are?" he called out, in deep defiant tones.

"We've come to take you an' Paddy out for a little ride on a rail!" answered the same shrill, mocking voice we had heard at first. Then others took up the hostile chorus. "We've got some pitch a-heatin' round in the back yard!" "You won't catch cold; there's plenty o' feathers!" "Tell the Irishman here's some more ears for him to chaw on!" "Come out an' take your Copperhead medicine!"

There were yet other cries which the howling wind tore up into inarticulate fragments, and then a scattering volley of cheers, again emphasized by pistol-shots. While the crack of these still chilled my blood, a more than usually violent gust swooped round Abner's burly figure, and blew out the lamp.

Terrifying as the first instant of utter darkness was, the second was recognizable as a relief. I at once threw myself out of the chair, and crept along back of the stove to where my stockings and boots had been put to dry. These I hastened, with much trembling awkwardness, to pull on, taking pains to keep the big square old stove between me and that open veranda door.

"Guess we won't take no ride to-night!" I heard Abner roar out, after the shouting had for the moment died away.

"You got to have one!" came back the original voice. "It's needful for your complaint!"

"I've got somethin' here that'll fit *your* complaint!" bellowed the farmer, raising his gun. "Take warnin'—the first cuss that sets foot on this stoop, I'll bore a four-inch hole clean through him. I've got squirrel shot, an' I've got buck-shot, an' there's plenty more behind—so take your choice!"

There were a good many derisive answering yells and hoots, and someone again fired a pistol in the air, but nobody offered to come up on the veranda.

Emboldened by this, I stole across the room now to one of the windows, and lifting a corner of the shade, strove to look out. At first there was nothing whatever to be seen in the utter blackness. Then I made out some faint reddish sort of diffused light in the upper air, which barely sufficed to indicate the presence of some score or more dark figures out in the direction of the pump. Evidently they *had* built a fire around in the back yard, as they said—probably starting it there so that its light might not disclose their identity.

This looked as if they really meant to tar-and-feather Abner and Hurley. The expression was familiar enough to my ears, and, from pictures in stray illustrated weeklies that found their way to the Corners, I had gathered some general notion of the procedure involved. The victim was stripped, I knew, and daubed over with hot melted pitch; then a pillow-case of feathers was emptied over him, and he was forced astride a fence-rail, which the rabble hoisted on their shoulders and ran about with. But my fancy balked at and refused the task of imagining Abner Beech in this humiliating posture. At least it was clear to my mind that a good many fierce and bloody things would happen first.

Apparently this had become clear to

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the throng outside, as well. Whole minutes had gone by, and still no one mounted the veranda to seek close quarters with the farmer—who stood braced with his legs wide apart, bare-headed and erect, the wind blowing his huge beard sidewise over his shoulder.

"Well! ain't none o' you a-comin'?" he called out at last, with impatient sarcasm. "Thought you was so sot on takin' me out an' havin' some fun with me!" After a brief pause, another taunt occurred to him. "Why, even the niggers you're so in love with," he shouted, "they ain't such dod-rotted cowards as you be!"

A general movement was discernible among the shadowy forms outside. I thought for the instant that it meant a swarming attack upon the veranda. But no! suddenly it had grown much lighter, and the mob was moving away toward the rear of the house. The men were shouting things to one another, but the wind for the moment was at such a turbulent pitch that all their words were drowned. The reddened light waxed brighter still—and now there was nobody to be seen at all from the window.

"Hurry here! Mr. Beech! *We're all afire!*" cried a frightened voice in the room behind me.

It may be guessed how I turned.

The kitchen door was open, and the figure of a woman stood on the threshold, indefinitely black against a strange yellowish-drab half light which framed it. This woman—one knew from the voice that it was Esther Hagadorn—seemed to be wringing her hands.

"Hurry! Hurry!" she cried again, and I could see now that the little passage was full of gray luminous smoke, which was drifting past her into the living-room. Even as I looked, it had half obscured her form, and was rolling in, in waves.

Abner had heard her, and strode across the room now, gun still in hand, into the thick of the smoke, pushing Esther before him and shutting the kitchen door with a bang as he passed through. I put in a terrified minute or two alone in the dark, amazed and half-benumbed by the confused sounds that at first came from the kitchen, and by the horrible suspense, when a still more sinister silence ensued. Then there rose a loud crackling noise, like the incessant popping of some giant variety of corn. The door burst open again, and M'rye's tall form seemed literally flung into the room by the sweeping volume of dense smoke which poured in. She pulled the door to behind her—then gave a snarl of excited emotion at seeing me by the dusky reddened radiance which began forcing its way from outside through the holland window shades.

"Light the lamp, you gump!" she commanded, breathlessly, and fell with fierce concentration upon the task of dragging furniture out from the bedroom. I helped her in a frantic, bewildered fashion, after I had lighted the lamp, which flared and smoked without its shade, as we toiled. M'rye seemed all at once to have the strength of a dozen men. She swung the ponderous chest of drawers out end on end; she fairly lifted the still bigger bookcase, after I had hustled the books out on to the table; she swept off the bedding, slashed the cords, and jerked the bed-posts and side-pieces out of their connecting sockets with furious energy, till it seemed as if both rooms must have been dismantled in less time than I have taken to tell of it.

The crackling overhead had swollen now to a wrathful roar, rising above the gusty voices of the wind. The noise, the heat, the smoke, and terror of it all made me sick and faint. I grew dizzy, and did foolish things in an aimless way, fumbling about among the stuff M'rye was hurling forth. Then all at once her darkling, smoke-wrapped figure shot up to an enormous height, the lamp began to go round, and I felt myself with nothing but space under my feet, plunging downward with awful velocity, surrounded by whirling skies full of stars.

. . . . . .

There was a black night-sky overhead when I came to my senses again, with flecks of snow in the cold air on my face. The wind had fallen, everything was as still as death, and someone was carrying me in his arms. I tried to lift my head.

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"Aisy now!" came Hurley's admonitory voice, close to my ear. "We'll be there in a minyut."

"No—I'm all right—let me down," I urged. He set me on my feet, and I looked amazedly about me.

The red-brown front of our larger hay-barn loomed in a faint unnatural light, at close quarters, upon my first inquiring gaze. The big sliding doors were open, and the slanting wagon-bridge running down from their threshold was piled high with chairs, bedding, crockery, milk-pans, clothing—the jumbled remnants of our household gods. Turning, I looked across the yard upon what was left of the Beech homestead—a glare of cherry light glowing above a fiery hole in the ground.

Strangely enough this glare seemed to perpetuate in its outlines the shape and dimensions of the vanished house. It was as if the house were still there, but transmuted from joists and clap-boards and shingles, into an illuminated and impalpable ghost of itself. There was a weird effect of transparency about it. Through the spectral bulk of red light I could see the naked and gnarled apple-trees in the home-orchard on the further side; and I remembered at once that painful and striking parallel of Scrooge gazing through the re-edified body of Jacob Marley, and beholding the buttons at the back of his coat. It all seemed some monstrous dream.

But no, here the others were. Janey Wilcox and the Underwood girl had come out from the barn, and were carrying in more things. I perceived now that there was a candle burning inside, and presently Esther Hagadorn was to be seen. Hurley had disappeared, and so I went up the sloping platform to join the women—noting with weak surprise that my knees seemed to have acquired new double-joints and behaved as if they were going in the other direction. I stumbled clumsily once I was inside the barn, and sat down with great abruptness on a milking-stool, leaning my head back against the hay mow, and conscious of entire indifference as to whether school kept or not.

Again it was like some half-waking vision—the feeble light of the candle losing itself upon the broad high walls of new hay; the huge shadows in the rafters overhead; the women folk silently moving about, fixing up on the barn floor some pitiful imitation, poor souls, of the home that had been swept off the face of the earth, and outside, through the wide sprawling doors, the dying away effulgence of the embers of our roof-tree lingering in the air of the winter night.

Abner Beech came in presently, with the gun in one hand, and a blackened and outlandish-looking object in the other, which turned out to be the big pink sea-shell that used to decorate the parlor mantel. He held it up for M'rye to see, with a grave, tired smile on his face.

"We got it out, after all—just by the skin of our teeth," he said, and Hurley, behind him, confirmed this by an eloquent grimace.

M'rye's black eyes snapped and sparkled as she lifted the candle and saw what this something was. Then she boldly put up her face and kissed her husband with a resounding smack. Truly it was a night of surprises.

"That's about the only thing I had to call my own when I was married," she offered in explanation of her fervor, speaking to the company at large. Then she added in a lower tone, to Esther: "*He* used to play with it for hours at a stretch—when he was a baby."

"'Member how he used to hold it up to his ear, eh, mother?" asked Abner, softly.

M'rye nodded her head, and then put her apron up to her eyes for a brief moment. When she lowered it, we saw an unaccustomed smile mellowing her hard-set, swarthy face.

The candle light flashed upon a tear on her cheek that the apron had missed.

"I guess I *do* remember!" she said, with a voice full of tenderness.

Then Esther's hand stole into M'rye's and the two women stood together before Abner, erect and with beaming countenances, and he smiled upon them both.

It seemed that we were all much happier in our minds, now that our house had been burned down over our heads.

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XI.

Some time during the night, I was awakened by the mice frisking through the hay about my ears. My head was aching again, and I could not get back into sleep. Besides, Hurley was snoring mercilessly.

We two had chosen for our resting place the little mow of half a load or so, which had not been stowed away above, but lay ready for present use over by the side-door opening on the cow-yard. Temporary beds had been spread for the women with fresh straw and blankets at the further end of the central threshing-floor. Abner himself had taken one of the rescued ticks and a quilt over to the other end, and stretched his ponderous length out across the big doors, with the gun by his side. No one had, of course, dreamed of undressing.

Only a few minutes of wakefulness sufficed to throw me into a desperate state of fidgets. The hay seemed full of strange creeping noises. The whole big barn echoed with the boisterous ticking of the old eight-day clock which had been saved from the wreck of the kitchen, and which M'rye had set going again on the seat of the democrat wagon. And then Hurley!

I began to be convinced, now, that I was coming down with a great spell of sickness—perhaps even "the fever." Yes, it undoubtedly was the fever. I could feel it in my bones, which now started up queer prickly sensations on novel lines, quite as if they were somebody else's bones instead. My breathing, indeed, left a good deal to be desired from the true fever standpoint. It was not nearly so rapid or convulsive as I understood that the breathing of a genuine fever victim ought to be. But that, no doubt, would come soon enough—nay! was it not already coming? I thought, upon examination, that I did breathe more swiftly than before. And oh! that Hurley!

As noiselessly as possible I made my way, half-rolling, half-sliding, off the hay, and got on my feet on the floor. It was pitch dark, but I could feel along the old disused stanchion-row to the corner; thence it was plain sailing over to where Abner was sleeping by the big front doors. I would not dream of rousing him if he was in truth asleep, but it would be something to be nigh him, in case the fever should take a fatal turn before morning. I would just cuddle down on the floor near to him, and await events.

When I had turned the corner, it surprised me greatly to see ahead of me, over at the front of the barn, the reflection of a light. Creeping along toward it, I came out upon Abner, seated with his back against one of the doors, looking over an account-book by the aid of a lantern perched on a box at his side. He had stood the frame of an old bob-sleigh on end close by, and hung a horse-blanket over it, so that the light might not disturb the women-folk at the other end of the barn. The gun lay on the floor beside him.

He looked up at my approach, and regarded me with something, I fancied, of disapprobation in his habitually grave expression.

"Well, old seventy-six, what's the matter with you?" he asked, keeping his voice down to make as little noise as possible.

I answered in the same cautious tones that I was feeling bad. Had any encouragement suggested itself in the farmer's mien, I was prepared to overwhelm him with a relation of my symptoms in detail. But he shook his head instead.

"You'll have to wait till morning, to be sick," he said—"that is, to get 'tended to. I don't know anything about such things, an' I wouldn't wake M'rye up now for a whole baker's dozen o' you chaps." Seeing my face fall at this sweeping declaration, he proceeded to modify it in a kindlier tone. "Now you just lay down again, sonny," he added, "an' you'll be to sleep in no time, an' in the morning M'rye 'll fix up something for ye. This ain't no fit time for white folks to be belly-achin' around."

"I kind o' thought I'd feel better if I was sleeping over here near you," I ventured now to explain, and his nod was my warrant for tiptoeing across to the heap of disorganized furniture, and

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getting out some blankets and a comforter, which I arranged in the corner a few yards away and simply rolled myself up in, with my face turned away from the light. It was better over here than with Hurley, and though that prompt sleep which the farmer had promised did not come, I at least was drowsily conscious of an improved physical condition.

Perhaps I drifted off more than halfway into dreamland, for it was with a start that all at once I heard someone close by talking with Abner.

"I saw you were up, Mr. Beech"—it was Esther Hagadorn who spoke—"and I don't seem able to sleep, and I thought, if you didn't mind, I'd come over here."

"Why, of course," the farmer responded. "Just bring up a chair there, an' sit down. That's it—wrap the shawl around you good. It's a cold night—snowin' hard outside."

Both had spoken in muffled tones, so as not to disturb the others. This same dominant notion of keeping still deterred me from turning over, in order to be able to see them. I expected to hear them discuss my illness, but they never referred to it. Instead, there was what seemed a long silence. Then the school-ma'am spoke.

"I can't begin to tell you," she said, "how glad I am that you and your wife aren't a bit cast down by the—the calamity."

"No," came back Abner's voice, buoyant even in its half-whisper, "we're all right. I've be'n sort o' figurin' up here, an' they ain't much real harm done. I'm insured pretty well. Of course, this bein' obleeged to camp out in a hay-barn might be improved on, but then it's a change—somethin' out o' the ordinary rut—an' it'll do us good. I'll have the carpenters over from Juno Mills in the forenoon, an' if they push things, we can have a roof over us again before Christmas. It could be done even sooner, p'raps, only they ain't any neighbors to help *me* with a raisin' bee. They're willin' enough to burn my house down, though. However, I don't want them not an atom more'n they want me."

There was no trace of anger in his voice. He spoke like one contemplating the unalterable conditions of life.

"Did they really, do you believe, *set* it on fire?" Esther asked, intently.

"No, *I* think it caught from that fool-fire they started around back of the house, to heat their fool tar by. The wind was blowing a regular gale, you know. Janey Wilcox, she will have it that that Roselle Upman set it on purpose. But then, she don't like him—an' I can't blame her much, for that matter. Once Otis Barnum was seein' her home from singin' school, an' when he was goin' back alone this Roselle Upman waylaid him in the dark, an' pitched onto him, an' broke his collar-bone. I always thought it puffed Janey up some, this bein' fought over like that, but it made her mad to have Otis hurt on her account, an' then nothing come of it. I wouldn't a' minded pepperin' Roselle's legs a trifle, if I'd had a barrel loaded, say, with birdshot. He's a nuisance to the whole neighborhood. He kicks up a fight at every dance he goes to, all winter long, an' hangs around the taverns day in an' day out, inducin' young men to drink an' loaf. I thought a fellow like him 'd be sure to go off to the war, an' so good riddance; but no! darned if the coward don't go an' get his front teeth pulled, so 't he can't bite ca'tridges, an' jest stay around, a worse nuisance than ever! I'd half forgive that miserable war if it—only took off the—the right men."

"Mr. Beech," said Esther, in low fervent tones, measuring each word as it fell, "you and I, we must forgive that war together!"

I seemed to feel the farmer shaking his head. He said nothing in reply.

"I'm beginning to understand how you've felt about it all along," the girl went on, after a pause. "I knew the fault must be in my ignorance, that our opinions of plain right and plain wrong should be such poles apart. I got a school-friend of mine whose father is your way of thinking, to send me all the papers that came to their house, and I've been going through them religiously—whenever I could be quite alone. I don't say I don't think you're wrong, because I *do*, but I am getting to un-

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derstand how you should believe yourself to be right."

She paused as if expecting a reply, but Abner only said, "Go on," after some hesitation, and she went on :

"Now take the neighbors all about here—"

"Excuse *me!*" broke in the farmer. "I guess if it's all the same to you, I'd rather not. They're too rich for my blood."

"Take these very neighbors," pursued Esther, with gentle determination. "Something must be very wrong indeed when they behave to you the way they do. Why I know that even now, right down in their hearts, they recognize that you're far and away the best man in Agrippa. Why, I remember, Mr. Beech, when I first applied, and you were school-commissioner, and you sat there through the examination—why, you were the only one whose opinion I gave a rap for. When you praised me, why, I was prouder of it than if you had been a Regent of the University. And I tell you, everybody all around here feels at bottom just as I do."

"They take a dummed curious way o' showin' it, then," commented Abner, roundly.

"It isn't *that* they're trying to show at all," said Esther. "They feel that other things are more important. They're all wrought up over the war. How could it be otherwise when almost every one of them has got a brother, or a father, or—or—*a son*—down there in the South, and every day brings news that some of these have been shot dead, and more still wounded and crippled, and others—*others*, that God only knows *what* has become of them—oh, how can they help feeling that way? I don't know that I ought to say it—" the school-ma'am stopped to catch her breath, and hesitated, then went on—"but yes, you'll understand me *now*—there was a time here, not so long ago, Mr. Beech, when I downright hated you—you and M'rye both!"

This was important enough to turn over for. I flopped as unostentatiously as possible, and neither of them gave any sign of having noted my presence. The farmer sat with his back against the door, the quilt drawn up to his waist, his head bent in silent meditation. His whole profile was in deep shadow from where I lay—darkly massive and powerful and solemn. Esther was watching him with all her eyes, leaning forward from her chair, the lantern-light full upon her eager face.

"M'rye an' I don't lay ourselves out to be specially bad folks, as folks go," the farmer said at last, by way of deprecation. "We've got our faults, of course, like the rest, but——"

"No," interrupted Esther, with a half-tearful smile in her eyes. "You only pretend to have faults. You really haven't got any at all."

The shadowed outline of Abner's face softened. "Why, that *is* a fault itself, ain't it?" he said, as if pleased with his logical acuteness.

The crowing of some foolish rooster, grown tired of waiting for the belated November daylight, fell upon the silence from one of the buildings near by.

Abner Beech rose to his feet with ponderous slowness, pushing the bedclothes aside with his boot, and stood beside Esther's chair. He laid his big hand on her shoulder with a patriarchal gesture.

"Come now," he said, gently, "you go back to bed, like a good girl, an' get some sleep. It'll be all right."

The girl rose in turn, bearing her shoulder so that the fatherly hand might still remain upon it. "Truly?" she asked, with a new light upon her pale face.

"Yes—truly!" Abner replied, gravely nodding his head.

Esther took the hand from her shoulder, and shook it in both of hers. "Good-night again, then," she said, and turned to go.

Suddenly there resounded the loud rapping of a stick on the barn-door, close by my head.

Abner squared his huge shoulders and threw a downright glance at the gun on the floor.

"Well?" he called out.

"*Is my da'ater inside there?*"

We all knew that thin, high-pitched, querulous voice. It was old "Jee" Hagadorn who was outside.

(To be concluded.)

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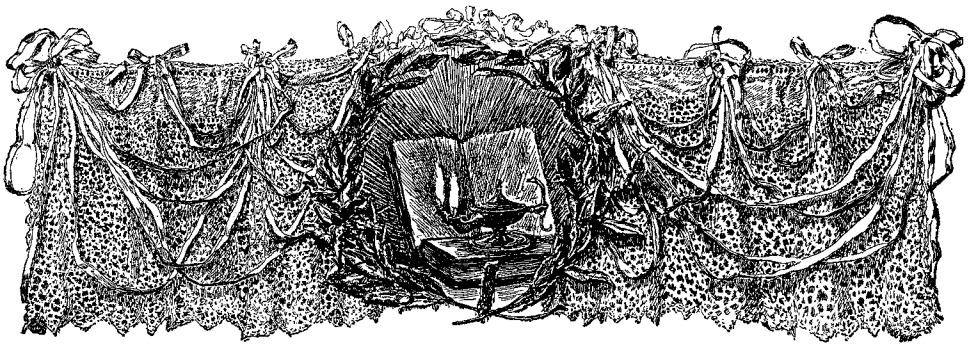

THE POINT OF VIEW.

THIS is the season of the year when discursive writings are especially justified in taking an ethical and homiletic turn. The time for exhortations and warnings, for dissertations on the thing to do and the way to do it, is beforehand. Consoling reflections, and encouragement, and suggestions about the compensations that turn partial failure into modified success come afterward.

It is beforehand now. To be sure, the Fair is on its last quarter, and the agriculturist has wiped his brow and is looking back rather than forward; but we must get over the antiquated habit, much favored of all the poets, of regarding the seasons purely from an agricultural stand-point. Most other enterprises besides farm-work, and most toilers except farmers, are beginning. Dr. Birch (an obsolete title) is meeting his young friends again on every side, and families are getting back to town that their young people may keep their educational engagements. And all the colleges are opening, and the great contemporary problem of female education is getting under way again in the direction of its development. Agricultural life may be preparing to hibernate, but intellectual life is gathering its legs under it and getting ready to show its best gait. We who live by our wits or our fingers do not sigh, in the language of scripture, because "the summer is past, and the harvest is ended, and we are not saved." Our sentiment is one of hopeful gratitude, because the hot weather is over, and we are still alive and ready to save ourselves if our efforts can compass it. Of course things are done in the summer, even in town, and urban industry does not absolutely cease even in the dog-days. But the motions that are kept up then are finishing touches. In America, at least, it is in October that the page of the twelvemonth is really turned, and intellectual life takes its new start. Every place is habitable then, all airs are salubriously exhilarating. It is the best time to begin to work, and inevitably, if one's affairs can be arranged to fit, it is the best time to play. People may go away in midsummer in pursuit of health, but when their chase is after happiness, pure and simple, they go in the fall. October seems to be a provision of nature for equalizing the advantages of people who have to wait until someone else gets home before they can take their outing.

If I were a collector and authorized to spend time and money on getting good specimens and samples of things, I would like to gather a complete set of American Octobers and add them to my experience. I would start, I think, in the extreme northeast, at Halifax or thereabouts. So far north as that the autumn must begin early, and I daresay you get an October of good flavor as soon as the end of August. Then, as soon as the leaves began to turn, the plan would be to follow them down the St. Lawrence, and up the Saguenay, and back and forth through the White Mountains, very much as the traditional epicure followed the strawberry up stream from New Orleans. I

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should add to the collection a Bar Harbor October complete in a fashionable setting, and some good bits from the North Woods and Lake George and the Berkshires. They say that they raise an October air in the Yellowstone Park that has bubbles in it like champagne, and of such a quality that the more you take of it overnight the livelier you feel in the morning. Of course one would want a sample of that, and another from the mountains of West Virginia and North Carolina. But no specimen should be rated as entirely genuine that was not haunted by the wraith of summer. That is the indispensable October quality, a beginning that is like life itself, in being permeated with the flavor of an end.

THERE might be a very pretty speculation on how far a man's career depends on what he is, and how far on what he thinks he is. It would have to be a pure speculation, of course; for no material measure can be taken of either factor. But that would detract nothing from its charm, since the true speculative temperament finds mathematical metes and bounds only a nuisance and an impediment.

That what he is and what he thinks he is are quite different personages in every man, is universally conceded. But next to no account is taken of the fact that both bear an important share in fixing the man's lot for him. The first direction of the career is oftenest, perhaps one dare say, is always, provided there lie any freedom of choice with the man, determined by what he thinks he is. If free to choose at all, he chooses the mode of life and the occupation that he believes best suit him; and his notion of what best suits him rests remotely, no doubt, on what he is, but immediately on what he thinks he is. It makes no difference that he is a cautious, prudent person. Indeed, the more cautious and prudent he be, the more inevitably will his choice defer to his fancied, and not to his real, self. Resolved to do nothing hasty or ill-advised, he takes counsel with himself and reasons that, knowing himself to be what he is (which means of necessity what he thinks he is), this or the other must be the only rational course open to him. And so he enters upon it—with the full approval of his judgment, but still under a greater or less illusion.

What the man shall think he is must find determination at last, of course, in what he is. To think himself, for example, a poet when rather he is anything else, he must first have been endowed with a structure and disposition susceptible of that particular illusion. But this determination of the fancied by the real self has not precluded wide disparities between them, as this very instance of the man who thinks himself a poet when he is none, shows. We are apt to regard his as a quite unusual, an abnormal, case of self-delusion. But then we are apt to regard even the real poets as a species scarcely within nature; and, in truth, the delusion is no greater when one who is not thinks himself a poet than when, for example, a perfectly selfish person plumes himself on his great heart. The first is a rarer delusion; that is all.

The course or career chosen, it is the real self by force of which the man must fare in it. The fancied self, out of deference to which the choice was made, stands him here in no stead whatever. And thence comes a pitiful train of griefs and disasters. If the difference between the fancied and the real self chance not to be wide, the man gets on fairly or even extremely well. But if, on the other hand, the one holds little likeness to the other, failure and heartburnings are sure to follow. What could follow else? A task has been set requiring powers and faculties of one sort, and those to which its execution is entrusted are of quite another. Note is often taken of the high average of success among men of small abilities. The average is probably not so high as reputed; for it is most remarked by those whose sense of their own merits and capacities outmeasures their achievements, and by them it could scarcely fail of exaggeration. But such as it is, it is easily explained. The dull man, tough of skin and slow of wit, escapes the vice of introspection. There lies in wait for him no troop of enticing illusions. The last thing he thinks of is what he is, and he comes as near as man can to having no fancied self. Into his way of life he is simply pushed by an all but blind, inherent force. Thus it is almost unfailingly his natural

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way; and, once in it, he keeps it without self-constraint and prospers.

The whole matter might be cast into a formula. As is the difference between what a man is and what he thinks he is, so will his success be. With that difference great, the success will be small; with that difference small, the success will be great. I don't say that this rule should be incorporated in the Ready Reckoner beside that unfailing truth that 5,280 feet make a mile. There are other elements constantly working for or against a man's success in addition to the one under consideration. But allowing for these the rule has its value.

Emerson strenuously maintained that "each man has an aptitude born with him to do easily some feat impossible to any other." It is an attractive theory, one that many people have wished they could believe while finding themselves unable to do. From the mass of men their native aptitudes, if they exist, are so deeply hidden! Perhaps, though, if it were not for the hallucination born with each man, his aptitude would be in clearer view.

I AM an American seaman. On my last voyage an agreeable companion was "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," which was handed around every bunk and regularly reviewed in the dog-watch. To say that the story was popular in the forecastle is to put it mildly. As far as the rations are dealt with we might have been reading of our own case on board the Andes. Our captain was a fair reproduction of the original Coxon, and the first mate might have been turned out of the same mould as Mr. Ephraim Duckling. Unfortunately for the comparison, Mr. Royle and the boatswain were substituted by two of the Duckling stamp, while our carpenter was a good fellow who never thought of mutiny except, perhaps, in the dimmest moments of abstraction. With this trifling departure—and the minor one that we lacked a sea-lawyer who could explain on behalf of the ship's company "the dooty they owed theirselves"—the likeness between the Andes and the Grosvenor was complete.

The description of the Grosvenor's rations was the "one touch of nature" that made us kin, and although we made no remonstrance we consoled ourselves by making denunciatory speeches in the forecastle, after the fashion of Johnson, the Grosvenor's sea-lawyer, in which we stigmatized the molasses as "biled black-beetles," the tea as "bilge-water," etc., and thus discharged the duty we owed ourselves in the best possible way under the circumstances. With the qualification that Mr. Royle was, on the whole, too "nice" a second-mate to exist outside of a sea-story, and a slight depreciation of boatswain Ferrol, "The Wreck of the Grosvenor" was voted a "participled good yarn"—in other words, a very good story.

All this is prefatory. Having voted Mr. Russell a good one at a sea-yarn, I was more than pleased to read that author's valuable contribution, "The Merchant Sailor," in the July SCRIBNER'S. The author has written to good purpose, and in his treatment of the subject has shown a profound knowledge of the true inwardness of the sailor's life, as well as the rarer quality of honesty in the effort to do practical work for a class that has been "sat upon" by the romancer for hundreds of years. Having made this acknowledgment I am free to confess further that I consider Mr. Russell somewhat severe in his criticism of Dibdin and Congreve. I hold that the quality of those writers' works, so far as I have read them, is comparatively blameless, because they portrayed the sailor as a good-natured, brave, and handsome fellow—a fool at the very worst; whereas other writers (not to be invidious) have committed the graver sin of combining in the sailor the traits of an ignorant, soulless, and often brutal coward. I think Mr. Russell is illogical, too, in his fashion of taking the heroes of his novels from the quarter-deck, while in "The Merchant Sailor" he maintains that the degradation of the sailor is mainly attributable to the "afterguard," and expresses a desire to see the "purple-faced swaggerer of the quarter-deck, the typical Blowhard, with his fiery nose and profane tongue, swept over the side and set ashore forever." "We have had too much of that sort of dog," he continues, truly as far as the reality is concerned, but a little more of him in popular fiction could be advantageously accommodated to the benefit of all concerned. Of course, the writer of sea-stories may excuse himself in many ways.

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He may say that popular taste would revolt against the idea of Jack being as good as, not to say better than, his master; that the less plain truth there is in a work of fiction the better it will be — from the author's point of view; that the merit of fiction lies in its moral, and that the second mates of reality may be moved to emulate the Mr. Royle of the Grosvenor, and so on. The fact is that Mr. Russell's reputation is a kind of glass house, and he can hardly throw stones at other writers, whose faults differ from his own in degree only, without hurting himself.

In the magazine article in question there is evidence of undoubted sincerity; it is a scathing rebuke to shipmasters and shipowners responsible for many of the discomforts of life afloat. I wish, however, to point out what I take to be an error in judgment in the statement that the food on American ships is better than on British craft. Admittedly the scale of provisions is the same under both flags, and I protest against its being generalized as of superior *quality* in the American ship. Coastwise and on vessels engaged on short runs offshore the food on American vessels is undoubtedly the best to be found anywhere afloat. But that is no criterion of the whole; it is in the foreign-going ship that one must inquire into the grievance of bad rations. In a few words, bread, beef, and all the rest of the rations are, generally speaking, as bad, and very often worse on the American ship than under any other flag. Cases of scurvy have of late years increased, and statistics show that, comparatively to the number of seamen employed, the American seaman is the most afflicted in that respect.

Whether or not the distinguished author of "The Merchant Sailor" shares the mistaken idea of superior inducements on American ships I am unable to say; but he certainly implies that he does by the striking comparison he draws in quoting a certain shipowner who said in effect that the disgraceful condition of things on the British ship forty years ago was driving the flower of Britain's youthful seamen to the United States, as to the Mecca of gentlemanly officers and seamen. That statement is forty years' old; but it stands alone in the article, and hence may be construed by the lay reader as applicable to-day. At that time American ships were manned by good seamen and officered by educated men, while Great Britain was protesting against the compulsory examination of officers. To-day conditions are almost wholly reversed, and we find British officers necessarily holding a certificate that proves some degree of education, and American ships officered by bullies worse than the "typical Blowhard," worse even than the most brutal of imaginary Ducklings, and with absolutely no credential to prove merit of any kind. The other day an American ship arrived in San Francisco from New York in which the second mate had wounded one of the crew in seventeen places on the head, besides biting a piece out of his arm and trying to gouge his eyes out—a typical second-mate to serve as a hero for a sea-story. This is no exceptional case, but an almost every-day occurrence, which the Shipping Commissioners' records will prove. These cases of brutality go unpunished; otherwise they would not recur so frequently.

Mr. Russell has hinted that it is hard to find an American seaman; but I understand him to refer to a scarcity of American ships. Even there the limit is not reached, for the conditions of forty years ago that drove the British seamen to our ships are operating contrariwise now, with the result that not more than twenty-five per cent (a liberal estimate) of the foremast hands in American ships are natives. But the chief trouble involved in this condition is that the seamen of other nations are giving our ships a wide berth, and only the unfortunate loungers of the water-front and the criminal element can be forced by the crimps to go to sea without consideration.

The picture of the "educated, humane commander" seems to me an ideal that will be long of attainment. Still, every seaman must be grateful for the honesty of motive (and the courage of expression) that places even the ideal before the public. I am heartily in favor of an educational standard for ships' officers, for only from educated men can the sailor get fair treatment. It is evident, though, that the sailor himself must be the active factor in bringing about the desired reform.

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MADAME ROLAND AT THE CONCIERGERIE.

(From the picture by Goupil, removed, in 1891, from the Luxembourg to the Museum of Amboise.)

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